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P257.1

Dec. Feb. 1876





THE

JULY.

1861.



Snickerboppers



OR

NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



New-York :

J. R. GILMORE, 5 BEEKMAN STREET,

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

H. DEXTER & CO., AND ROSS & TOLSEY.

BOSTON: A. WILLIAMS & Co., J. J. DYER & Co.

LONDON: TAYLOR & Co.

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THE
29-12-1860
Knickerbocker,

OR



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LVIII.

NEW-YORK:
J. R. GILMORE, 532 BROADWAY.
1861.

P257.1

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by
JAMES R. GILMORE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District
of New-York.

JOHN A. GRAY,
Printer, Stereotyper, and Binder,
16 & 18 Jacob Street, New-York.

34-118
1-30

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	BY MACHINE.		BY HAND.	
	Hours.	Minutes.	Hours.	Minutes.
Gentlemen's Shirts. 1	16		14	26
Frock Coats..... 2	38		16	35
Satin Vests..... 1	14		7	19
Linen Vests..... 0	48		5	14
Cloth Pants..... 0	51		5	19
Summer Pants..... 0	38		2	30
Silk Dress..... 1	13		8	27
Merino Dress..... 1	4		8	27
Calico Dress..... 0	57		6	37
Chemise..... 1	1		10	31
Moore's Skirt..... 0	35		7	26
Muslin Skirt..... 0	30		7	14
Drawers..... 0	28		4	6
Night Dress..... 1	7		10	2
Silk Apron..... 0	15		4	16
Plain Apron..... 0	9		1	26

NUMBER OF STITCHES MADE PER MINUTE.

	By Hand.	With Machine.	Ratio.
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" Satin.....	24	590	23
" Silk.....	30	550	18
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Stitching Shoe Vamps.....	10	210	21
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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LVIII.

JULY, 1861.

No. 1.

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A N O D E :

INSCRIBED TO HON. GEORGE F. MARSH, FIRST UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ITALY.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

With what enchantment glow
The mountain peaks of snow
And the blue waters of that Southern sea,
Whose dallying arms inclose
The beauty and the woes
That lure our restless hearts to Italy !

The mystery of Time,
With interlude sublime,
Steals through the murmur of the passing day ;
Memorials of the Past
A pensive challenge cast
And from familiar bounds win thought away ;

While Music's pulses beat
To guide the willing feet
Where gifted spirits limitless aspire ;
And all the muses wait
Our life to consecrate
And bid the soul expand with vast desire :

RAPHAEL's angelic child,
SALVATOR's forest wild,
The sun-set's golden mist CLAUDE's pencil caught

Brave MICHAEL's forms sublime,
That adamantyne rhyme
The Tuscan bard from love and sorrow wrought;

PETRARCH's love-rounded lays,
And TASSO's tear-gemmed bays,
The marble wonder of Rome's saintly pile;
BELLINI's plaintive strain,
MARENGO's storied grain,
Kindle the fancy and the heart beguile.

Nor less does Nature woo,
With ravishment imbue
The elemental grace her aspect fills;
What azure seems to brood
Above, in tender mood,
While glimmering sun-shine laughs upon the hills!

The sky, at evening, glows
With amber, pearl and rose,
As if to pave with gems a seraph's walk;
Twilight's soft breath endears,
And melts in grateful tears
On the flax-blossom and the aloe's stalk:

Vineyards serenely crest
The hoar volcano's breast,
And orbs of flame through darksome foliage gleam;
Umbrageous Apennine,
And lakes of crystalline
Invoke the limner's touch, the poet's dream.

The chestnut plumes uplift,
And violet odors drift,
As winds from vale to upland gently pass,
The cypress shafts to sway,
Sigh through the olives gray,
And almond flowers scatter on the grass.

Yet soon our rapture flies,
The sweet illusion dies
When human scenes call back the pilgrim's glance;
And the degraded land
Beneath oppression's brand
Reproachful mocks his visionary trance.

The glory of the Past
A shadow seems to cast
And living charms allegiance to defy:

No beauty can elate,
No genius consecrate
The air whose echoes waft the captive's sigh.

Through Freedom's long eclipse
Mute are inspired lips,
And life a tortured vigil to the brave ;
For they who do and dare,
The patriot's fate must share —
Scaffold and rack, the dungeon and the grave !

' She is not dead, but sleeps,
Though slow the life-blood creeps
Through veins benumbed with anguish, not despair ;
Invaders yet shall fly,
The despot and the spy,
And brutal priestcraft tremble in its lair ! '

Thus have thy lovers cried
When skeptics, in their pride,
Would own no promise in the baffled zeal
That pined in Spielberg's gloom
And braved the martyr's doom,
Or patient bore the pangs thy exiles feel.

And now a King benign
By Love's own right divine,
His father's fallen sceptre takes with awe ;
And wields it to obey
The humanizing sway
That dedicates a race to Liberty and Law :

With him a Statesman wise,
Whose liberal mind defies
The narrow feuds that severed states control ;
And strives, from mount to sea,
Inviolable and free,
To wake and harmonize a nation's soul !

And when the arms of Gaul
Unloosed the Austrian thrall,
And Victor's banner cheered the Lombard plain ;
It floated wide and free
Along the Tuscan sea,
And bade Val d'Arno's lilies bloom again !

Then to the Patriot King
CASTRUCCIO's sword they bring,
And Faction's ancient trophies all divide :

And throngs, with festal rite,
Seek the far mountain height,
To chant *FERRUCCIO*'s glory where he died.*

Another champion now
Lifts his unsullied brow,
Whose wisdom chastens the intrepid eyes;
And with fraternal mien,
And confidence serene,
And dauntless valor, tyranny defies!

His firm Ligurian mould,
Warm, trustful, frank and bold
With years of peace and peril on the deep;
Nerved arm and chartered brain,
Battle and faith to gain,
And from their thrones the recreant princes sweep.

And when his prowess found
At home no vantage-ground,
He sought afar the struggling free to aid;
And trained his legions there,
To wait, achieve and bear,
Until the signal came for Italy's crusade.

Then like a star he rose,
Portentous to her foes,
Whose rallying beams electric courage spread;
And when Novara's day
Had ended in dismay,
In triumph unto Rome the patriots led.

Oft from her ancient gate,
Oblivious of fate,
His eager cohorts, when the bugles call,
Rush on the cannon flame,
And victory proclaim,
As, at their bayonets' gleam, the gunners fall!

When triple hosts surround
That liberated ground,
And Freedom's hopes in wanton treachery fade:

* ON the occasion of VICTOR EMMANUEL's visit to Tuscany, at the Villa Puccini, in Pistoja, NICOLO PUCCINI, the hereditary representative of the family, and a brave and liberal cavalier, presented to the 'First Soldier of Italian Independence,' the celebrated sword of CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCCANI, long reserved by its owner for such a disposition. At about the same time, a deputation of Genoese restored, with great ceremony, to Pisa, the chains of her Gate, which the once great maritime republic had borne off as a trophy, during the mediæval wars, from her hated rival. In the autumn of 1848, after the successful revolution in Tuscany, a festival was given at Cavinana, a little town nestled among the Apennines, in memory of *FERRUCCIO*, on the very spot where, tradition says, he perished for his country, three centuries ago.

With what heroic pride,
His loved one at his side,
Rides forth the Chief unconquered though betrayed !

Hunted, proscribed, bereft,
With naught but Honor left,
A wanderer — noble in his lowly toil ;
He watched with passive might,
Prompt to renew the fight,
And lead the van upon his native soil.

Down from their rocky scalps,
His hunters of the Alps
Rush, like a torrent, at the onset's peal ;
And Como's *sbirri* run,
Varese's day is won,
Imperial squadrons fly their charging steel !

Lo ! on a summer day,
Around Marsala's bay,
Uprose his war-cry through the welkin clear ;
Sicilia's outraged isle
Is kindled by his smile,
And rallies to the strife with GARIBALDI near !

How shrunk the craven horde,
As flashed his waving sword,
And onward with his gallant band he sped !
Women their jewels flung,
Children around him clung,
But royal myrmidons in terror fled !

From vine and cactus hedge,
From orange-grove and sedge,
The dews of May exhaled their fragrant breath ;
Old Etna smoke-wreaths cast
Upon the rising blast,
That heralded her sons to liberty or death !

Palermo's golden shell
Echoed her tyrant's knell,
In the freed captive's shout, the people's cheer ;
And saw her champion kneel,
Upon his cheek to feel,
A dying comrade's sacrificial tear !

Across the Furo's tide
His braves at midnight glide,
And Freedom's watch-fires light Calabria's shore :

Swift his victorious way,
Salerno ends the fray,
Parthenope is reached — the struggle o'er.

For Liberty's pure flame,
Shrined in a crystal name,
Such peaceful triumphs to his country brings ;
Wins love that discords heal,
From brothers steadfast zeal,
And fleets and armies from apostate kings.

His deeds afresh shall crown
Volturno with renown,
Where stood the despot's hirelings at bay ;
And fiercely braved his might,
In long and valiant fight,
Where HANNIBAL of yore led War's array.

No retinue attends,
Nor pomp allurement lends,
The patriot's mission and the victor's palm ;
But the resistless grace
Of manhood's pristine race,
Benignant, simple, valorous and calm !

And Roman hearts now burn,
To hail thy blest return,
Before whose face the cruel bigots flee ;
While with unfaltering mien,
The Adriatic Queen
Uplifts her fettered hands to God and thee !

Free be the land whose breast
Doth welcome every guest,
Who, worn and weary with insensate strife,
Seeks the maternal fold
Humanity of old,
The garner made for our propitious life !

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

ON FANCY WORK.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THERE are certain families and family circles in which those members who belong to the Muslin Denomination are always flying in a mass into some new thing, which for a time absorbs all their love. Some occupation, some accomplishment, some grand effect to be produced by a small outlay, something calling for ingenuity, and bringing the whole party into amiable rivalry.

Winter before last, it was painting Etruscan vases. That was *our* affinity. All sorts of patterns of plain red earthen-ware were hunted out of the finest art books, copied and baked to order at the pottery. Then Amelia and Nella and all our inmates were 'provided for.' Such a drawing of priestesses and warriors, altars, ram-skulls, wheels and other mysterious whirligigs was never seen since the days of the Roman lotteries. Such a tracing of bands and fillets and borders is seldom found winding about any domestic circle. Then came the laying on of black paint to fill up all the spaces; and so festively interested were they all in their work, that I got credit for saying a very good thing, just because I forgetfully asked Nella if she was n't drawing the portraits of the heathen who walked in Darkness? All the vacant corners and every place where a bracket could be properly hung, was vased off in style with articles which continually reminded me of a Sioux in his war-paint, on some occasion when he intended to become unusually destructive and unnatural, and only left a few patches of native earthly red showing through his lamp-black.

The house being well crockered, and all our friends supplied with the surplus *rouge et noir* pottery, the entire feminine conventicle, inspired by our literary friend Bart Evermore, sailed hopefully into the German Ocean of literature. I recall the flourishing and pipey time of that Ger-mania very much as one would a strong night-mare in a marble factory while the saws were under full steam. To be sure, I had full liberty to lie back in the grand old nest of my arm-chair and smoke, and as I came about that time under a crimson velvet cap, and fitted myself to a lordly meerschaum, why, the *Deutsch* did n't hurt so badly as it might have done. Nella, knowing every thing, had n't any thing to learn; but then she had a great deal to dispute, and no wonder, since she and Bart favored entirely different systems of teaching, pronouncing and so-forth. Hoping to settle all this harmoniously, I tried to arrange it by privately inviting two German gentlemen to drop in some class-evening. But it turned out that one came from Vienna and the other from Holstein, and *they* differed still worse, and much more warmly, and that not only on language, but on all other subjects. Not to be too elaborate, I may mention that among these little differences of opinion were the questions whether there were a God, whether

there ought to be Zollverein, whether a Red Republic or a despotism was the most agreeable and beneficial arrangement, whether meat ought to be eaten raw or cooked, whether the grape-cure or the sauer-kROUT cure was best for restoring a hydro-sulphureted moral condition, whether self-consciousness was a develope or an envelope, and finally, whether each other was a fool—a point toward which, as I have observed, most differences of opinion ultimately tend if only kept up longly and strongly enough. Now, as the dispute about pronouncing *ox* and *uz* of course involved a settlement of all these small points, it will be clearly understood that the argument being conducted in German, was, if not lovely, at least lively, and that it finally 'sounded up' as loudly as a *duet de tom-cats*. I subsequently learned that both the gentlemen had while young, under a strong pressure of Elective Affinities, eloped with the other's wife. As each was extremely glad to get rid of his own dame, one would think that this would have caused rather a friendly feeling between them. But though—being noble—they were too well bred to let such a trifle influence their mutual feelings, it still had caused something like a State of Mind between them, and that not the very turtle-doviest either. In fact, they rasped out 'the sweet German accent' at such a rate that I really believe that I saw the words pouring onward like a river of meat-axes filled in with fish-hooks. And I have ever understood from that time fourth and fifth, consecutively, why it is that German, as printed, requires such uncommonly broken-edged letters—and by way of corollary, how it comes that Italian runs naturally into such smooth, silvery-shaped type as the *Italic*. Where the music would have ended, I can't say, had not Bart, with immense presence of mind, struck up a thundering waltz on the piano, while Nellie whirled the Herr von Meyerhuberli away in a dance before he knew what he was about. And just then a great bowl of bishop being brought in, peace was joyfully restored.

From this dance forth the nut-cracker language was pursued on more moderate terms; the most audible results being an increase in the number of German ballads sung by Nelly, and dolefully imitated by Sam and Hiram. After which there came in due time the Leather Work Mania.

The first warning which I had of this new flyer was the discovery of a whole side of leather, of the reduced or skiver sect, in our parlor, looking quite as in-placy as a Protestant pig in a Catholic pulpit. And while feasting mine eyes on this quaint apparition, they were furthermore amazed by discovering near at hand a bag of marbles, a pot of glue, a roll of wire, with steel punches, hickory sticks, iron bodkins, and copal and mastic varnish; not to mention several dozens of old gloves, looking like the dirty and faded memories of extinct parties, exploded balls and deceased operas. Though not one of your smart sort, I have a memory, and saw in many of the reduced 'hand-shoes' before me, as in a diary of daguerreotyped evenings, many a forgotten trifle of the olden time several months ago. That lilac pair, with black lines down the back—*piquée*, so the French girl in at Brue's told me to call 'em—there's a green stain on the thumb—got that fighting for a bouquet—they stuck in the rack and of course were generally pulled to pieces—good old plan that, and rather exciting. However, I made out to give black-eyed Lily Nightingale

Vertnon two camelias, and wished they 'd been the whole Garden of Paradise for her to sing in.

And the violet gloves! They got that ruined complexion from being twisted so tightly in Mrs. Berdona's hair. Do n't start, Ma'am — my hands were n't in them at the time. Splendid rivers of crow's wings light; threads of black glory — angel-deviltry in every braid. That's the lady. Fine woman — all hair and eyes and shoulders and cloudy, puffy French dress. Lives for her hair — aided by mousey feet and weeny hands. Has it fall down very often, and is not indisposed to receive assistance in putting it up. Relates anecdotes of celebrated heads of hair — of the Duchess de Krauselvig of Saxony, whose blonde locks were so beautiful that she always had her portrait taken with her back to the beholder; and when intimate, will tell of the beautiful Chevreuse of Paris, who once went to a masked-ball of the opera with nothing on but her black locks let down loose, yet so abundant were they, reaching to her feet, that none suspected that she was not clad in a domino; and she appeared on the whole to be the most modest person present. You see by this that Mrs. Berdona is slightly fast and brassed. Has been known to ask a young lady if her braids were real, with four indignant aunts and a lover sitting around. Well, one evening in a small party, she told an interesting story, how a French hair-dresser — man of wonderful genius — was called in by Queen Somebody to dress hair. Had nothing to do it with — no flowers, no ribbons, no 'nothing except nothing.' Drew back one instant in profound thought —

(Mrs. B — does this 'profound thought,' part of the story, uncommonly well with her eyes and shoulders. Throws her dark Diavoline locks back with two fingers, gives the two splendid bracelets a rattle à la Forrest's sword-handle —)

'Drew back — when suddenly his eye fell on a pair of gloves.'

Unfortunately for me, who had n't an extra pair in my pocket, Mrs. B —'s eye, just at this period of her tale, fell on mine.

'Ah! Madame, I have it. You shall be *coiffée à la Chevalière*. Was there not a lady — Jehanne de Quelquechose — of your own royal lineage, who gathered up the gloves, the pledges of something or other which had been thrown at her by knights — and wore them on her helmet? I will adorn your regal head with these.' And, continued Mrs. B —, 'he actually did entwine the gloves so gracefully with her locks — she had magnificent hair by the way — that the style became All the Rage.'

'I wonder how 't would look?' quoth that villain Hiram innocently.

'I think,' said Mrs. Berdona, still more innocently, 'that I could show you how. Who will lend me a pair of gloves?'

(Just as if she had n't practised the thing at home dozens of times!)

Of course mine went in. I did n't regret them. Of course down came the 'ringlets.' Of course her little white hands did n't look badly, twisting the great ebony braids — or the fat white arms as they rose and fell — and maybe the whole operation did n't produce a Sensation! And when it was over, who so pretty and jaunty and saucy and triumphant and original and naughty as Mrs. Berdona!

'How *can* you do it; how *did* you do it; *how* ingenious! *how* charming!'

I'm not one of your cute sort, but *I* knew 'how she did it' How she *has* been doing it, and not un-brownly either, these ten years, all the way from 'tother side of Jordan to this side of the Pacific. That's *her* fancy work.

I had begun to think, O reader! that I had digressed rather extravagantly from my original subject. But on second thought, I find that I'm nearer to it than I thought. In fact, if we come to facts, it's hard to really get away from it. Deuce take it all — what is life but one great series of fancy-workings and weavings? Something to do, something to be done, to bring out our art, our manufacturing abilities, our education, our superiority. Like the trees of the forest, like the plants of the fields and gardens, we strive and thrive, dear heart, to develope something pleasant and fine — to bring forth and show blossoms as well as leaves, and throw perfume to the butterflies and bees, and mingle with the life of the rain and of the night and the sun-shine and the breeze. We rest in cool shadow on dewy, Sabbath, sun-light mornings, when, as we believe, the striving and contriving is in repose, but it is not dead nor sleepeth — only waiting in eye-wide-opened silence for the storm-bustle and gardener and wood-man. Some of us work it out bravely and neatly, as Nella painted her great Etruscan vase, which is a real triumph of beauty; some vainly and selfishly but jollily withal, as Mrs. Berdona *crochets* her whole life and her whole self. I wonder if she'll ever get tired of herself and wish she could get a fresh amusement? Will she? While the dark hair is ungrayed, while the shoulders are snow-blank and round and full of life, while the eyes are so pensive for herself and expensive and expansive for others, while she can flatter and flutter, while she is a queen of dress and address, while her hands are weeny and winning, while she can keep age and its damage from her visage to advantage, great will be her name among the heathen, whether in Washington or New-Orleans, at Philadelphia Batchelors' Balls or New-York crams. That's *her* leather-work. Verily, there is nothing like leather!

I like Mrs. Berdona — something, to tell the truth, as I like a good-natured, jolly ballet-girl — simply because she's so much hated by the 'unco good,' and by those who undertake to read out of the pale of recognition every thing and every body not squaring exactly with *their* precious views. I like to see the poor venomous ignoramus giving the jolly, naughty black-haired rip of a soul their choicest Puri-tan-yard grins — wishing from the very lowest mud of their hearts that they could drive her in disgrace and Godiva her into some outer darkness. Tell the truth now, Miss Batteram, *would n't* you like to see 'that creature' tarred and feathered, or otherwise be-fowled and carried ignominiously shrieking outside of society into the wilderness inhabited by Aztecs, Digger Indians, Dutch Uncles, Bohemians, Nigger Minstrels, Caffirs, Actors, Gamblers, Musicians and similar horrors? *Do n't* say you would n't now. Please do n't. For, four or five hundred years ago, young ladies — quite as respectable and as pious as yourself — when they 'detested' any body as much as you detest Berdona, were in the habit, when they had the power, of taking 'that horrid creature' and treating her to something much worse than tar and feathers — yes, even to a scorching, blistered, hot-ironed skin from

head to foot. Do n't be angry, my dear ; but secret history shows that such things took place very frequently when people 'of standing'—even ladies—had their own sweet way in every thing, treating one another occasionally to sharp and searing torture for no better reason than that they 'could n't bear the sight of her.' As is still done by many a Begum in the East.

Now, *do n't* again be disgusted, and go to imagining that *you* are too good for any such horrors. You're nothing of the kind. If you only had the *power*, Ma'am, you and your like, who undertake to socially ban and brand every thing and every body out of your narrow circle—you'd find that the road from fault-finding to slandering, and from slandering to racking, faying and slaying is soon travelled. You do n't *know* it, but every time you express dislike of a human being, who does no particular *harm* to any body, you show the seed of an Upas which only requires opportunity to spring up into rank luxuriance. And such seeds, I observe, abound far more in narrow, rigid exclusive, Puritanical hearts than in those genial cosmopolite ones which in the broad sun-shine of the world and of life have cast out their poison germs and developed flowers of rich fragrance and glorious beauty.

Observe what I say. This world has seen ten times as much devilish cruelty inflicted in the name of Propriety, and in enforcing creeds and laws of etiquette on those unfitted by nature to receive them than was ever imagined by—other persons. You say that the World hardens the heart. My dear, you—err! Men of the world, belles of society, people who tumble about from Wall-street to Washington and the Tuileries, skimming through every thing that is afloat, people fashionable, yea, and people Frenchified, have, as a general rule, far kinder hearts, more generous dispositions and tenderer feelings than those who Pharisaically pity or proscribe them.

This is *my* fancy work, such as it is. Every Body has his own peculiar pattern to work out wherever action exists. Some creatures shaping pearly shells beneath Indian waves : some hardening blood-red coral into quaint and gracefuler forms than man can carve from their fragments, some rounding pendent nests to sway from apple-boughs, harmonious in motion with blossom-hues and perfumes and dark-green rustling leaves and ripening fruit ; some soaring in furlong curves on broad white wings over the roaring surge, gleaming afar like snow-flakes wild-driven by the wind ; some trumpeting through the long summer day over a thousand flowery fields in honey-hunts ; some drawing bouquet and foliage-cornered lines through the air as they flit in gayly-colored flight from flower to flower ; some shedding the old skin and growing fresh green and golden glories of deadly beauty as they *whisp* in gracefulest lines through the wet grass ; some singing all through the warm nights with tireless joy ; some joyously coquetting with their brown russet doe-loves in leafy brakes, and others with their blanche lady-loves in city homes ; some dancing and promenading and flirting with La Berdona through life ; some making of themselves Don Magnificos to illustrate 'style' after the manner of magnificent turkey-cocks ; some showing us the mould of fashion and the glass of form according to the latest Paris patterns ; some working *crochét*, or playing pianos, or netting

and beading *resilles*, or embroidering skirts, or painting pictures, or writing poetry — or repeating it — or playing fiddles.

In short, Nature sets us the example, and every where do we see Natural People take after her in working out, according to their peculiar style, the Beautiful, or not to be too intense — the Fanciful. Call it whatever you please, my precious dear, I mean to say, that whatever creature passes through this life without taking part or share in such works, or without directly or indirectly aiding and promoting them, flies in the face of nature, or at least degrades himself down to those sub-level creations, whose use seems to be to make better things seem pleasanter by contrast with them. What, when even a bloated spider spins a web whose graceful proportions as it vibrates, dew-sparkled in the breeze, make the children admire it; do you think that *you* can claim to have done your duty when you have grunted your whole life long at such nonsense? What has *your* fancy-work been? A scarcely organized action; plodding work without a sympathy for beauty or true pleasure; a mere preparation of the soil in which flowers are to grow. Sir, poets have compared your like to a great spider, but they did the fly-catcher injustice.

I'm not sure that Nature herself does n't indulge in human fancy-work when she creates a Mrs. Berdona. Most of her immortal productions are in the regular line of useful manufactures. The man who makes and sells a watch is, in the main, very much of a watch himself; while a boot-maker is among men decidedly just such a solid, steady-going article as a boot. He may pinch and squeak a little while new — I mean young — but, in the long run, boot will show itself. I've heard of a Detective who could tell any man's trade by his eyes. Sir, it is not unlikely that such a detective has been, or is. If such there be, he would, after a good look into La Berdona's black sparkling stars, exclaim: 'Fancy-work!' Are not all such peculiar semi-Bohemian independent mysterisses of themselves and their fortunes, rather of the lily-of-the-field and puzzling-amusement order of humanity? There is a kind of woman as of man of whom you may know every thing and every action from infancy to death, and yet they will always remain strange and mysterious to you. If you lost sight of one of them for one single minute in the year, you would be perplexed with the idea, that during *that* minute your ward had flitted off into infinite space, and established some dark affinity, become complicated in some strange nameless crime, or eaten of strange food, which gave the power of understanding many things which were unmeaning sounds to *you*. Some people give us this idea in a high and intellectual manner. Nella Seton is one of these. Others in a worldly, sensual, frivolous way, like Berdona. But the one and the other are marked and signed from infancy to live in their heart of hearts *alone*. They may go through life, loving or loveless — doing nothing but good or nothing but dancing, the one heart-full and the other heart-less — they will not, for all that, shake away the birth-mark sealed on their foreheads, which none but their angels understand. They are peculiar, and after the one fashion or the other must tread a peculiar path.

I know very well who Mrs. Berdona's parents were. She's connected with

many Very Respectable people all the way from the Hub to the Crescent. I know how much her husband left her. But neither I nor you, nor Any body, has any idea of her being any thing at all like her family. Where did she get that vagabond Arab travelling way, that pernicious fastness, that jolly selfishness, those hordes of half-and-half sort of acquaintances, who prowl or shoot darkly about in the twilight of Outsider-ism, which gradually darkens into Disreputability?

Old Mr. Bavardan remembers that her mother was so fond of music. There was some scandal — let me see — twenty-eight years ago, about her mother and a handsome tenor-singer out in Paris. A duel, I believe. It made a great deal of talk, and —

Yes, and Mrs. Berdona is just *twenty-seven*. I see now how that strange little dark bird came in among the great, delicate, plump snow-geese of the Welldomen family. That explains a great deal of fancy-work in some characters. No wonder that they grow up strangely, and never find themselves at home! But this does n't explain every thing. It does n't *begin* to explain Nella, who is her father's and mother's own daughter, if there ever was one. The dear soul! Proud as an eagle, as Lucifer; wild in some moods as a North-Wester, caring not one straw — not one grain of dust — for a thousand things which the world quakes at; she is a girl who seems to me to have got a peep in through some old forgotten door down into the great roaring inferno of eternity — just as Alice does in the Opera — and looked at it, unscared, until she found out that the flames could only scorch vile people, *mean* people, all who are selfish, ungrateful, lying, cheating, tricky, cruel, false, sour, hard, canting, ever-condemning, displeasing, Pharisaical, martyr-ing, and the *devouring* or *swallowing into self*, be it by vanity, or any other vice. And having found that to those who were none of these, the flames were softly caressing, giving only the pleasant thrill of Paradise, yea, a delicious bath of all raptures, she had in no wise feared to often purify her soul by passing through them. So she had gathered up all the strange and forbidden knowledge of all times, learned in a thousand mysterious ways, (there's always a way to a will,) every thing which people are particularly anxious that nobody should know except themselves; dark secrets of passion and wrong, and against this had accumulated all bright and beautiful things; a study and love of art in every form, and of all that is winning and consoling in nature, and in the delicate shrine of humanity. A hatred of oppression and a love of knowledge and of pleasure kept her darker strength hidden. Ah! every stone, good or bad, which she added to the pyramid, only lifted her above human comprehension and loving sympathy. Alone, ever alone!

And such a jolly, rollicking, dashing good-nature as hid it all! Such an exuberance of flowers and vineyards and sweet sunny fields as covered that secret Mount of Fire! I could only *guess*, as I gradually grew more intelligent and less what I *had* been, under her influence, at the secret caverns deep amid old gray rocks, in whose recesses gleamed and murmured volcanic flames; where quaint and beautiful images of a long-forgotten faith were still silently worshipped. Where did it all come from?

From a mind singularly stimulated by illness in early life into nervousness and precocity. From a strange exposure to alternate tenderness and cruelty ; to both good and bad influences in girlhood. From strength tempered by susceptibility, and from a loving nature familiarized with devilish and Puritanical fault-finding to such an extent as to loathe and avoid it ever after. From taking refuge in early sorrows in reading, and from an almost complete issuing into life and its joys and into freedom, before the character was fully formed. Something due too to some old hereditary traits cropping out ; something to a familiarity with both skeptical and pious influences. But nearly all, after all, to the torment and needless vexation and worry and flurry of soul which a sensitive young mind may encounter in one current of constant agony, in thousands of good steady families where 'no expense is spared in the education,' and where no shadow of a troubled conscience ever intrudes. Such was Nelly : a piece of Nature's fancy-work, which the Rev. Jonadab Quodfish would have pronounced — could he have seen it all through — the very elaboration of the devil himself, but which to *me*, in its sparkling lights and strange shadows, seemed rather something of a quite opposite nature. But what business has a blinded heathen like *me* to judge of such things ? But of one thing I am certain. I see that we live in an age where the cruel influences which made a Nella, which tortured her into what she is, are yielding very slowly ; while, on the other hand, a vast flood of *knowledge* of all kinds is pouring freely toward the young, to girls as well as boys. All will not turn out Nellas. Knowledge poured into intelligent minds taught to believe that whatever is, is *wrong*, will result in sensuality without beauty, selfishness without wisdom, conceit without pride, or pride without strength, after which comes evil-mindedness, deceit, timidity, harshness, affectation, and all the devil's own brood of ugly, morbid things. Instead of loving what is healthy and *natural*, such girls will shiver at a plain honest phrase or thought, as though an ice-blast of vulgarity had struck them, and cower back into the warm opiate bath of 'romantic,' 'passional,' 'highly-wrought,' and glowing poison, until the world as it is, seems only a torture-house for selfish organizations, too susceptible to the Beautiful. Thus endeth the first lesson.

The next domestic fancy-work which riveted our souls, and secured us permanent boarding in the establishment kept by Peace and Industry, was Potichomania, of which word, by the way, let me say in brackets, (or bracketically,) that it was once put to strange purpose by a lady-friend of mine when, speaking of a man who had been drinking not wisely and a great deal too well, she said, that he had had an attack of *potichomania* ! Which was not so far from *mania à potu*, after all, considering the number of queer figures and odd beasts which both the patient performer and the patient sufferer encounter to a perfectly men-agerial extent, during the course of their labors and endurances.

When the potichomania first visited us it came in the form of a small Dutch-shaped pink-glass vase, (or *vase*, as a neighbor of ours calls it,) which Vaws had burst out into a cloud of creeping and crawling insects, embracing, so far as I could observe, barn-yard beetles, squash-bugs, green spiders, measuring-worms, water-wigglers, cock-roaches, chinchas, Croton-crawlers, slugs, hop-

pricklers, ear-wigs, centipedes, blue-tail flies, green-headers, gallinippers, yellow-jackets, mud-wasps, devil's-needles, and a great number of smaller specks, intended, I suppose, to represent the animal-coolies who wait on the Man-darin' big-bugs before named. This fascinating collection of insectarian zeal was at once gatherounded by all the ladies, who proceeded to admire it as loudly as a two-cent daily paper does the last speech of its favorite candidate; the peals of applause consisting of cries of 'How natural! how *perfectly* natural! as natural as *life*!' these being intermingled, I must admit, with an occasional 'u, 'u, 'ugh! the *horrid* creatures!' Which would have been heightened somewhat if the aviary in question could have burst loose and come out alive on the party, very few of whom could, in such an event, have by any possibility survived till tea-time. The next day saw on the great work-table in the library seventeen rival glass jars, and divers colored powders, brushes, gums and chemicals, not to mention sheets of paper, exhibiting insects, flowers, Cupids, Venuses and similar fireworks in the confusest profusion, all ready to be cut out and converted into imitation China-ware with punctuality, promptness, neatness and dispatch.

The amount of labor expended by all of us in the Cutting-Out Department alone, during the more irrepressible days of that pot-o-what-a-mania, would, if properly expended, have kept a first-class tailor's shop going for six months; have enabled an enterprising man to supplant twenty-five favored rivals in the hearts of as many coquettes; or have made the reputation of any naval captain during the times of blockades. Great was the joy which prevailed, many were the pink and blue 'potashes,' as the servants called them, which were sent as gifts to friends. The manufacture, however, finally received a check from two causes. One of these was a suggestion timidly played by Sam whether the imitation article ought not to be superior to the original China, seeing that, all things being considered, *it cost more*! The second was a casual remark from Amelia, who, wishing to describe a very flaunty young woman whom she had seen at a concert, declared that she had n't any *real style*, only a sort of *potichomania style*, you know!

That word settled the business. Not only was the trade relinquished, and the good-will and fixtures, including a pair of scissors, a pane of plate-glass, and a pen-knife for cutting, handed over to Miss Trebleton, a youthful friend, but from that time forth 'a potichomania style' become the deadliest condemnation of all that was would-be-fine, would-be-fashionable, would-be-expensive-looking, and would-be what it was n't. It passed over to cat-skin ermines, imitation-lace, oreide jewelry, cotton-velvet, paste diamonds, Coventry Patmore and Firequeer Tupper. It was applied to gentlemen who in preaching, in manners, in language, or in dress, imitated any well-known character who had built up a fort of his own. It characterized the genteel outside elegants who always give up their seats to ladies, but who sit cross-legged with their feet raised a cubit or so, in the Fourth Avenue cars. It was the woorara-tipped arrow which was shot into common-place, ignorant and unrefined but 'very ambitious' women who passed life in trying to achieve fashionable positions which they couldn't maintain after they had achieved them. It was found to

fit men of small genius, coarse vices and morbid affectations, who hinted themselves up in every way as being much more valuable and genius-full than they really were, and it was suspected of being applicable to all persons who assume that their individual sufferings give them the right to be very unpleasant, melodramatic, intemperate, unclean, and hand-shakingly intrusive; concerning which latter shams, there are few persons who know less than half-a-dozen of this or that species. All of which falsely-positioned persons were promptly photographed for our Rogues' Gallery as 'potichomaniacs.'

'Our Rogues' Gallery!' Did it never strike you, reader, that every family had its Rogues' Gallery, where disagreeable memories of the Offensive Classes are hung up one by one through many years; each being taken down as occasion requires, to serve as a study in comparison with new repulsives as they come? There is that slightly cross and slightly crawling Mr. Perlam, whom you like a little and dislike more, and hardly understand at all. Suddenly some one suggests his resemblance to a portrait unmentioned for years. You 'see it all' then, exactly. Perlam is the full-printed picture of a very bad 'negative' of a person with whom gratitude was 'a lively sense of benefits to come,' and to whom every new acquaintance was a possible patron or victim to be Skimpoled out of Something. Always Something, until at last the presence of any unprofitable body on whom his Confidence would be thrown away made him positively ill-natured — as much so as his natural timidity permitted. Perlam is at once settled. You want no more of him at any price. He takes his place in the Gallery.

Each of us individually has his own private gallery, some keeping a much larger collection perhaps than our own stock of perfection warrants. And all of us, however grave and staid, have our Fancy Work. Under a thousand forms it is still there. I pray you, reader, try to think as kindly of this bit of mine as I perhaps in by-gone days have of some of yours!

THE OLD TO THE NEW.

THERE is a solemn lesson in decay,
A voiceless whisper of the peopled past,
That bids us live again and join the play,
The mimic pageantries of pleasures vast,
That move like shadows through the roofless halls,
And colonnades of sculptured solitudes.

At rising thought Memnonian music falls
Upon the wakened ear, and so deludes
With innocent illusion, that each stone
Touched into thought by hands that wrought of yore,
Becomes a statued mourner tomb-like thrown
O'er grandeur desolate for evermore;
And with a voice oracular it speaks
To the unheeding nations, that when spent
Their summed vitality, the eye that seeks
Shall muse upon some loreless monument.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY MARY FARQUHAR.

CONCLUDED

CHAPTER SIX.

THE old-fashioned house-clock struck three, in that peculiar and solemn tone that gives to a clock, more than to any other piece of mechanism, a weird and unearthly intelligence.

John Steele's old house-keeper was roused from her slumbers, perhaps by the sonorous strokes that echoed through the dark and silent hall; perhaps by the shutting of the outer door, and the grating of the key in the lock. She heard these sounds with surprise, and something like alarm, till they were succeeded by her master's well-known step on the stair.

Steele threw himself upon his bed, and in a few minutes was overpowered by those deep and heavy slumbers that come in mercy to the exhausted mind and body after hours of mental agony. He woke at his usual hour the next morning. The storm of the preceding night had spent its fury. He dressed himself with unusual care, carefully removing every trace of past emotion. As he did so, he could not but observe the deepening lines in his stern, dark face, pale as it now was from recent suffering. 'Fool that I was,' he said to himself, 'to dream that she could more than tolerate a rude, coarse creature like me, made for the baser uses and needs of life. Oh! doubly fool,' he thought, but with a tenderer light in his eyes, as her image rose living before him, 'to fancy that, because her loveliness charms away the stern realities that have knotted and scarred my own life, I might transfer such a flower to my sterile garden: but I will not indulge such thoughts.'

And what of Mary during the hours the ill-fated Steele was wandering wildly through the stillness of night, regardless alike of the wintry cold and of the solemn beauty of the midnight skies? She sat bending over the decaying embers, thinking of the strange, and to her unexpected event of the evening. By its light she reviewed every circumstance of their acquaintance.

'Is it possible,' thought she, 'that this man has aided me in my hard struggle with life, been my kind and sympathizing friend, to further selfish ends and indulge a selfish passion? Oh! if I must believe this, where shall I hope to find disinterestedness and generosity? He must have known that I am engaged to another, and ——' At this recollection she covered her burning face with her hands. 'I will not blame you, Henry, but why do you leave me to be the victim of such painful mistakes, such humiliating conclusions? He supposed me deserted, as well as neglected. Oh! how have I fallen,' she bitterly exclaimed, 'since this self-made manufacturer, with whom I have nothing

in common, but those sad necessities that put me socially below him, dares to think he does me honor by his love, and insults me by the telling of it.'

Yet while Mary was thus unjust, she felt in the depths of her heart that Steele had *not* been actuated in his conduct by selfish or dishonorable motives. The remembrance of the many hours spent in his society forced itself upon her. She could not but acknowledge the superiority of his intellect to that of any other man she had ever known. At the same time, she recalled the keen delight she had taken in many a long discussion with him of those great social questions that move the heart and brain of man and woman alike—questions on which, from their different education and experience, they invariably differed; but where her antagonist met her fairly, and instead of ostentatiously lowering himself to her level, raised her to his own, treating her as an equal to be learned from as well as taught.

'Surely,' she said to herself, as she contrasted these word-combats that had made up the greater part of their intercourse with those days when she read in her lover's eyes the tenderness that made her own dark lashes fall over her flushing cheek, 'surely this was not love; he is mistaken in his feelings. He has never met a cultivated woman before; and imagines the pleasure he naturally takes in my society, is something deeper in its nature.' But Mary blushed to herself as she remembered what she had never bestowed a thought upon before. How after these long arguments, when she had been vexed and indignant, and he sarcastic and obstinate, his eyes sought her face timidly but earnestly as he bade her good-night, as if to assure himself that she was not really offended or wounded. 'Oh! it is strange and most unfortunate,' she concluded, as she went slowly to her own room.

Days passed on, and Mary began to wonder what her friend Mr. Steele would do. Would he come to see her as usual, would he apologize or explain, or would he persevere in an obstinate silence and absence? She missed him much. He had been her only friend, it seemed to her, so long. It was hard to give up the few compensations of a laborious life. Were there to be no more books, no more discussions of their merits, no more consultations over his plans? She remembered, with a pang of regret, the manner in which she had spoken in their last interview. He might have been rude and harsh; but she had seen him in his best moments, when he unconsciously unfolded the inmost motives that actuated his life. She knew his quiet but lofty enthusiasm in regard to those themes that interested him, and it was this man, so far superior in his aims to other men and to herself, that she had wounded to the quick. She felt her pride was misplaced; that she had misunderstood him. She would gladly have craved his forgiveness if he would give her an opportunity. She began, too, to admire the moral heroism that had dared to place before her those very circumstances that he judged would most offend her fastidiousness, even while he avowed his affection for her. There never was a woman yet that did not admire courage, of whatever kind; and Mary admired, like the rest of her sex, this attribute of her new lover.

One day, when Mary returned from her daily walk, she found a note lying on her writing-desk. She took it up hastily, and breaking the seal, read these words :

‘ MY DEAR MISS GRAY : I am sure you will forgive the folly of a week ago. Forget, if you can, that I have ever aspired to be more than the sincere friend you will always find me to be. I am about to leave home on business, and may be gone some time, and am sorry to be so much hurried as to be unable to see you before leaving. If you will be so kind as to take charge of my books and papers, and complete the labors you have so kindly begun, you will continue to oblige . Yours, truly, J. S.’

The tears came into Mary’s eyes as she put down the note. She did not analyze the feeling that bade them rise. She felt grieved that he should give her no opportunity for apology or forgiveness ; and sorry that his feelings were of such a nature, that he could not trust himself to see her. She felt, too, his nobleness and kindness in providing for her wants in the way she would most prefer he should. She knew she had wounded her best friend and driven him from her, perhaps never to return.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

WE often notice, when watching the glories of an autumn sky, far in the blue distance, a single dark speck floating silently along, succeeded soon by other and still other similar forms. We know them to be summer birds following their leader to warmer climes ; so, when one startling event invades the quiet horizon of our every-day existence, it is sure to be succeeded by others of equal importance.

On the evening of the day on which Mary’s quiet tears had fallen over the rugged characters of John Steele’s brief farewell, she was startled from the reverie into which she had fallen by a loud knock at the door of her cottage. She had heard no approaching foot-step, and was somewhat surprised when Mrs. Lovell ushered into the room a strange gentleman.

He was not above the medium height, but a slender and upright figure gave him the appearance of being much taller. His rather effeminate but handsome and regular features were half-concealed by luxuriant whiskers and mustaches, while the sort of half-cloak of foreign air which he wore disguised him even more than the changes of several years.

Mary rose, unconsciously, as this elegant and graceful apparition approached her, exclaiming : ‘ Do n’t you recognize me, *ma chère Marié ?* ’ The next moment she was clasped in the embrace of the long-absent Henry Thayer. He released her almost instantly, however, and seating her, placed himself by her side with the air and freedom of a privileged person.

Mary was actually confounded as the moments sped on, and she realized that she was actually in the presence of the lover of her youth. Was this the meeting she had so often pictured ? This gentlemanly and graceful individual, the man whose image she had treasured in her heart of hearts for years ? Was this herself, this woman, making and answering common-place inquiries so

calmly and indifferently? She felt as if turning into marble as she examined more closely the handsome but inexpressive face of her companion; she noted half-dreamily his *recherché* and fashionable appearance, the exquisitely modulated tones of his voice, the studied devotion of his manner, as he apparently hung on every word that fell from her lips, though his eyes constantly wandered over the narrow and mean apartment. It had never seemed so narrow and so mean to Mary before. Indeed, it did not seem at all a fitting place to receive such a visitor.

At last he exclaimed, as if his amazement had for once got the better of his politeness: 'Good heavens! Mary, how can you exist in this little den? What could have induced you to leave your sister to live alone in this strange way?'

There are rare moments in life when, as by a lightning flash, we discover mistakes, and at the same time receive the ability to rectify them. The color came back to Mary Gray's cheek, light to her eyes, strength and courage to her heart. She withdrew the hand he held, and quietly said: 'Did you not receive a letter from me explaining my motives?'

In spite of his efforts his eye-lids drooped and his voice faltered as he replied: 'Yes, yes, I received it.'

'Did you answer it?'

He had regained his self-possession. He wore again that nonchalant air, which years passed in the atmosphere of fashionable life had made habitual to him.

'My dear girl,' he said, attempting to resume the hand so recently withdrawn, 'I did not answer it. In the first place, I did not receive it till months after its date, having been on a tour through Asia, where letters could not be forwarded to me; and in the second place, I concluded to return home immediately. To tell the truth, Mary,' he continued, in an altered tone, 'it seemed such a romantic project, and so unnecessary, to leave a respectable home, and take such an anomalous and in some respects indecorous position, that I never dreamed of your actually carrying it out.'

Mary was actually unable to keep her seat. She had not then been comprehended in the least. Her first feeling was indignation, but this was rapidly succeeded by contempt. Was it to keep her faith to this man that she had endured a persecution that made life almost insupportable? 'I suppose he thinks I ought really to have married George Graham rather than disgrace myself by earning my own livelihood.' Such thoughts as these coursed rapidly through her brain as she rose from her chair and went to the table, as if to move the candles that stood upon it. He, too, rose involuntarily. There was something in her face and mien so unlike any thing he had ever known in the soft, yielding, gay young girl he had once won, that he felt at a loss how to act. She relieved him from his embarrassment by saying quite carelessly: 'That he must excuse her if she dismissed him early. He must know,' she said, with a proud smile, 'that she was obliged to be very prudish.'

He prepared to leave at once, and not reluctantly, saying as he swung his cloak gracefully around him: 'And when may I call upon you—to-morrow, dear Mary?'

She smiled again very quietly, and replied slowly but unhesitatingly: 'I will write you when I shall be able to see you again.'

He would have taken a more tender farewell, but she seemed not to observe his movements, and in a few moments she was alone.

'She puzzles me, that's a fact. Mary always was different from other people. What a pretty, lively little thing she was; but she's faded a good deal. Let me see, how old is she now?' And Mr. Henry Thayer, who was slowly completing his toilet on the morning after the interview we have just related, paused while he went through with his calculation. He sighed as he finished the reckoning, but whether because he was so much older himself, or that Mary was, it was quite impossible to determine. 'I declare,' he continued to soliloquize, 'I expected a scene, knowing her temper, but her coolness upset me. How she drew herself up when I told her she was romantic. She is a queenly-looking woman, faith. How splendidly she would look in a drawing-room. I really wish my old uncle was not so set upon my marrying that black-a-moor, Maddie Curtis. I do n't doubt Mary left her sister rather than break her engagement with me. Yes, she must have done so, though she did not tell me that in her letter.' He smiled as he said half-aloud: 'Her head is full of romance, or she would never have thought that youthful folly was to interfere with our mutual interests. I declare, though I like her spirit. I've half a mind to marry her in spite of every thing.'

These reflections were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, bringing a delicate little note, deftly sealed, and carefully written. Our young coxcomb opened it eagerly. He saw it was from Mary, and augured a most agreeable conclusion from her so soon redeeming the promise of the evening before. His imagination, slightly excited by the idea of her sacrificing every thing for him, made her missive double welcome. However, as he read it, more than once his confident smile vanished. Its contents were brief, though couched in the mildest terms. It was a polite though kind avowal, 'that whatever tie might once have existed between them, time and the judgment that time brings with it, had entirely severed it.' It concluded by saying that she would be glad to regard him as a friend, but under no circumstances could she ever view him in any other light.

This was an unexpected turn of affairs. He read the note again and again. At first he imagined it written through pique, but its quiet, half-regretful tone dissipated that idea. Beside, an instinctive feeling, that his sudden appearance had not produced the emotion he reckoned upon, haunted him with a disagreeable conviction that it was really true that Mary had outgrown her affection for him.

'The tables are turned upon me,' he exclaimed at last. 'Instead of jilting, I am jilted. I could almost laugh at the whole affair.'

But he did not laugh. On the contrary, he put the note in his pocket-book with an unusually reflective air. 'Well, it is better so,' he said to himself. 'She has good sense: she always had, even when she was so wild and gay years ago, when we were children together.' And the remembrance of Mary, in all her youthful gayety and beauty, and of his own boyish affection and ad-

miration for her, drew from him perhaps the deep sigh with which he uttered the words: 'I did love her; and I do n't believe I shall ever care so much for any other woman.'

Let us not censure him too severely. He was one of those characters that are made by the circumstances and influences that surround them. He had been a youth of generous impulses, but without fixed principles. He had loved Mary sincerely, and as deeply as he was capable of loving any one, except himself. But the years which had been deepening and refining her nature had been spent by him in the idle pursuit of pleasure, and the indulgence of every fancy that crossed a mind neither deeply nor widely cultivated. He had adopted the view of those with whom his life had been spent, when he learned to consider his betrothal to Mary a youthful folly, to be repented of when it interfered with his material interests. The fearless independence with which she had set at naught the opinion of that world, where nothing is so much deprecated as disregard of conventionalisms, completed the alienation of that poor heart that could not appreciate such a soul as Mary Gray's.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

It was a lovely summer's morning. The dew yet lay on the grass beneath the elm-tree, that gave its only picturesque aspect to Mary's cottage. The robin, which annually built its nest amid the branches, flew busily in and out of the thick foliage. Nature seemed full of happy and animated life. Mary herself, in her travelling-dress, was standing in the door of the cottage. Her trunks packed, and ready for a long journey, filled up the little hall behind her. She was taking a last look at the lowly home, endeared to her by many associations of pain and pleasure. She was now about to bid farewell to some of her humble neighbors who had been kind to her in many a small perplexity, where little services are of greater value to the receiver than they can be to the giver.

She was quite prepared for the journey, and it being still very early, had several hours which she intended to devote to her farewell visits, one of which was to be to the Blanchard Mill. She had in her hands some books belonging to Mr. Steele, which she had determined to return in person, and at the same time acquaint him with the change that had taken place in her fortunes. Mary had not seen him since he had so abruptly parted from her three months before. She had heard from time to time that he was still away, and indeed she did not know certainly that he had yet returned. She resolved, however, that she would go to his house, and if he were not there, she could at least learn his address. She felt some acknowledgment due to him for his great and continued kindness to her, and if some deeper feeling alternately flushed and paled her cheek, who shall decide its nature? She did not herself analyze the motives that led her, now walking hurriedly, now lingering slowly, toward the home of John Steele.

In the mean time, let us relate how Mary came to be in this new situation. Soon after her parting with Mr. Thayer, the post-man brought her a letter in an unknown hand. She opened it with wonder, and read the following lines:

'MY DEAR MISS GRAY, or rather let me at once call you my dear Mary: I learn through an old friend, who is a resident of your town, that you have, since losing your mother, preferred the independence of self-support to idle dependence upon your sister's husband. A similar experience in my own life enables me to readily understand and respect your feelings. And as an old and intimate friend of your departed father, I think I may express my regard for you without ceremony.

'I have not seen you since you were a child, as I remember, full of spirit and animation, and very like your dear father. My habits as a confirmed invalid have made me negligent in keeping up a correspondence with your family, but I hear of you with renewed and great interest, and on the strength of that interest have concluded to make you a proposal to come and live with me.

'It is scarcely desirable or pleasant for a young woman to be entirely alone, isolated from all family ties; and as your sister is in Europe, I think such must be now your condition. I live very quietly, with one servant, who takes the most faithful care of me; but it would cheer my monotonous life to see daily a bright young face and hear a cheery youthful voice in my quiet rooms.

'If you wish to make yourself quite independent, I will not object to your doing so in any way you think proper, but I think it might be a mutual benefit and pleasure for us to live under the same roof. Very truly,

'MARGARET STONE.'

Mary distinctly remembered Aunt Margaret, as she called her in her childhood—a tall, hard-featured, but most kindly maiden lady, whom she had often visited when living with her mother in the village of A—. It is needless to say that Mary was very glad to accept this kind and opportune offer. And she immediately set about preparations for her final departure from G—. She was, however, ambitious to first finish the large amount of drawing and writing Mr. Steele had left for her. She resolved to perform it in the very best manner, as it was the last she would probably ever do for him. But it took her longer than she had anticipated, though she bent over it with untiring industry and perseverance.

Spring deepened into summer as she labored, and its beauty and glow seemed to pass into Mary's face as the days glided on. She had never felt happier. From the hour in which she had discovered that she had been loving a shadow, an ideal, who wore the outward semblance of a lover, but was invested with graces and virtues that grew out of her own fancy, a new light broke upon her heart. She realized that she had loved, as most do in youth, from the necessity of an affectionate nature, not from that spiritual affinity that gives to love its attribute of immortality. She remembered with a smile the boyish devotion, the youthful beauty and grace that had enchanted her imagination, and which she had invested with qualities, that made her faithfulness only a just tribute to his manliness. When she met him, after their long separation, it needed no lengthened intercourse to show her that they had grown far, very far apart; that whatever had brought them once together had fled with the evanescent glow of youth. This man, perfect as he was in all

exterior graces, lacked that inner manhood that could alone satisfy the deeper wants of her maturer heart. She wanted companionship for her intellect, generosity of soul and nobility of mind for her moral nature; and a heart whose full and entire affection was equal to all the demands of an immortal being.

Insensibly she contrasted the artificial graces of her first lover with the noble simplicity of the second. He who had never known a base thought, or been moved by an unworthy feeling; who lived nobly for others, while he accepted as his due the results of talent, energy and ambition.

So vanished the illusion of a first love from the fancy of Mary Gray. Alone through the summer days she bent over her writing-table. And while her hand filled swiftly with graceful characters the page before her, or poised skillfully the pencil or the crayon, her fancies fled into the mists of the past, to give place to true because more real pictures of the future. And thus a serene light deepened in her thoughtful eyes as she unconsciously drew nearer the threshold of a fairer life than any she had yet known.

Let us now go back to Mary herself, as we left her pursuing her long walk. She had arrived at the 'Mill,' had entered the little counting-room, as no one answered her knock, and was sitting down to rest. She sat there thinking over the eras in her life, which these visits to the 'Mill' had so curiously separated. The first, as a careless girl, absorbed in her first illusion; the second, as a weary and care-worn woman, struggling with an unrelenting world; and now the third, when having solved the problem of self-support and out-grown her youthful prejudices and illusions, she came there self-reliant but no longer haughty, glad but no longer frivolous, true to herself and to her noblest self.

As she sat thus meditating, she began to be surprised at the stillness that reigned around. At last a man in his shirt-sleeves hastily entered. Mary immediately accosted him, though she saw from his countenance and manner that something unusual had occurred.

'Has Mr. Steele returned home yet?'

'Mr. Steele!' replied the man eyeing Mary as if he could hardly believe that any one could be so ignorant as to ask such a question; 'why, don't you know Mr. Steele was brought home as good as dead this morning? He was knocked down by the cars and hurt very bad, very bad indeed.'

He went on as if he must, like the 'ancient mariner,' tell his story in spite of himself. 'They say there was a child on the track, and he ran to snatch it away, and got a blow on the head. He was brought home like one dead, and has took no notice since. The doctor be a going to cut open his head, or something or other; and every body has been sent off from the house, for there are lots of folks round. Our folks here think a deal of Mr. Steele, I tell ye.'

Mary had become deathly pale during this narrative, but she recovered herself by a violent effort, and asked the man to point out the house. She found herself in front of it, she hardly knew how or why.

The door stood wide open, probably on account of the heat. A profound stillness reigned around. She entered without ringing, and seated herself in a

room, the door of which also stood open. This room appeared to be a sort of library or study. Books and papers lay on every table, and almost every chair. Models and drawing of machines were also scattered about, in that confusion which characterizes a room devoted exclusively to a gentleman's use. Mary noted all these things without being aware of it, though she remembered it afterward.

She had not sat there long when she became aware that persons were moving softly about in the rooms above. Presently some one came to the head of the stairs, and called in a low voice :

'Hallo there! is there any one that can come up and help Dr. Blake? He wants the house-keeper.'

At this summons the house-keeper, who, it seems, was sitting in a back-room, came forward into the entry. Mary also came to the door of the room. The house-keeper was wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, though all in a suppressed way, as if she had been compelled to silence. She was evidently incapable of doing any thing that required presence of mind.

'What do you wish for?' said Mary.

'We only want some one to hold his hands while the operation is going on. You see he do n't know any thing now, but if he should revive he might put his hands up and interfere with us. I can't do it, for the doctor needs my assistance in other ways,' was the reply to Mary's anxious inquiry.

'Can I be of any service?' said Mary.

Oh! yes, miss. Any one could do what we want. You need not look at us,' he continued, seeing her hesitate. 'All you will have to do will be to sit down by the couch, and hold his hands; and if he comes to, which is n't likely, give him a little water.'

Mary looked about her. There was no one to do this small service, and he might never know she had been there. She felt a little natural hesitation as she followed the surgeon's assistant into the room, but when she saw Steele, his thick hair matted with blood, and his face pale as marble, she forgot every thing but his danger, and the thought that she could be of some use in the emergency.

It seemed to Mary that she had been sitting by the side of the wounded man an hour, trying not to hear the whispers of the surgeons, or see the gleam of their instruments, when all at once, without the slightest warning, the patient opened his eyes, and looked directly at her. A sudden fear shot through her heart, lest he should be agitated by her unexpected presence, but instead of appearing astonished, a faint smile passed, like a ray of light, over his face.

'Ah!' said Dr. Blake cheerfully, 'you've done nobly! It's all right. Hold this glass of water to his lips, miss, if you please.'

Mary did as she was requested, but he only tasted it, and seemed about to speak.

'Do n't talk,' said Dr. Blake to him. 'You have been badly hurt, but will do nicely if you keep quiet, and do n't bring on inflammation,' and he finished

binding up his patient's head with the dexterity of one accustomed to such accidents.

In spite of the surgeon's adjurations, however, Steele attempted to raise his head. 'Am I dreaming?' he said. 'Where am I? What has happened?' But still he clung to Mary's hand, as if he expected she would melt away like a vision.

Again the doctor began to enjoin silence; but the sick man, with an impatient gesture, fixed his inquiring eyes on Mary.

She saw something must be done to quiet him, and involuntarily bending over him, said in as calm a tone as she could assume: 'You are really badly hurt, and it is necessary you should be very calm. The doctor has been dressing the wound,' she continued with a slight shudder.

'And you?' he said.

'I happened to be in the house, and as there was no one here to wait upon the surgeon, I came in to hold your hands. I will tell you all about it some other time.'

Still he did not seem quite satisfied. Still he clung to the little hand that lay upon his.

'You will not leave me?' he whispered faintly. 'Not yet, I mean,' as some idea of the magnitude of the request dawned upon his mind. 'If I am going to die, you will stay with me, won't you?'

It was almost more than Mary could bear to hear this strong man, a few hours before full of pride and life, now pleading feebly like a child not to be left alone in his suffering.

The doctor, however, had heard the last remark, and interrupted him. 'O my good fellow! you are not going to die yet, that is, if you'll only stop talking, and try to sleep. Here take these drops, they'll quiet you, I warrant.'

But he would not take the drops, till Mary smiling faintly, for she became conscious of the embarrassment of her situation, and an indescribable feeling of exhaustion consequent on all she had undergone, whispered in his ear: 'I must leave you now, but I will come again.'

He still looked uneasy, though he did not speak, and still refused the drops.

Then Mary, with a sudden impulse, took the glass from the doctor's hands, who turned away to collect his instruments, and with a playful air of command, motioned him to drink it. He obeyed, and then stooping down she swiftly and softly pressed his lips, and left the room.

When the surgeon came down-stairs, half-an-hour after, he found Mary still there. To her inquiries he replied: 'That his patient was doing well; had fallen asleep; and if no inflammation set in, would soon be out of danger. He must have as little mental excitement as possible, until the wound begins to heal. After that there will be no danger. His sister, I presume,' concluded the man of science, carelessly nodding to Mary.

'No,' she replied somewhat haughtily, though she could not help slightly blushing.

He looked at her a little curiously for a moment, but was not sufficiently interested to pursue the subject.

'She ought to be some relation, I'm sure,' now interrupted the house-keeper, who had been kindly giving to Mary the refreshment she stood in need of, 'for she be as like Mr. Steele as two peas!'

It would have puzzled a very acute observer to discover in what this extraordinary likeness consisted; and in after-days this innocent remark become a great source of amusement to Mr. Steele himself. Just now, however, very little heed was given to it. As Mary rose to go, and the doctor's chaise was brought round to the door, he offered to take her into town with him. This plan was gratefully accepted by Mary, who really felt unable to walk.

CHAPTER NINTH.

Mr story draws rapidly to a conclusion. Mary was of course obliged to delay for a week or two her departure from G ——. And daily, to the delight of all the children in the neighborhood, a carriage drove up to Mary's door; sent by Mr. Steele to bring her, and sometimes Mrs. Lovell, to the secret, though concealed joy of the latter, to the factory village of Blanchard Mills.

Let us close with two scenes from the lives that were henceforth to flow on together.

John Steele is sitting in an old-fashioned easy-chair, resting his head against the cushion Mary has just arranged for him. The contrast of his black hair makes him look even paler than he is; but a quiet smile gleams in his eyes, and illumines all his face with tender light. These eyes are fixed on Mary, as if he could never tire of gazing on her, while she herself bends her glowing face over the sketch she is making at a little stand, a short distance off.

The summer air, all alive with the hum of insects, warm with the glow of sunshine, and sweet with the breath of new-mown hay, steals in and out of the open window in soft zephyrs; as if to shyly enjoy the sight of such perfect human happiness.

'I wish you would put away that paper and pencil, Mary, and come here and talk to me,' said the occupant of the easy-chair.

Not a word in reply; but Mary looked up at the eager face, and then down again on her paper, as if entirely unconscious of its expression of half-vexation.

'What provoking ways you have, you sprite! You have been sitting there two hours at least without appearing to know whether I am in the room or not,' he continued, smiling.

'I've sat here ten minutes,' answered Mary with perfect gravity, but without moving.

Another pause, and then he murmured in a semi-audible tone: 'If you do n't come here I'll have the head-ache, and that will be the worst thing possible to happen to me!'

Mary laughed, rose, and coming up to him, sat down on a low seat before him, looking up at him with her smiling, radiant face. 'Do you know what I have been doing, you horrible tyrant? I have a great mind not to tell you, it will make you so vain!' she said.

'HEAVEN knows there is not much danger of my being vain under your

tuition,' was the reply to this, with a shrug of the shoulder and a grimace. 'But what is it? Why did you betake yourself to that stand and act the statue for half-a-day?'

'I'm not a statue, and you'll see I've plenty of life, if you keep on scolding and tyrannizing over me in this way, Sir! Well, I've been making a sketch of you. I am very much afraid you will never look as well again, and I thought it a pity to lose the favorable moment,' said Mary jestingly.

He looked very much pleased, but did not answer, except by stroking back the waves of glossy hair that fell over her brow. 'Beside,' she went on, 'I wanted something to remind me of you when I am with Aunt Margaret! You know I am going to-morrow.'

'And must you go *to-morrow*?' he pleaded.

'Indeed I *must*. What *will* Aunt Margaret think?'

'I do n't believe she will be much displeased when she knows what you are delaying for. Aunt Margaret is an old friend of mine. She likes me, Mary,' he said with a meaning smile.

Mary looked at him. A new thought flashed through her mind. *He* was the person who had told Aunt Margaret her situation. It was to him she was after all indebted for the protection which this new home had offered to her.

He read her thoughts in the open face, and replied to them with serious fondness. '*I shall now protect you, my Mary, my wife that will be.*'

One more scene. They are married. John Steele has taken Mary from Aunt Margaret's cottage to the stately dwelling that she will henceforth call home.

Steele is sitting in his library, reading the evening paper, and too much absorbed to observe his wife's entrance. She is in full dress, for they are to attend a grand levée that night, where Mary will meet many an old acquaintance; among others Henry Thayer and his rich wife, and perhaps Mr. Miles and her sister, for they have returned to G—— since Mary's marriage.

'Do you like my dress?' said Mary, as she playfully pulled away the paper from his face. 'You never saw me in a ball-dress before, you know, Mr. Steele.'

He looked at her admiringly and fondly. She wore a blue dress of some airy texture, and white roses were twined in her brown hair.

'What is it?' he said curiously after a short inspection of her, as she laughingly turned round and round that he might view her on all sides. 'It *looks* like a cloud, or a piece of blue sky made up by a fashionable dress-maker. And are those *real* roses in your hair?'

'Do n't be too curious, Sir,' she exclaimed retreating a step as he appeared about to touch her dress.

• 'Oh! I'm not to touch you while in that airy costume. You are afraid of its falling to pieces, I suppose. Well, hold out your arms at a safe distance, then. I hope *they* do n't partake of the fragile nature of that cloud you call a dress, and let me put these baubles on!'

So saying he took from a casket that stood on the table beside him two bracelets, which he clasped on the delicate white arms extended to him.

'Here, take the rest of the things, and put them on yourself, for I'm sure I do n't know where they belong,' he said as he handed her the casket.

'Why, John Steele,' said the astonished Mary, 'these are diamonds, *real diamonds!*' her eyes sparkling with all the delight of a genuine woman. 'What an extravagant man you are!'

He smiled. 'Well, I dare say it is an evidence of my plebeian origin and tastes, but I fancied knowing my wife was not only the loveliest woman in G——, but the best-dressed.'

She forgot all about her precious dress, and came up to him putting her hands upon his broad shoulders, and looking straight into his eyes, she said: 'I love and respect you, my husband, not because you are the wealthiest man in this great town, honored by every one in it, but because you are the best and noblest in all the world.'

Let us leave them in their home; rich in mutual affection, honored in hundreds of lowly hearts that they have blessed by wise kindness, and walking hand-in-hand toward the eternal home!

THE BULLFINCH.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

I.

MR. KAMM.

THERE is a certain portion of Crosby-street that smells of theatre. I will not malign that narrow-fare by insinuating that it smells of nothing else, because I think it is conscious of stables, and toward the lower end is slightly tinctured with tenement-house. But the particular locality to which I allude is odorous of the buskin and the boards. Two of our largest theatres, if I may say so, 'back' on this quarter with great unsightly brick-walls pierced with little lightless windows; and stage-doors, round which shiftless supernumeraries loaf all day, holding converse with the Cerberus that serves as door-keeper, whose surliness, although proof against music, may be overcome without difficulty by coin.

At night these same stage-doors are interesting studies. Here you may see, in the sort of watchman's box that serves as ante-chamber to the theatre, the patient actor out of employment, who has just sent in his name to the manager with a view to engagement, and who, poor devil, is fobbed off with a message to the effect that applications can only be received by letter. You may always see three or four mysterious hobbledoys lounging about the door and talking

with the door-keeper, or writing on the walls with pencil aimless slanders on rival supers or other members of their acquaintance. Here at slight intervals take place the rushing exit and equally rapid entrance of the 'dresser' to the theatre, bearing on his return sundry liquids for the refreshment of the eminent artists performing within. Now the door opens and out comes the gas-boy with a pan of charcoal, which, to avoid danger of fire, has to be lighted on the side-walk, and which in ten minutes more will represent the flaming logs that blaze in the huge fire-place of the tapestry-chamber in the lordly mansion of the Baron Hugh de Brass. Here, at a later hour, a short time before the performance closes, you may behold one or two young swells lounging up and down the side-walk, smoking cigars and watching the stage-door uneasily as it opens and shuts. In a little while you will see Fannie Caracole and Mary Paragon, both friends and members of the corps de ballet, come out, glance up and down the street and presently be joined by the swells, with whom they will go off to supper. If you were in the common dressing-room of the ballet-women after the two girls have gone, you would be edified by the remarks of their companions on their superior style of dress, and the ironical surprise as to how they did it on twelve dollars a week.

Here, too, once and again, you may witness a sadder procession than that of hearty and reckless young men marching off to oysters and champagne with a couple of theatre-women. For one of the theatres is devoted to circus performances, and it may be that suddenly you will hear a vague murmur run through the street, an inarticulate warning of disaster; and be hurried along to the stage-door by a sudden stream of curious loungers, and after listening to whispered rumors of accident spoken in under-breaths among the idlers outside, you will see the stage-door open, the crowd give way, and, tenderly borne in the arms of his companions, the dying acrobat pass to the carriage in waiting with closed eyes, white face shining with the dews of death, and one leg and one arm hanging loose and broken!

Pretty nearly opposite to one of these theatres, some time since, there was a small shop, which belonged to Mr. Charles Kamm, theatrical boot and shoe-maker. Mr. Kamm's establishment was of limited dimensions, and was inserted between two larger houses, so that it looked as if it had been wandering about for a location and crept into the first chink it could find. The sparseness of interior accommodation may perhaps account for such an amount of Mr. Kamm's stock splurging out on the pavement. It seemed as if the little shop had been squeezed so tight by the two big houses that it had burst. There was a glass-case on the side-walk which seemed much larger than the house from which it was popularly supposed to emerge every morning, and to which it is not too much to presume it was consigned at night, which was filled with articles of cunning workmanship. Here it was that the genius of Kamm was visible. Boys spent hours gazing with open mouths at the treasures contained in that repository of art. There were long yellow boots with red heels, that were so muscular about the calves that they looked as if they could walk by themselves, and were so dainty in the finish, and high in the instep, that they seemed as if they were equal to avoiding every muddy crossing or slushy kennel in the

city. Then there were nice little white satin slippers, embroidered with gold, that called up visions of constellations of tiny feet, all flashing into air at a certain chord given by the orchestra, and gradually alluring the eye to white petals of crinoline which blossomed about a perfect garden of rosy faces and budding bosoms. Stalking grimly among those dainty works of art were grim russets. Such are to be found under the green-wood tree carousing in the lawless security of the forest, or intercepting the incautious wanderer in the woodlands and remorselessly plundering him of his money and jewels. Neither were the emasculate pumps of the male dancer wanting. The fellow with large feminine hips, imperfectly disguised by a scanty tunic of velvet; pasty hair that is a revolt against manhood; horrid, sexless smile ever sitting on his lips, while he bounds and twirls, and whose would-be passionate pursuit of the danseuse is such a mockery of love that it makes every man's blood run cold to look at it. All these elegant varieties of the shoes and boots that tread the mimic world were to be seen in Charles Kamm's glass-case. Did you want a Roman sandal, or a Turkish slipper, or an Irish brogan, Kamm was equal to the feat, and would turn you out either as perfectly as if he owned the book of fashion-plates of the time of Roscius, and had spent most of his life on the shores of the Golden Horn, or digging turf on the bog of Allen.

Charles Kamm, personally, was a fine, handsome young fellow of the Teutonic type, although born in this country, with long fair hair, blue eyes, and a slender, well-knit figure which was not disimproved by the fact of his belonging to a society of Turners. Kamm did a nice profitable business for the theatres. He made boots, for instance, for Mr. Belvidere, the popular light comedian at the Mulberry Theatre—and Belvidere was not easily satisfied, let me tell you. Belvidere had a nice foot, and would no more have had a hair's breadth of his instep concealed than he would have submitted to decapitation. Kamm was an enthusiast in his art, and expended himself on Belvidere, who was not alone a very handsome man, but an immense favorite with the public. The boots that he made for Belvidere were pictures. The wrinkles came exactly in the right place. The heels tapered beautifully. The spring under the hollow of the instep rendered the foot equal to the fulfilment of the Arab test, and would permit water to run beneath without wetting it. But when he came to embroidery, Kamm displayed himself. He had all the invention of Graun, whose floral designs for natural intricacy have never been surpassed. The impossible golden and scarlet flowers that wandered over the feet and ran carelessly up the calves of his boots, were not to be surpassed. On leather he was great, but when he came to satin, he was without parallel. He created a new Flora. The glowing blossoms that crept over his court-shoes had no similitude in nature, and I think privately, that nature was the worse for it.

I have said that Kamm was an enthusiast in his profession. It was good to see him at the theatre on the nights of first performances, to which he had of course contributed the great Belvidere's boots. He was always there before the curtain drew up, and sat in the back-row of the parquette, where he was presently joined by Umber the scene-painter, an amiable little man, with a charming feeling for color, and a thick, shaggy kind of voice, as if his throat

was lined with frieze and the sound had brought away some of the wool with it. Umber naturally enough came to watch the effect of his scenery, but Kamm was there to behold the triumph of his boots. When Belvidere appeared, it was not the actor that, in Kamm's mind, received the plauditory greetings, but the boots. Kamm's criticisms terminated at Belvidere's knees. All above that was a blank. A pair of boots impassioned, a pair of boots in a state of virtuous indignation, a pair of boots drunk, a pair of boots penitent, and at last a pair of boots married, was all that Kamm beheld during the performance. If the boots were called before the curtain, Kamm was proud, and after having his quiet glass of lager with Umber, over which each would talk of his own performances, the one on canvas, the other on leather, the pleased boot-maker would retire to his solitary little shop in Crosby-street and go to bed peacefully with Bully hanging in his cage by his bed-side.

Bully was the great solace of the boot-maker's lonely life. When he was at work during the day-time on splendid fabrics of Cordovan leather, knightly leggings and kingly buskins, Bully, hanging near by in a pretty little cage, constructed after the model of a Swiss chalet, where the water-bottle occupied the principal drawing-room, and the hemp-seed was kept in the best bed-room, cheered Kamm's solitude with pretty little melodies, slow German waltzes and folk's lied whistled in those low plaintive notes peculiar to the piping bullfinch. For Bully, as my reader has guessed before now, was nothing more than one of those rosy-breasted, slate-backed, jetty-crested, familiar little birds that are so friendly and affectionate to those that pet them, and who learn with facility to whistle certain kinds of mild melodies of a not very complicated character.

Kamm's bullfinch was more than ordinarily intelligent. He enjoyed the freedom of the shop, issuing from his cage at will and roaming through the wilderness of scraps of leather, bits of wax, balls of thread, books of gold-leaf, morsels of resplendent lace, and all the paraphernalia that crowd the workshop of a theatrical boot-maker. He delighted principally in accumulating those bristles which are attached to the waxed threads with which leather-work is sewed, and when he had picked up a sufficient quantity in his bill, he immediately proceeded to make a nest with them in Kamm's hair. As this was invariably a fruitless operation, he was in the end obliged to give it up, and consoled himself for his failure by whistling 'Life let us cherish' in rather a solemn and dirge-like manner, to the great delight of Kamm, in whose opinion the performance was superior to the most brilliant efforts of Vieuxtemps on the violin or Gottschalk on the piano. Tender and affectionate to his master as Bully was, and docile as he proved himself in learning those tunes which the young boot-maker whistled to him over and over again while he worked at his trade, there was one streak of rebellion in the red-breasted pet. He could not be induced by any art to whistle the sweet old air of 'Roslyn Castle,' which was a particular favorite with Kamm. All day long the boot-maker would slowly and laboriously whistle the first bars of the plaintive old strain, weaving his head backward and forward so as to impress the time on the bird, and Bully, after paying profound attention, would, when his master had concluded, strike

up with an air of cool satisfaction, Pleyel's German hymn, or 'Gon Save the Emperor.' This obstinacy on the part of his favorite, was a source of considerable annoyance to Kamm, and he occasionally used to break into a furious passion with his feathered pupil, and storm at him, so that the poor frightened bird would retreat to his cage and sullenly sit there for hours, until his master relented and proclaimed an armistice by a low, affectionate whistle.

II.

CINDERELLA.

It was a fine day in Autumn, just at the commencement of the theatrical season, when Kamm, whose book overflowed with orders from the various actors, was busy at work on a pair of young Marlowe boots for Mr. Belvidere, with the bullfinch perched on his shoulder, croaking like a diminutive raven, or arranging his feathers with great care, or occasionally climbing down on Kamm's coat-collar, until he got within reach of his mouth, where he would peck a kiss to him and gravely reascend to his former position.

'Come, Bully,' said Kamm, pausing between two stitches, and catching the bird in his hand, which operation was followed by an indignant 'quick,' 'come, it's time for your lesson.'

Bully resigned himself somewhat sullenly to a position on the back of a chair fronting the shoe-maker, who began with the weaving motion of the head to whistle 'Roslyn Castle.' Very sweetly he whistled. The notes were full of a country wildness, and in the peculiar break by which they were characterized, resembled that wild music called the Jodel by the Swiss peasants.

Bully instantly assumed an attitude of profound attention. His head was cocked on one side, and one black, bright, intelligent eye was fixed on his master. He was as immovable as if he had been stuffed, while the sweet, melancholy air in a silver thread of sound issued vibrating from the boot-maker's lips. The air then ceased. Bully retained his attitude of attention for a moment or two, then finding that the strain was over, he drew himself up proudly, erected his jetty crest, puffed out his rosy corselet, and with swollen throat and a quaint swing of the body and flirt of the tail, he joyously burst into '*Ah! vous dirai je maman.*'

'Confound you for an obstinate little pig!' cried Kamm, enraged; 'will you never learn that tune, you red-breasted idiot? I'll flog it into you, by all that's great I will?' and so saying he proceeded to catch his unhappy pet and belabor him with a bristle with such earnestness that one would have imagined that he intended to hurt him.

'O Mr. Kamm! please do n't beat the little bird,' cried a voice at this juncture. 'I'm sure he sings very sweetly. I've been listening to him outside the door these two minutes.'

'Ah! is that you, Miss Grace?' answered Kamm, with a lava-like rush of blood flooding his temples, as he greeted a pretty piquant girl of about sixteen years of age, who tripped into the little shop, and held one little hand raised threateningly against the shoe-maker, while Bully, escaping from his relaxed

grasp, flew to his Swiss cottage, where he secluded himself in the attic with an air that indicated an eternal abandonment of the pomps and vanities of the world.

'Yes, it's me, Kamm,' said the little lady, 'and I do n't like to see you so cruel.'

'Bless you, Miss, I an't cruel, no how. You see I want to get the bird to whistle 'Roslyn Castle,' a fine old air, Miss; and though I've been teaching him a year and more, he goes against me all he can, and won't do it. So I make believe to be angry with him, that's all.'

'Well, but you frighten him, and that's cruel. Poor little fellow! perhaps 'Roslyn Castle' is too high for his voice.'

This was a comic view of the question, and they both burst out laughing, which merriment on the part of his oppressors seemed to Bully to be an additional insult, for he got as near his imitation chimneys as possible, and turned his back on mankind.

'What can I do for you to-day, Miss Grace?' asked Kamm as soon as he had given her a chair, the seat of which he carefully wiped.

'I want a pair of yellow gaiter-boots for the new piece, Kamm. It is a burlesque, and I play the Princess Jaberatung of the Polyglot Islands. I am disguised as a boy, by the connivance of my father, because in the Polyglot Islands there is a law against woman's studying any branch of knowledge, and I have the greatest passion for learning languages. The King of Lingualia, a neighboring territory, who is also a great lover of languages, gives notice that he will give the hand of his daughter to the man who will speak in the greatest number of tongues. There is a great tournament held, and I, although a woman, enter the lists just for the fun of the thing. I overcome all opponents, until at last a stranger appears, who calls himself Prince Lexicon, and who, after three days' struggle, conquers me by addressing me in the Skyittchee language, the only known tongue with which I am not familiar. The Prince also secretly informs me that he is aware of my sex, and that he will not claim the King's daughter, but prefers to teach me the language of love. Then the King is enraged at his daughter's hand being slighted, and imprisons the Prince and pursues me. I escape with difficulty, and in the end rescue the Prince just as he is about to be beheaded, and all ends happily with our marriage in Consonant Castle, on the lake of Verbs. And Mr. Belvidere plays the Prince, and O Mr. Kamm! he sings a song in the piece so beautifully!'

'Why, that must be a very pretty piece, Miss Grace. I suppose it's for that Mr. Belvidere ordered the scarlet boots with the gold tassels.'

'Well, if Mr. Belvidere's boots are to be as handsome as that, Kamm, I hope that you'll make mine lovely, for you know he is to marry me.'

'I hope not, Miss Grace,' said Kamm gravely, with a touch of pathos in his voice.

'Oh! I mean on the stage, you know,' said Miss Grace quickly. 'Why, I'd rather do I do n't know what than marry him really, with his airs, and his great, conceited blue eyes, which he thinks so much of. Had n't you better take my measure? And now, Kamm, I want you to make them the cunningest little things you can think of.'

And so saying, the little danseuse put a very pretty little foot up on a stool, and Kamm, measuring-tape in hand, knelt as if in adoration before it.

'So you would n't marry Mr. Belvidere, Miss Grace?' said the shoe-maker as he bound the arching instep with the graduated tape.

'No, I do n't like him a bit,' was the decided reply.

'Ah! but you 're hard to please,' said Kamm, with a heavy sigh and a timid glance at the pretty face that bent over him as he knelt.

'No, I'm not, Mr. Kamm; not at all. But I do like a man to have a good heart, and some respect for women. I do n't think Mr. Belvidere has either. Now, I'm sure I'm simple enough in my tastes, for I often remember with pleasure that day when we went out on our excursion to Hackensack, you and I and mother, and had that nice cold dinner at the queer little English inn called the Three Pigeons, and which reminded us all of Goldsmith's comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer;' and how jolly every thing was, and — and — the drive home —'

'And,' continued Kamm, rising and taking advantage of what seemed to be a momentary confusion on Grace's part, 'and that pleasure that I shall never forget, the first time I ever pressed your hand with my own great clumsy paw, the first time that I ever felt a little hope springing up in my heart about you.'

Grace suddenly drew down her foot and stood half-startled, half-expectant before the earnest shoe-maker, who, measure in hand, and all unconscious of apron, continued:

'You see, I never said any thing about it since. To tell you the truth, I was afraid of you, Miss Grace, you are so much above me, and you know so much finer people than I am; but I can't help loving you, Miss Grace — I can't, indeed; and I'm sure it would be the joy of my life to have the privilege and pleasure of working for you and watching over you; and if I thought — if I thought —'

Here the poor fellow stopped, evidently overpowered or afraid to go on any further. Grace, with that *aplomb* which the stage gives to even the most modest of girls, put her hand plumply into the boot-maker's and said:

'Kamm, you are an honest, sensible man, and I'll treat you as one. I like you. Come and see my mother this evening.'

Kamm kissed the neat little hand, and feeling that the thing had gone as far as it ought to just then, quietly knelt down and took her measure for the fairy boots.

III.

That evening Mr. Kamm presented himself at the residence of Mrs. Sculpin, Grace's mother. Mrs. Sculpin was an obese old lady, whose great solace in life consisted in reminiscences of a deceased husband, who, she said, was a Lieutenant in the English Navy, and had been eaten by savages on the coast of Madagascar. There were envious persons who maintained that the deceased Sculpin had been a licensed victualler in Liverpool, and had never seen more of the sea than the Mersey presented in the form of mud, but however that

may be, Mrs. Sculpin cherished her naval reminiscences, and accorded to the gallant lieutenant virtues, talents, and a station in society of the most exalted character.

Grace was at the theatre when Kamm arrived at the old lady's house, in Sullivan-street, so that the lieutenant's widow and the boot-maker had the field to themselves. Mrs. Sculpin produced some ale and cigars, and the matrimonial trenches were opened.

Mrs. Sculpin was lofty in proportion as Kamm was humble. She, after a manner, trod the deck of a seventy-two gun frigate, and talked as if through a speaking-trumpet. She shook her fat old shoulders as if she felt epaulettes growing there, and treated Kamm more like a prisoner of war than a suitor: courteous, but not familiar.

'You see, Mr. Kamm,' she said on the subject of the marriage, 'we can't always forget the past. I'm sure I'm not in the least proud whatsoever, although we have had rank in our family, Mr. Kamm, and many's the day that I've seen my poor dear husband in his white trowsers and goold epaulettes, walking arm in arm with admirals, as familiar with them as if he was a crowned king.'

Kamm bent his head as if overcome with this magnificence of this reminiscence, and the condescension that deigned to recall it in his presence.

'Owing to succumstances, Mr. Kamm, we have been obleeged to do things that was beneath us. We was obleeged to dance, Sir, to dance on the boords of a public theayter, the which stage I never sees but I'm forcibly reminded of the deck of the beautiful ship which my husband commanded, with all the seams running side by side, and the sailors a-touching their hats to him as respectful as men ever was.'

'I'm sure it must have been a fine sight,' said the poor boot-maker faintly, while Mrs. Sculpin squared her old head as if she felt a cocked hat adorning her rusty brown wig. It will be noticed that Mrs. Sculpin always spoke editorially; and that in the point of choreographic display it was her daughter and not herself she meant, for indeed the old lady's dancing-days were long over, and her steps shook the little house in Sullivan-street as she went up and down-stairs.

'Far be it from me to discourage honest industry, Mr. Kamm; I hope I knows my duty to my country's flag too well to do that; but still you must allow that in point of rank you are no match for us. Grace likes you very much, Mr. Kamm, and I think you a young man of *excellent character*, but you see —'

'Mrs. Sculpin, madam,' here broke in Kamm, with his fine, honest face all aglow with emotion, 'I love Grace, and you know she loves me. I'm but a poor boot-maker, but it does n't follow that I myself am made of leather. I am tolerably comfortable. I have a good custom, and have a nice sum in the savings bank. I can make your daughter happy; and when we are married I'll take a handsome store in Broadway, and become a fashionable boot-maker, and rise in the world. Now, ma'am, may I marry your daughter, yes or no?'

This dashing attack rather upset the pompous old woman, who was very

glad to get Grace so well married, but wanted at the same time to air her importance. Kamm was getting impatient at the eternal lieutenant, nor did he like to be constantly kicked with his own boots. Mrs. Sculpin, therefore, leaned back in her chair, feeling that her cocked hat had been somewhat shoved over her eyes.

'Reelly you 're so suddint in your ways, Mr. Kamm. Consider the feeling of a parient, Sir, and the respect we owe to the memory of the lieutenant, who was as proud a man as ever stepped, and whom I 've seen many and many time going to coort in his uniform, and there was n't — though I say it — a handsomer man in ——'

'Mrs. Sculpin, will you say yes or no? I'm a plain man, and I want a plain answer. If I'm too low for you, say so, and let me go; if not, say so, and let me stay. Now come to the point.'

Kamm was astonished at his own courage; but the fact was, the poor fellow, like all modest men, was a terrible fellow when his blood was up; and he now stood facing the old commodore, with cheeks high-colored and blue eyes sparkling with fire.

The poor commodore found herself beaten. Cocked-hat, epaulettes, were all gone. So she determined to surrender, but still resolved to make a scene of it. She accordingly, to Kamm's consternation, suddenly burst into tears, and flung herself into his arms, sobbing violently.

'Take her, Kamm. You do n't know my feelings. You do n't know what she has been to me. And it is my prayer that her father will look down upon her from heaven, and guide her for the best, for he was always looked on as one of the best officers in the service, and no one that saw him in uniform could doubt it.'

After this outburst she kissed Kamm, and brought in another jug of ale, over which it was arranged that the marriage should take place immediately, provided Grace consented; after which Kamm set off for the theatre for the double purpose of taking a pair of new boots to Mr. Belvidere, and seeing Grace home after the performance, a duty which up to that period had been always faithfully performed by the old commodore, who was the terror of all those reckless young actors that hover about pretty faces in a theatre.

It was not long before Mr. Kamm arrived at the stage-door of the Mulberry theatre, bearing in his hand a bag containing the great Belvidere's boots. An act was just over, and the musicians, interrupted in their game of cards with which they were wont to amuse themselves while the play was going on, in a sort of hole under the stage, were scrambling into the orchestra, and sulkily tuning their instruments; carpenters, engaged ostensibly in setting the next scene, were in reality occupied only in butting against every inoffensive person they could find, under the pretence that they were in the way: or pursuing some unhappy stranger with a great canvas-scene on rollers, which they slid after him with a venomous speed until they drove him into a corner, when they let the scene down on him, and left him immured in darkness. The actors were changing in their dressing-rooms. The call-boy was consulting the prompt-book, and seeing that the pocket-book, and the purse of gold, and the

false will, which were to be used in the next act, were all ready, and in their proper places. The gas-man was fixing the chandelier for the ball-room; the scene-painter aloft in his studio was putting the finishing-touches to the very last scene of the play, which, when the time came, would be lowered on the stage with the colors wet upon the canvas. All was bustle, hurry, confusion; some swearing, and considerable chaff.

Kamm proceeded to Belvidere's dressing-room with the boots; but not finding that great artist, sauntered on the stage, and looked about him. The stage of the Mulberry Theatre is very large, and full of all sorts of odd nooks and corners; shadowy recesses where one might expect to see the ghosts of deceased dramatists flitting with indignant gesturing at the slaughtering of their plays. Kamm was passing one of those dusty corners, when he thought he heard a voice that he recognized. He stopped involuntarily and listened. It was Grace who was speaking:

'Mr. Belvidere, I wish you would n't speak so, Sir. It's wrong of you, Sir, indeed it is.'

'But I swear to you, Grace, that I am in earnest. I declare that since you have come to the theatre I have thought only of you. You will not be cruel enough to refuse me the small favor of seeing you home this evening after the play; my carriage will be at the door, and ——'

'Indeed, Sir, I cannot. My mother always comes for me, and I would rather go home with her than any one else.'

'Confound your mother,' Kamm heard Belvidere mutter; then he continued: 'Then I swear, Grace, that you must give me a kiss; one little one; only one. Come, now, don't be foolish.'

'Stop, stop, Sir! I'll shriek. It's ungentlemanly of you. Mr. Belvidere, let me go.'

Then came the sound of a struggle, and a scraping of feet on the boards; when a shadowy figure appeared in the dusky recess, and seized Belvidere by the throat.

'Come out here, you scoundrel,' cried Kamm, dragging the comedian out into the broad gas-light, and holding him at arm's length. 'I'll teach you to set your rascally traps for a young girl that's innocent as the angels,' and he gave the comedian a good shaking.

Now, Mr. Belvidere was not at all deficient in what is called pluck, so the moment he got an opportunity, he dealt Kamm a tremendous blow on the peak of the jaw, which sent him flying back against a scene. 'You infernal cobbler,' he said, 'take that.'

Kamm took it, but unfortunately for Belvidere he was not satisfied with it, and finding that the comedian was a bruiser, the shoe-maker being an excellent gymnast, suddenly betook himself to that terrible mode of fighting called the *savate*. Accordingly, while Belvidere was in the most approved attitude for resisting an attack with the fists, he was suddenly kicked by Kamm in the face with both feet, and before he could recover he received a third similar application in the region of his wind, which laid him helpless on his back, with gasping mouth, and wondering how the deuce the thing was done. This ac-

complished, Kamm turned to where poor Grace was cowering against a wing, white and trembling with terror, and saying to her, 'Grace, you shan't dance here to-night,' tucked her tremulous arm under his, and made his way through the crowd of gaping supers, who made way with great alacrity for a man who could box with his feet as well as with his hands. Grace had not yet donned her theatre-dress, and so he bore her straight home to her mother, where, the moment she was safely housed, she burst into a fit of hysterical tears.

Mrs. Sculpin's indignation was of course majestic, when the affair was related to her. That the daughter of the lieutenant, who was familiar with admirals, and on whom some of the bullion of his epaulettes may be supposed to have descended, should have been outraged by a mere actor like Belvidere, was incredible. I think that at first the old lady contemplated having the offending comedian lashed to a grating, and given nine dozen by a boatswain's mate; but toward the latter end of the evening, under the influence of ale, she mitigated the punishment to a court-martial, of which I have no doubt she intended being president. During many of Mrs. Sculpin's relations concerning her husband and general family connections, I trust it will not be indiscreet to mention, that a certain amount of inattention might have been observed on the part of Grace and Mr. Charles Kamm. In fact, they did n't listen to the old lady; but as soon as Grace's hysterics were over, our friend the boot-maker applied himself to the task of convincing the young *danseuse* that a speedy marriage was absolutely necessary to the well-being of the nation. After a long sitting, in which a rapid ceremony was finally agreed upon, Kamm took his departure, and reached his little shop, where he found Bully with his head immersed in a bath of feathers, with all his rosy breast-plumes ruffled about him in sleep, until he looked like a pink poppy on one leg.

It was a glorious autumn day when Kamm, arrayed in his best clothes, and shod with a pair of bridal boots, on which he had expended all his ingenuity, issued from his shop-door, on his way to Mrs. Sculpin's. He had bade good-by to the bullfinch, as if he was not coming back again; though in his solitary hours he often thought what a source of pleasure the bird would be to his little wife, when he was away at work. He went across by Houston-street joyously. He was happy and independent. He had been dismissed from the patronage of the Mulberry Theatre, owing to the influence of Belvidere, but he had also withdrawn Grace, in virtue of his position as affianced husband, from her engagement, and made it a stipulation that she should dance no more. Ring out, bells of St. Thomas! Enter Commodore Sculpin, with new cocked-hat and epaulettes! Appear quiet and business-like parson from the yestry, gazing as you pass to the rails, with a sort of vague sympathy on the flushed face of Charles Kamm, aged twenty-three; and the pale face of Grace Sculpin, aged seventeen!

The ceremony passed as all such ceremonies pass. There was no grand display. There were not six bride's-maids, and six grooms-men, which saved Grace the presentation of six lace veils, and Kamm the distribution of six suits of dress-clothes. But invisible grooms-men and bride's-maids hovered

about the altar-rails as the vows were made. Truth, Honor, Loyalty and Love were there, and hallowed the simple ceremony.

According to special agreement, Kamm went home that day with his bride. The Sculpin frigate—excuse me, I meant mansion—had a pretty sunny little chamber set apart for the young couple; and our friend the boot-maker agreed to forsake his bunk in the shop for the splendors of a home. Sweetly passed the hours. Forgetful of work, forgetful of every thing except love, Kamm idled away through four days. He was irritated no longer at the commodore's assumption of dignity. He allowed her to wear her epaulettes with impunity; their false glitter was more than recompensed by the light that beamed upon him from Grace's eyes.

It was the fourth day after the wedding when, as Kamm was sitting in the window, toying, after his simple, lover-like fashion, with Grace's hair, when he started up suddenly, and cried: 'Good God!'

'What's the matter?' asked Grace, alarmed at the wild look of fright that suddenly overspread his countenance.

'O my God! what a wretch I am! The bird! Bully! I shut up my shop, and have not been there for four days, and he is starving; oh-h-h!' and the poor fellow groaned as if he had been stricken with some agonizing disease.

In an instant Grace had rushed for his hat, and the next moment the poor shoe-maker, with a throbbing heart, was running full speed down Houston-street to his neglected store. The picture of that poor, pining, affectionate bird, who loved him so, singing his little songs in darkness and solitude, was ever before him as he ran. He pictured him, as the days went by, descending to his trough and his water-bottle, and finding them empty. He saw him at length exhausted with hunger, huddle into the corner of his cage, and die.

And he ran. How he did run! So fast that when he reached his door he was so much out of breath that he could not for a moment put the key in the lock. In that brief pause he thought he heard a faint, shrill sound. He put his ear close to the door, and listened. I will not tell how his heart smote him as he heard from within, whistled in faint but clear notes the long-disputed air of 'Roslyn Castle.' Poor bird! Deserted by his master for another love, he called up from the depths of his memory, the strain he would not remember when he was present; and in the dreary work-shop, lonely and without food, he bethought himself of the strain that his master loved!

Need I say with what acclamations Bully was received at Mrs. Sculpin's when Kamm brought him thither? What pastures of groundsel were thrust into his cage of mornings? What dainties in the way of seeds and fruits were his portion evermore? He was in all respects, slangular and otherwise, Bully.

A CHAPTER ON GEESE.

'WHAT makes such a rustling? what makes this ado?
'T is the poor little goallings, that have not got a shoe;
The cobbler has leather, but no last he can use,
And so they go barefoot, and never have shoes.'—GERMAN NURSERY SONGS.

'ARE you right on the Goose Question?' was universally asked during the last Presidential contest; and we propose a chapter on this well-known domestic bird. The first of the feathered race that man converted to his own peculiar use was undoubtedly the common fowl, a most prosaic creature, that has every where followed him, but in whom all the romance of bird-nature and higher instinct are entirely wanting. A single glance at Madam Scrapefoot tells you this. Her sober mind abhors all extravagance and innovations; as her ancestors were before her, will she remain, plain in dress, thought and deed. She will have nothing to do with those doubtful virtues which we proudly call elegance, refinement and high-breeding. These are as naught to her. 'Pray and work! Stay at home and get an honest livelihood,' she seems to say to her sons and daughters, as she walks among them with a high sense of her own importance.

How self-satisfied and how emphatically she clucks, when she has laid an egg! The whole neighborhood hears the important intelligence; and no young poet could exhibit his verses in the KNICKERBOCKER with more vain-gloriousness. When she is a mother, above all, what a searching, what a scraping and calling! She provides for all, not thinking of herself alone. The grave Plutarch names the hen as a pattern of motherly love; and the Arabians place her even among the stars. To the seven-starred constellation of the Pleiades the Arabs gave the name of the '*Clucking-hen*.' Alcyon is the hen, and the nebulous cluster of stars, the chickens. We read in our BIBLES, that the SAVIOUR of the world thought it not beneath HIM to compare His love for His people to the love of a hen for her little brood. Of all figures in the New Testament, none is more touching, or appeals more powerfully to the heart.

The taming which has decidedly elevated some animals to higher intelligence, has not been so successful with the goose; she has become a slave to man. She trails along her clumsy body, grown fat in captivity, and on broad oar-like feet, rocks at easy step on one side, or half-tumbles forward. If you drive her, she knows not whither to go; now hesitatingly turning to the right, then to the left; always at a loss and always cackling. Drive her more quickly, and the noise becomes a shrill scream—the bewildered animal spreading out its wings, and beating them violently together, without raising its pinions an inch above the ground.

Still, this ceaseless cackle is capable of certain modulations, and the screeching obtained for her veneration and immortal historic fame. From Livy,

through all succeeding ages, the preservation of the Roman Capital, by the warning cries of geese, is related, as a miracle, and the virtues of the bird have been praised. The vigilance of the goose was extolled above the often-related watchfulness of the dog. Rome gratefully remembered this deed by an annual public festival, in which a silver image of the favorite bird was carried in state. A dog was also hanged to punish that animal, because he did not bark when the Gauls came to attack the city. He was impaled alive on an elder-branch.

The Germans, too, often selected the goose for sacrifice; and during the Middle Ages it was even dedicated to St. Martin. But a doubt has arisen whether this was done from respect to the pious bishop, or a discreet regard which the complimentary and worthy monks had for their own stomachs. Old carols assert that the goose was most in season on the feast of St. Martin; and the merry '*Goose Litany*,' a convivial ballad, early echoed in the monastic refectories, strengthens this doubt. The name '*Martinmas Goose*,' is extremely ancient, and met with as early as 1171. Later ballads inform us that Martin, when sought, to make him bishop, crept among the geese to hide himself. His humility, however, was betrayed by their cackling.

Germany was the original home of our bird, where its breed, in early times, was zealously encouraged, and goose-herds abounded. Pliny declares that a higher sagacity exists in the goose than is generally allowed, quoting as proof the friendship which Lacey, the philosopher, formed for one of the species. In the story of the Crusader, however, there is more striking proof, who, having lost his way in the desert, followed the guidance of a goose, and thus was safely conducted to the end of his pilgrimage, the Holy City. In the '*Yorkshire Gazette*,' of 1834, there is a parallel story. An old gentleman there had for his companion a gander, belonging to a farmer, and it came politely every morning at five from the farm-yard, and awoke him by his cries. Then his goosey friend accompanied him all day, and might be seen walking behind him, unmindful of the children's screams, which often attended both pedestrians. If the old man sat down to rest, Mr. Gander laid himself at his feet; and before reaching his usual halting-places, his feathered companion would run before, and turn round and signify, by cackling, all right, at the resting-place. When he went into the inn for a glass of ale, Gander followed, until he had finished 'his horn,' when both proceeded on the way again.

The epicures speak of goose-liver and fat, and its down; and Pliny, the early naturalist, esteemed goose-liver pastries of such moment, as to search for the name of him to whose skill they owed this exquisite delicacy. He relates further, that even the sturdy necks of Roman soldiers were unable to do without the soft down; and multitudes stationed in Germany deserted their legions to hunt the bird of their choice.

Here our chapter might end, but beside the goose we find her more grave and stiller brother, the SWAN. He is an ideal creation of nature: a water-fowl in the highest perfection, with all that is dignified, beautiful, and full of majesty. The bards of all nations have glorified him; and when they wish to present a perfect image of themselves, they can find no nobler one than the

melodious bird Apollo.* Aristotle asserts that the souls of poets, after death, pass into swans, and retain the gift of harmony which they possessed in their human form.

The Roman myth transformed Phæton into a swan, placing him among the stars; and the German traditions of the bird are very rich. They speak of swan maidens, but sorceresses may also change themselves into such birds by means of certain charms. One tradition speaks of an enchanted swan knight marrying a Duchess, who became the ancestor of the ducal house of Lorraine.

Have you ever watched the beautiful swan as he proudly and slowly swims through the quiet lake in the stillness of evening? No leaf or wave is moving while the graceful bird silently floats along his solitary course, like some water-spirit, now suddenly disappearing in the shadows, and presently reappearing in renewed splendor. With what lightness, ease and grace he moves away in dazzling, snowy whiteness. Every attitude is striking, and every movement full of noble beauty. According to the traditions of the North-men, thus he moves in the circles of the Wedarborn, which they esteem the holy stream of Time, and is overshadowed by the branches of Ygdrasil, the tree of the Universe. Beautiful myth of the North! So, also, according to the Roman poet, does the swan lead the car of the sea-born goddess over the waves.† Still more beautiful is the German fiction that swans hover around the heads of their heroes, singing to them, as if summoned to immortality.

When death approaches, the swan pours forth his last breath in enchanting and sublime music. Of course, this is mere fable; still it is most deeply significant, plainly shadowing the presentiment of a *Psyche*, or soul. Thus is created a striking image of that better and immortal state to which we are destined. Even Pythagoras, and Plato in 'Phædon,' with Cicero, seem to have had in mind this sentiment concerning the swan.

The swan's flight—how striking and beautiful! He cleaves the air like a hero and an eagle. A chorus of these flying birds, resounding from on high, is like trumpets heard from afar, whose echoes are borne away on the breeze. This is the swan's song, partly a battle-cry, and a psalm of peace in part. But he loves peace more than strife; quiet enough never to seek dissension, and strong enough never to fly from the attack.

He awaits fearlessly the stroke of the eagle, while his strength and courage make him victorious over the cunning of the fox. He even drags down into the water the griping wolf, and holds him there. The image is a fine one where Homer compares the Greeks leaving their ships and rushing to the battle, to

'The milk-white swans in Asines' watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cæster's springs
Stretch their long neck and clap their rustling wings;
Now tower aloft, now course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise—with noise the field resounds.'

* Vide HOM. Ode II. 20.

† HOMER, Ode III. 23.

I C A R U S .

BY ALFRED C. HILLS.

'How sweet it is to fly! to feel no more
 A cumbrous inclination to the earth,
 With which ambitious will struggles in vain.
 O father mine! oft have I longed to fly
 Up to the spring-renewing Pleiades;
 To smite the liquid sea of heaven with wings,
 And sail beyond the limits of the earth —
 The rocky pillars of strong HERCULES,
 Which he of old built up — the boundary
 Of mortal exploration; far away
 Into illimitable space; to attend,
 With HESPERUS, the foot-steps of the sun;
 To watch, with LUCIFER, AURORA come
 From her bright golden palace, to ascend
 The chariot of wingéd steeds! I've thought
 (Was it presumptuous, father mine?) perchance
 The goddess of the dawn would carry me
 To heaven, that I might be among the gods,
 As she did CLITUS, son of MANTIUS.
 And now, O blissful feeling! I can fly!
 I try these wings and try them not in vain.
 Now is the world beneath me; I behold
 The fading cliffs of chalk-producing Crete,
 And Ida's summits! I will fly away
 To HELIUS, whose face unveiled I see!'

Then DÆDALUS thus answered ICARUS:

'My skill, indeed, hath given us happy wings,
 Whereon we 'scape the wrathful King of Crete,
 Who loaded me with ignominious chains.
 But curb thine ever-vaulting zeal, my son,
 Nor venture in the face of HELIUS
 Too far, lest, envious, he with scorching flames
 Shall melt thy waxéd wings, and headlong thou
 Shalt plunge adown the imponderable air
 To earth; thy ghost descend to PLUTO's realms
 In payment of thy rashness. Not too far!'

But, even as he spake, young ICARUS,
 Unmindful of his warning, flew away

Aslant the air, straight in the unveiled face
Of the all-warming sun. 'O HELIUS!
He cried; O HELIUS! I come! I've played
Oftimes in the warm beams of thy dear light,
And as an eagle longed to soar away.
Receive me now, and not with cruelty,
But let me dwell awhile with thee above,
And walk the brazen concave of the skies!'

Then DÆDALUS with terror called to him,
But called in vain; and then, with swifter flight,
Essayed to overtake him, and by force
Restrain his rash, impetuous career.
But ICARUS, with eyes fixed on the sun,
And all unconscious of the vain pursuit,
Sped upward as a bird; for he was moved
By a great all-pervading wish to fly,
And knew not fear. But DÆDALUS, afraid
Lest both should perish in their upward course,
And cumbered with a body heavier,
Was left so far behind, that ICARUS
Appeared to him as only a young dove,
And then a scarce perceptible faint speck
On which he gazed a little moment, then
Could see no more. 'O ICARUS!' he cried,
'O ICARUS! my too-ambitious boy,
Must I now wander o'er the sea alone?
And thy dear corse, sun-slain, unburied, lie
On some wide waste, or sink into the deep?
Better had I remained a slave in Crete;
Better had I not gained of heaven such skill,
Wherewith I made these wings, defying thus
The tyrant's anger and the realms of air,
Wherein no solid foot-hold may be found.
Alas! already have I soared too far
Toward the boundary of the fiery sun;
I feel his great intolerable heat;
And if not instantly I turn adown,
These waxéd wings will melt. O JUPITER!
Great father of the gods, have pity thou!
Have pity on poor ICARUS! Farewell,
O ICARUS! dear, lovely son, farewell!'

And then toward the earth turned DÆDALUS,
With tear-wet eyes and grief-encumbered heart.
But HELIUS, burning with envious rage

At the presumptuous flight of ICARUS,
 Darted upon his sides a beam so hot,
 That the frail wax wherewith the feathery wings
 Were joined by DÆDALUS, melted away
 As by a touch of magic! ICARUS,
 Thus left unwinged far in the upper sky,
 Did fall adown the imponderable air
 As falls a stone from off a time-bent tower,
 Calling in vain for pity to the god
 Whom he had thus offended! Down and down
 He sank, until no vital breath remained,
 So swift the horrid fall; and when at last
 He reached the placid surface of the sea,
 He plunged into its watery depths like lead!

Was there among the gods above no one
 To pity him, poor ICARUS! whose fault
 Was that of aspiration for the things
 Which are not of the world — the power to fly,
 And dwell with the immortals?

There was one
 Who pitied ICARUS, whose thoughtful eye
 Grew moist with sympathy as she beheld
 His most disastrous fall. 'O HELIUS!
 She cried, O ever-envious HELIUS!
 Wherefore this cruel deed? Hath ICARUS
 Aught harmful done to us? Can mortal man
 Aspire too high? and are we gods above
 On such a level with our worshippers
 That we must burn with envy of their power?
 Could ICARUS obscure thy rays? Could he
 By his most passionate high flight
 Degrade the state of the immortal gods?'

Thus spake she, blue-eyed ægis-bearing one,
 PALLAS ATHENE, noblest of the powers
 Of high Olympus; she who, loving, led
 ULYSSES through the dangers of the deep,
 Beset of every peril. And straightway
 She did descend into the shadowy sea,
 And spake unto the soul of ICARUS:
 'Thou hast not sinned against the gods in thought
 Or deed, O ICARUS! and cruel he
 Who sought to drive thy shade to PLUTO's realms.
 But I a greater am than he who lights
 The outer world; for I light up the soul
 With wisdom, and the pious love of truth.

I envy not the nobleness of mind
Which mortals may possess ; nor can they aim
Too high to please my fancy, though they fail
Even as thou hast failed. Since thou hast aimed
To fly above the earth, and dwell with gods,
I love thee ! thou art worthy of the skies !
I will replace the wings which thou hast lost ;
Yet not replace them ; for I'll give thee wings
Which **HELIUS** with all his fiery beams
Concentrate cannot melt ! For **DÆDALUS**
Is not so skilled as I ; he gave thee wings
Of mortal manufacture ; but the wings
I give thee are immortal ! Thou shalt fly
Up to the spring-renewing **Pleiades** ;
Shalt smite the liquid sea of heaven with wings,
And sail beyond the limits of the earth —
The rocky Pillars of strong **HERCULES**,
Which he of old built up — the boundary
Of mortal exploration ; far away
Into illimitable space ; shalt 'tend,
With **HESPERUS**, the footsteps of the sun ;
Shalt watch, with **LUCIFER**, **AURORA** come
From her bright golden palace, to ascend
The chariot of wingéd steeds.'

And then

PALLAS ATHENE, daughter of great **JOVE**,
Clad him with wings. And straightway he arose
From his moist grave deep-bosomed in the sea,
And flew away among the stars of heaven ;
Flew past the fiery regions of the sun ;
And **HELIUS** in vain poured on his sides
The heat concentrate of his fiercest beams !
And **ICARUS** now dwells among the gods ;
And men have called the shadowy sea wherein
He fell, since then forever by his name:

AMERICAN ART.

LITTLE or nothing is now being done in the studios ; many of our artists have shouldered the musket and gone off to the wars : yet it needs no prophet's ken to foresee that American art will arise from out this political chaos rejuvenated and soar aloft on the expanded wing of the American eagle. This same old eagle, by the way, has had too long a rest, and it is high time he addressed himself to a *coup d'œil* of the most glorious country the sun ever shone upon.

It is not often in the *mêlée*, in the strife, that art is perfected ; it is rather after the turbulent spirit has subsided and the waves of commotion have sobbed themselves into placid rest, that we may expect to realize the beneficial effects of this wholesome electric shock upon national art.

We make bold to urge upon the public the necessity of American art. '*Il n'est pas une lueur — il est une nécessité.*' the famous rejoinder of Hortense to the busy-body who affected to pronounce upon the superfluity of the *morceaux de vertu* of her boudoir. Apply it to national art. The love of art is the constant craving of the individual soul for those expressions of beauty, truth and goodness so replete in the handiwork of the CREATOR ; a taste for something better than what is merely of the earth, earthy : a penchant for those glorious talismans which out-live time.

National art is but the wholesome food for the aggregate æsthetic want of individuals expressed as one grand whole ; and never was there a time in the annals of our country when art held a more important position than it now does. As the visible record of the standing of a nation speaking a universal language which the whole world understands and which will be equally legible to posterity, it is the voucher for our political integrity, the symbol of our faith, the talisman of immortality distinguishing us from barbarians. Symbolic art is the escutcheon of a nation ; historic art is its record ; landscape and *genre*-painting are its topography and poetry. And is it not a noble work, this catering for the æsthetic food to satisfy the craving for immortality ineradicable in the hearts of men ?

Mutation is the stamp of all things earthly ; yet we none of us care to be covered with the veil of oblivion. This eternal fighting against the transitoriness of time and change constitutes the zest of strife in our ideal lives : yet an 'Old Mortality' is as much needed within our city walls to remove the dust and smoke of Mammon from our national escutcheon as to scrape the moss and lichens from the tomb-stones of our ancestors in the quiet country church-yard. And is not the thought of a grand national art sufficiently glorious to incite us to struggle on through all present trials and discomfitures in order to finally compass so great a blessing ?

Yet these are perilous times for our artist *confrères*. In hours like these, when even moneyed men feel poor, when nothing is ordered, nothing bought, there must necessarily be suffering in the studio ; and the most we can do is

to open our galleries for the exhibition of their works, our pages to speak a genial word of encouragement and hope, and our hearts to a liberal outflow of fraternal sympathy—for art and literature go hand in hand. So we bid our *confères* of the palette and chisel be of good courage and struggle on, as *we* are struggling. A good time is coming for us all as sure as the glorious 'Stars and Stripes' are to forever wave above the old Capitol. American Artists: BE NATIONAL! Rest not satisfied with the rendition of the art of other nations, but depend upon your own identity for immortality. This is the duty you owe the past, the present and the future: it is the duty you owe yourselves and the goddess whom you worship. Frenchmen, Italians and Germans, we welcome you to our shore; but deem not that you have come hither to paint the 'decadence of Rome:' we have no models for you.

Dare to be National! Honestly evolve the spirit, the *genus loci* of the country in which you live. Be true to the indigenous poesy of the soil which cherishes you. Tell some story, record some sentiment which shall fix upon the page of immortality the date of your nativity. By national art we mean the expression of national poesy: and whose fault is it that national art has been no more fostered? We grieve to say that it has been the fault of the American people that they have not *felt* more national. In our greedy pursuit of the 'almighty dollar,' we for a time forgot that we had a country; but it is so no longer. Next, it is the fault of those who have assumed to patronize the fine arts; who pay six thousand dollars for a Meissonnier, but who will not pay six thousand cents for an American *genre*-painting. But shall we *for gold* prostitute our nationality and become the mere servile copyists of the French and German schools, because they are *a la mode*? Have we no individuality—no nationality? A question it is scarcely *safe* to ask amid yon waving banners and beating drums, marshaling troops to the defence of THE UNION.

TRAMP! tramp! tramp!
A thousand men or more:
They come like the surging billows
That beat on the rocky shore!

'Now hand me down the rapier
BURGOINE gave up to GARNS,
When Albion said to the Union:
'Be independent States!'

'Go, fetch my rusty rifle,
My moth-eaten coat of gray,
And put up my palette and brushes,
No more can I paint to-day.'

Abandoned the palette and brushes,
The 'mahl-stick' rests on the floor,
As the artist onward rushes
With a thousand men or more!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
A thousand men or more:
They go, like the surging billows,
That ebb from the rocky shore.

But have we no National Art? Go to the Governor's Room, City Hall: see the revered shades of the 'Heroes of the Revolution,' our 'Statesmen' and 'Warriors;' are they not worthily limned? In the historical *genre* we rank first among the nations of the earth, young as we are in history. See the works of Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Weimar, the venerable Sully, yet living; the elder Jarvis; Catlin, Waldo and Jewett; Inman, Jarvis, Elliott, Huntington, Hicks, Morse, Gray, Mooney, Page, Kellogg and a host of others. And in sculpture, are we so far behind other nations that it can be said we have none? Is not the very presence of *Le Pere de la Patrie* in our council-hall a sufficient answer?

The public has a penchant for the landscape *genre*. None need be told that Church is great — that he is national. Has he not given us his 'Niagara' and his 'Heart of the Andes,' and is he not treating us this summer with his refrigerating 'Iceberg?' How those dazzling mountains of ice freeze into the very soul, awing us with the mystic revelations of another sphere! And G. L. Brown, though he has loitered long in the Land of the Vine, comes to us at last with his heart in the right place, and gives us the 'Harbor and City of New York,' the 'Crown of New-England,' and 'Niagara by Moon-light.'

But it is not alone in the historical and landscape *genres* that we must search for the individuality of a nation.

We detect *à l'instant* a French, Italian or German *genre*-painting at a casual *coup d'œil*. Its nationality is insensibly enwrought among the very pigments, becoming inseparable from it. But where, save in the historical and landscape *genres*, can we detect American poesy? And why is this? Must we again ask: have we no nationality; no *manière d'être*; no priceless individuality to evolve and enshrine? Who can mistake one of the little cabinet gems of Edouard Frère? Are not his *petites paysannes* cooking their *bouilli* inimitable? Who so insensible that warms not at Meyer von Bremen's domestic scenes; or who so stolid that thrills not at Carl Hübner's eloquent portraits of life in Germany?

And have we no domestic nationality to evolve? have we no *poesy of home*, whose episodes shall warm the heart and thrill the nation? These are serious questions: questions it is the duty of every conscientious parent, every loyal son and loving daughter to answer. Nationally we have been too rash, toppling down the sacred chimneys of our ancestors, in which the swallows have built their nests for centuries, to erect a shrine to innovation which we mistook for improvement. We have not sufficiently taught the youth of our land to respect the mighty shades of those who have gone before — those dauntless pioneers of our national prosperity. 'Home, sweet home,' is rapidly becoming a myth! Yet, thank God, it is not yet too late to retrieve our mighty, our national error!

Who is our Meyer von Bremen to depict the poesy of domestic life? Matron! fetch out the ancient spinning-wheel of your ancestress. Nay: blush not that you are descended from those who gloried in being useful. *Utile et dulce* is our motto. Penelope spun, and so did our immortal grandmothers; and thus laid by their industry the foundation of our prosperity. Fetch out

the revered relic ; there is poesy in it ! Remove with pious care the dust of ages, and let us gaze upon it with an artistic eye.

'At the Spinning-Wheel,' a cabinet gem by a celebrated French artist, a few years ago, brought many thousand francs. Are not *our* spinning-wheels as good models as the French ? Are they not as eloquent in their latent poetry ? Who will elicit it ? There is now in the archives of the New-York State Agricultural Society, in Albany, a curious spinning-wheel, presented by Mrs. Eleanor Fry, upon which she spun twelve linen cambric handkerchiefs, equal in quality to those of European manufacture ; and lawn of a fine quality, of which were made dresses. To us, this is a theme worthy of the artist's canvas or the poet's lyre. And must we go to the *past* for themes of poesy ? Like dutiful children, *let us go* ; and let us look well to our ways that the *future* may with as good a grace *refer to us* :

ROLL back the tide of time, and see
How heroes fought and died for thee ;
How matrons wove and maidens spun,
And danced at eve when work was done ;
Invoke the *past*, with magic spell,
And answer, *don't thou do as well ?*

Say you we have no fit subjects for *genre*-painting ? Who is our Hübner, to seize the eloquent brush fraught with latent power, and depict the 'Relief of the Kansas Sufferers ?' That memorable scene enacted at Atchinson, Kansas Territory, described by General Pomeroy, in his letter of thanks to Mr. Bryant, Chairman of the Committee of Relief ; when a father and his three sons, after journeying thirty miles with their cart and oxen, arrived almost famished, and nearly destitute of clothing ; and upon being warmed, and clothed, and seated at a plentiful table, they all wept, *because mother and sisters were starving at home !* Here is a subject rife with as much pathos as the 'Poor Weavers of Silesia,' which threatened a political revolution, and was banished Germany by a *coup d'état*.

Many of Alice Carey's artless poems (*ars celare artem*) are brimming with domestic scene-painting. Take, *par exemple*, the following, wherein she protests against the giving way to secret sorrow, and the cherishing of a selfish grief :

'ARISE, and go about some cheerful chore,
Nor longer give the household cares away
To heavy, slighting hands that love not wool,
Nor pans of milk, nor orchards brimming full
Of streaky apples, nor the fireside play
Of little children — pray thee, smile instead :
MARCELLUS whom thou lovest is not dead.'

Why should *genre*-painting not succeed with us ? Have we not as venerable sires, as glorious types of manhood, as dignified matrons, as noble youth, as beautiful maidens, and as lovely infants as other nations ? Then, why should there be a dearth of the *depeinture* of the poesy of American homes ? Why go to Europe for models when we have them at our own threshold ? Our forefathers made sacrifices in subduing and settling this goodly soil, and it is

for their children to perpetuate their spirit by fostering American Art. Let the public set the example of patronizing *genre*-paintings of the American brush, and we will give them a national art to be proud of. We have artists of merit silently struggling in our midst to evolve great thoughts. AMERICANS! will you leave them and their families *to starve*; or worse than that, *to prostitute our nationality for bread*? ART-PATRONS! would you evince your patriotism? lay your gold on the shrine of your country by placing it in the hand of the struggling American artist. ARTISTS! yield not up the sacred heirloom committed to your charge for a mess of pottage; remember that your eloquent brushes are recording the history of a nation.

It is high time we came out boldly, and declared the INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICAN ART!

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET:

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LOGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

II.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

WHEN it was understood that Charles E. Parkinson was 'going into the street,' as the phrase is, the impression at the same time generally gained ground that the said Parkinson had money at his command: that is, the outsiders thought so, people who were familiar with the name of our firm and its extensive operations, but who were not acquainted with particulars. There were a good many, too, who entertained the idea that my wife left a large property, which I held. The schemes which were in consequence presented on making my appearance among the operators, surprised even me, who was presumed to be well up in all that was going on in the city. Each of these enterprises required but a little money to give them an effectual foothold, and if I would advance it my fortune was assured. One man had a plan for fertilizing the vacant lands on Long Island, which he said could be bought up at ten dollars an acre, and in twelve months sold for at least five hundred dollars. Another owned a coal-mine in Maryland, and desired an advance of only a thousand dollars to enable him to float a company. Another had an improvement scheme at Hoboken, and a third brought me a prospectus for establishing a society for the manufacture of the choicest toilet-soap out of common bar. This last man wanted but a hundred dollars, and if I would raise it, I was to be an equal partner in the business, with a permanent profit insured to me for my share of just ninety dollars a week. Very comfortable. There were also

projects on foot for bringing under cultivation the vast and unexplored regions of Western Virginia, where lands could be had for from three to five cents an acre—title from the State! California had begun that year to tempt adventurers, and there were many schemes presented for traffic there. I was at first completely surrounded by these various applicants, who fastened on me as mosquitoes in a southern clime are said to assail new-comers from the north. Persons at my age are inclined to philosophize, and the first conclusion I arrived at was, that the majority of these individuals were honest, well-meaning enthusiasts, and in no sense sharpers or knaves. They were in the main people who were anxious to make a fortune at a stroke, and who believed they certainly would do so, just as soon as their scheme was taken up. Sometimes I was inclined to envy them the brightness of their prospects, the buoyancy of their hopes, and the elasticity of their natures. No rebuff nor discomfiture affected their spirits; the good day was surely coming, and their eyes brightened and their faces gleamed when they spoke of it. They were sorry, all of them, that I could not see the thing as they did; it was in vain I told them I had no money, and beside, it was out of my line. They knew that I knew where money could be found, and what matter how I made a fortune if it were done honestly: one happy stroke, one single investment, and a comfortable independence would be secured to me for the remainder of my days. Happy men, who see a golden prospect in every thing they undertake, who are discouraged by no disasters, whose ardor is damped by no disappointment; who, just as one project fails, are put in possession of another much more promising, and who live on under the encouragement of expectations the most brilliant and results the most sure. Sometimes people of this class chance on a valuable thing, but they reap little benefit from it. The profits are all absorbed by the capitalists, while they just as eagerly as ever set about some newer enterprise.

But it was not the class of harmless visionaries alone who beset me. I have already mentioned that the room I occupied was one of a suit taken by a newly launched coal company. This company occupied three apartments, expensively fitted up, with every appliance for facilitating transactions in their stock. As you entered, the first object which met your eye was the 'transfer desk,' behind which stood a handsome young man, fashionably dressed, apparently occupied with the books. You passed on along a line of counters, until you reached room number two, in which the company held their meetings. On one side of this was a very neat office for the President; on the other side was the little room which had been rented to me. The Concordia Valley Coal Company—such was its corporate name—was evidently preparing for large operations; certainly from appearances there could be no lack of subscriptions or of paid-up capital. It was therefore with some considerable surprise on the first morning after taking possession of my office, that I received an invitation from the President to step into his private room. Accordingly, I followed the gentleman into his special apartment, which I found admirably carpeted and fitted up. On one side was a handsome lounge covered with morocco, on the other an expensive desk, with an arm-chair to match, besides a full supply of

smaller furniture displayed around the room. There was a handsome map of the Concordia coal region on the wall, and several smaller ones, showing with picturesque effect the practical workings of this particular company in the famous Concordia Valley. Here was presented a section of the remarkable mine itself, where were toiling hundreds of men, all visible to the naked eye, getting out coal. An expensive double-track rail-road received the product of various tram-roads, and, as per map number two, conveyed it to several first-class steamers, all the property of the Company, and which lay at a fine dock near by on an expansive sheet of water, with steam on, and only waiting for the balance of the freight to proceed to New-York and report to the accomplished gentleman in whose presence I was. The gentleman himself was in perfect keeping with these surroundings. He might have been five-and-thirty, very handsomely but not foppishly dressed, if I may except a rather prominent display of a heavy gold watch-chain. His manner was easy, frank, and off-hand. He was one of those who always seem to manifest a magnetic appreciation of the position of every person he is brought in contact with, and at the same time to enter with an active sympathy into the presumed cares and annoyances of each.

As we came into the room Mr. Tremaine closed the door very carefully, asked me to be seated on the lounge, wheeled his large chair, which worked on the rotary principle, close to me; crossed his legs, swayed himself gently once or twice about the segment of a quarter of a circle, then bringing himself to a stand-still, with an arm resting on each arm of the chair, he commenced the conversation.

'Excuse my laying hold of you thus early, Mr. Parkinson,' he began; 'but I wished to talk with you about the prospects of our Company before you become interested in any other enterprise. To be perfectly frank with you, I instructed Sewall (he was the broker through whom I rented my office) to give you that little room at half-price, because I wanted you near us, Mr. Parkinson. I wanted to reap some benefit from your great and varied business experience, and I am sure you will excuse the little stratagem, since it has given you a very cheap rent, and as I avow the truth so frankly, you can hardly fear the effect of so direct an attempt on you.'

Mr. Tremaine paused as if to give additional force to his air of sincerity. For myself, I could only bow a pleasant acquiescence to his statement and wait quietly for what was to come.

'Now, Mr. Parkinson,' he continued, 'you understand the difficulty in *starting* any valuable enterprise. We have got on thus far better even than could be expected. But we must now make an extraordinary effort, and it is on this point that I wish to bring you into our consultations. Of course, you will consider whatever is said as strictly confidential. I am sure I can rely on you.'

It seemed to me as if this was a proper time to interrupt Mr. Tremaine's 'confidential' communication. So I stopped him as he was about to proceed, and began to explain that in coming into Wall-street I had but one object in view, and proposed to myself but one way to compass it. I had determined to ad-

here to a single business; and since I had positively no money to invest in any enterprise, my time must be devoted to this one.

I was proceeding still further, when Mr. Tremaine in his turn interrupted me with: 'Really, Mr. Parkinson, you quite mistake me. Do not suppose for an instant that I have the least idea of presenting any thing to you which shall take your money or more of your time than you are quite willing to bestow. Do you think, even if I were disposed to draw in any human being, and God knows nothing is further from my thoughts, that I should begin with an old, experienced New-York merchant? No, no, not quite that. So I am sure you will at least give me a hearing.'

Thereupon Mr. Tremaine went on to explain how the Company had control of seven thousand acres of choice bituminous coal-lands located within three miles of navigable waters, to which by an easy and level access a rail-road could be built at a small expense. The coal was of the best quality: so good that the Cunard Company was ready to enter into a contract to take their whole supply from the Concordia Valley Company as soon as it was ready to furnish it. From further explanations of Mr. Tremaine, it appeared that the capital of the Company was two millions of dollars. Of this, one million four hundred thousand dollars were represented by the seven thousand acres of land which the proprietors generously put at the very low sum of two hundred dollars per acre. Three hundred thousand dollars were appropriated as active capital for the building of the rail-road and a wharf, and opening the mine; and the remaining three hundred thousand dollars were held for a reserve fund. It was further explained to me in the strictest confidence, too, that the stock of the Company was already quoted at the Board through the influence of one of the members, who was to be interested in the future operations, and that as a matter of policy, considerable transactions were carried on from time to time and the stock allowed to fluctuate two or three per cent with the hope after a while of getting outsiders to take hold of it. This Mr. Tremaine admitted was rather expensive, since it would not do to let the small brokers who were intrusted with the purchases and sales into the secret, so every transaction cost the Company at least one eighth per cent and sometimes a quarter. Still this was the only way. Indeed, could the Company now raise the trifling sum of fifty thousand dollars, the rail-road could be built and coal actually sent to market! The moment traffic was reported, a dividend could be declared, if necessary, out of the reserve stock, and sufficient of the two millions launched on the street to make the Company perfectly easy in its transactions and the projectors rich men.

Up to this point it did not transpire what was to be my own special agency in bringing about so pleasing a consummation. But I was not long to remain in ignorance or suspense. For Mr. Tremaine, after one of his impressive pauses, continued in this wise:

'Now, Mr. Parkinson, I think I have succeeded in satisfying you that our enterprise is strictly a legitimate one: that is, it can stand on its intrinsic merits and on strict commercial principles. The lands are worth all that is claimed for them. The expense of transportation can be calculated to a penny.

We know just what it costs to deliver the coal on board the steamers, and what it will bring in New-York. And you must be convinced that when we are in full operation, we can readily divide from ten to fifteen per cent on our capital of two millions. Now, I repeat my object is to interest you in this great enterprise. Perhaps you will say if such are its advantages, why have not the capitalists taken hold of it? My dear Sir, do you think I would present it to *them*? Why, I could raise what money we required in half an hour, but they would insist on the lion's share — you know it is so — and lick up all the profits, and leave us just where we begun. No, no, we can't quite stand that, but we are willing to divide fairly with those who help to raise the necessary funds; and my proposition is, that I will issue to you a hundred thousand dollars of our stock, for which you shall raise us ten thousand dollars cash: in other words, you get your stock for ten cents on the dollar. The Company will guarantee that every dollar of this money shall be employed for the building of the road, and you must agree not to put your stock in the market except in conjunction with our own operations, *pro rata*, the usual way, you know.'

'But, my dear Sir, I have just explained to you that I have no money to invest —'

'And I,' interrupted Mr. Tremaine, 'assured you that we did not want *your* money. But you have a large circle of influential friends, Mr. Parkinson, who will be only too happy to take a thousand or two dollars at par on your recommendation. Why, as money is now working, I have no doubt you can raise the whole sum in a week, and see what a brilliant stroke it will be for you. I know what you are thinking about,' continued this frank and earnest-hearted man; 'the affair strikes you as too good. I know it, but I can't help it — there it is. We have got the lands: that is the point, and we are willing to dispose of five hundred thousand dollars at ten per cent, rather than give up to the capitalists. We shall still retain the three hundred thousand dollars as a reserve fund. Now you have it all in the strictest confidence — do not forget, Mr. Parkinson, in the strictest confidence.'

Reader, there is something fascinating and most pleasantly bewildering in these charming schemes which promise so golden a future. As the weary and thirsty traveller in the desert is constantly allured to various quarters of the horizon by images of shady groves and cool fountains, so in the great desert which poverty creates, there is ever present the same wonderful mirage where the poor wretch sees again a happy home and the return of life's pleasurable luxuries, and enjoys in prospect his seasons of ease. We are tenacious in our memories of past good fortune, and are apt to be desperate in our attempts to regain it. The man who has lost his property walks moodily along of an afternoon, and sees his old acquaintances driving out for an airing on the avenues. The very posture which these people innocently enough adopt, annoys and irritates him. The quiet but very conscious *abandon* of mamma and her daughter, the not easy but entirely self-satisfied air of papa as he folds his arms and looks with careless unconcern upon vacancy, while the coachman, carriage and horses are in perfect keeping with the pose of master and mistress. Well, what wonder that the unfortunate are willing to attempt much and venture much to regain

their lost position ; what wonder that they desperately grasp at the phantoms which allure them with promises of renewed fortunes ?

While the last tones of Mr. Tremaine fell on my ear, the room seemed to dance round and round, and the maps of the Concordia Valley Coal Company were converted into one grand, magnificent tableau, revolving swiftly but growing larger and brighter each revolution. Ninety thousand dollars of the stock ! Ten per cent dividend ! A clear rental of nine thousand dollars per annum ! Why not ? The most successful enterprises are from small and difficult beginnings. . . . The bland tones of Mr. Tremaine once more fell on my ear and recalled me to myself. "I perceive, Mr. Parkinson, that you are carefully considering this matter. Do n't let me press you to a decision : take time and think the affair over, and if any question arises, or any objections to the plan occur to you, let me hear them frankly, and I am certain I can fully satisfy you.

I had recovered myself. Instead of the nine thousand dollars a year dividends from coal stock, the more practical and pressing requirement of five dollars a day rose up to view. But while I had too much sagacity not to understand the absolutely chimerical nature of these propositions, yet, so much do we love to cheat ourselves with some sweet delusion, I did not decline his proposition : I even said I would consider it ; and I left Mr. Tremaine's office feeling as if I was in some sort a man of substance, with an option at my disposal and a considerable stake in the valuable coal regions of Concordia Valley.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

RETURNING home that afternoon, after my first day's trial, Alice ran to open the door.

'How much have you made, Papa ?' she exclaimed in a confident tone.

I kissed her, and answered as cheerfully as possible : 'I declare, Alice, one would think it was little Anna talking, instead of a grown-up girl. Patience : it will take a week or two at least for me to get to work, and then you may expect to hear something.'

'What a goose I am ! I ought to have known that. But we have been talking so much about Wall-street that I suppose I was calculating on your picking up money there. Never mind, the best dinner you have had for a long time is ready this minute. It is in honor of your commencing business again. Ah ! papa, how happy I am !' and humming a favorite air, she pushed me into the room, where I was seized by the two younger children, and dragged to the table. My felicity at that moment was supreme. I was honestly grateful to God who had so ordained it, that the wealth of the heart, like the riches of free grace, was open to all who chose to cultivate the treasure.

What binds us so to our children ; what binds them so to us ? It is, aside from instinctive attachment, which amounts to but little, because we regard each other always and invariably in the strong light of affection, which makes us alive to whatever is pleasing, and good, and charitable toward any thing which is the reverse in our conduct or dispositions. Now, could this be ex-

tended outside the circle of our homes, what a change would come over the form and habit of this old world ! It would not be a bad state of things, would it, where every man regards his neighbor with kindness and good-will ; always recognizing what is good in him, and always considerate toward what is reprehensible ? Would it not seem strange to see every body turning short about, and trying to help every body in every possible way ? Delane says it wouldn't pay ; but Delane is mistaken ; it would pay in the long run, but selfish people can't be made to understand it.

I soon found myself beset with a crowd of the smallest kind of note-brokers, or rather of runners, if I may use the term, who, believing that I could command more or less cash, attempted to put off on me all sorts of worthless paper. Most of our readers are doubtless entirely ignorant of the various expedients employed to raise the wind, as it is called, by the unscrupulous and the desperate. Frequently, where a sale would be impossible, they attempt to borrow a comparatively small sum on a large amount of notes, or acceptances ; the lender, unless very shrewd and experienced, being seduced by the great margin into the belief that the loan will certainly be taken up, and his heavy 'shave' secured. But the auspicious day never arrives. The operator having borrowed three or four hundred dollars, on as many thousands of 'collaterals,' takes no further trouble about the loan, but immediately procures a fresh supply of 'paper,' for the signatures cost him nothing, being executed perhaps by some relation who is 'under age,' or some mythical personage, so obscure that he may with impunity defy civil process.

Finding after repeated efforts that nothing was to be made out of me, these people let me alone. Meanwhile, I had myself something to do beside beating off applicants for my supposed capital. I found after considerable observation that what was called first and second-class paper was readily disposed of at a current rate, while lower grades were difficult to negotiate, and depended on the brokers finding some person who happened to know the parties, and was satisfied of their position. There are, however, individuals in Wall-street who seldom purchase any thing better than third-class paper, taking pains to inform themselves specially about it. Such invariably charge two per cent a month, and from that *up*, and thus accumulate large fortunes. It may seem strange to you, reader, but it is nevertheless true, that there are men who spend their whole lives in Wall-street, and who do nothing else but buy notes. They come in early and go out late. Their time is occupied in making fresh inquiries, and in haggling about the rate per cent. You can to-day see these persons, if you will take the trouble to station yourself on the spot, and I predict you will behold what will deeply interest you. Wait a few moments near this corner, and you will not be disappointed. There he comes, passing thoughtfully along the street. He has the appearance of a man laden with many cares. Look at him ! He is respectably encased in a moderately worn suit of black. His head inclines forward ; his eye has become stony ; his nose pointed ; his chin angular ; his cheeks rigid ; his lips wooden ; his mind, alas ! he has no longer any mind, but in place of mind he possesses an instinct

so subtle and acute that it will detect a piece of 'made' paper in the very curl of the signature. As to his soul, ah! God, how rayless and emotionless it is! Go to this man with something which does not exactly suit him, he will catechise you half-an-hour, putting questions which nothing but a great hope of ultimate success induces you to tolerate, when just as you are expecting a check for the desired amount, he tells you quietly he does not want the paper. This person sympathizes with no human being. He has not a single human attribute left. 'Does he never,' you ask, 'in some silent, solitary moment, perchance during some wakeful hour by night; does he *never* think of the time when he was a child, and learned to lisp his prayers, and repeat his little hymns; or later when he was at school, playing as other boys play; or when he married that tender young girl, to whom he promised so much before heaven, and whom he has since killed by his hard, stony nature?' No; he never does! Such terrible compensation does PROVIDENCE exact for this entire surrender to mammon. If you wish to see more of this sort, go and take a seat for an hour or two in one of the many small note-brokers' offices, which now abound, and watch the arrival of others of these paper-sharks. They come in hungry, eager, sharp, to hear and see what new offers. They have a large capital, perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars, invested in notes, or represented by securities, which can be converted into cash in twenty-four hours, should it be required to buy more paper with. They are always mousing about to pick up the note of some good mechanic, who they know for certain reasons is then hard-up, and who is willing to bleed freely rather than to fail in a contract. Thus they drain the life-blood of the industrious; and compounding their profits day after day, they work at their disreputable business till death, who always wins in the end, overtakes them, and they are cut short in their cold-blooded and wicked work. I am of opinion that money should command, like any other commodity, its market value, yet it is unlike any other, since it is the standard of value of all commodities, and cannot be the subject of sale, but only of hire, and the rules which control it depend on many contingencies, which prove unfortunate for the borrower. It is an undeniable fact, the man who drives the *trade* of usurer has been branded as ignominious from the earliest history of civilized transactions to the present time. And there is no occupation which so darkens the soul, blunts the affections, shuts out all that is human, and retains all that is selfish and devilish, as that of the man who devotes himself to accumulating by usurious gains. I speak from what I have seen and known. By-and-by I may endeavor to remark at some length on the comparative influence of various occupations on the character. But to proceed with the narrative.

Pursuing my inquiries, I found it was the habit with many of our best merchants, whenever they had more money on hand than they had occasion for, to buy first-class paper as an investment; such merchants generally made their purchases through one broker, who regarded them as his constituents. Then there were capitalists who usually invested in stocks, or bonds and mortgages, yet who from time to time, as favorable opportunities presented, made large purchases of commercial paper. The banks too in easy seasons were

bidders. But between the better grades of paper and the poorer a great gulf is fixed. The first, as I have said, goes at market value; the latter, having no market value, affords rare chances for cut-throat rates.

Such, then, was the sea on which I was to adventure; and Saturday morning, which would complete my first week in the street, found me without having made a single negotiation, or having earned a single dollar. During this week I had had no conversation with Sol. Downer. It is true I met him several times, but I thought he rather avoided me. At any rate, I did not feel inclined to cultivate a greater intimacy with him, and perhaps he perceived it. On this Saturday morning, coming into my office a little past eleven o'clock, after a few moments' absence, I found him standing in the centre of the room, as if impatient for my return. I don't know why, but I was annoyed at the sight of him. Perhaps I remembered our last conversation, and thought of my ill-success during the week. Perhaps I had formed some inchoate resolution to rather avoid Downer as an unlucky associate. Whatever it was, I repeat, I was annoyed at seeing him stand there, and I believe my countenance showed it. If it did, Solomon Downer took no notice of it, but approached me hurriedly as I entered, and placing a note in my hand, exclaimed: 'Take that over to the Bank of Credit; they'll do it for you, and we will divide the commission.'

I looked at the note, and found it was for over four thousand dollars. The makers I did not know, although I recognized the indorsers as highly respectable.

'Why do you hesitate?' said Downer who saw I made no haste to carry out his suggestion.

'I do not know the paper,' was my reply, 'and ——'

'Supposing you don't,' said my visitor impatiently, 'what the devil has that to do with it if the Bank *does* know it?'

I suppose I colored at this rough answer, for Downer instantly added in a milder tone: 'For heaven's sake make haste, Parkinson. I *must* make a little money to-day. I can keep this note just fifteen minutes and no longer. I know that the Bank of Credit has plenty of money. I know too that this is just such paper as they want. It is offered at seven per cent, and a quarter per cent commission. That's but a trifle, but it's quick done.'

By this time I fully understood the matter, and turning, started off immediately for the Bank. Downer ran after me, and called out, as I got near the stairs: 'Try them at six per cent; that's all money's worth, and this is A 1, and no mistake.' I walked rapidly along toward the Bank, not quite satisfied. I was going on a successful errand, since I was not acquainted with the names of the makers of the note, yet having a sort of confidence in the unqualified assertion of Downer. The President was fortunately in, I handed him the little 'piece of paper,' saying, I believed it would be acceptable. He looked at it, turned it over to regard the indorsement, and said quietly: 'We will pass this for you, Mr. Parkinson.'

'At six per cent?'

'We will say six-and-a-half.' Thereupon he rose, and stepped to the dis-

count-clerk, said a word to him, came back, remarking, 'He will tell you the amount in a few moments,' and resumed his occupation, while I went round to the clerk's counter to wait for the computation.

We are weak creatures. I cannot describe the almost delirious happiness of that moment. The gratitude I felt toward the President was extravagant, unbounded. In truth, however, I had conferred a favor on the Bank, as well as receiving one myself, by taking them a prime note when they had idle surplus funds. But I was too much elated to look at the affair in that light. I flattered myself that something of my old influence was left; at any rate, that the President regarded me with especial favor and kindness. I ought to have remembered that when money is abundant the faces of bank officers are wreathed in smiles, and they seem to be your fast friends forever-and-a-day. But when money is in demand, wonderful is their altered demeanor: strange how they forget you.

In ten minutes I was on my way back, with the money in my hand. I found Downer pacing up and down the room in a state of great excitement.

'Have you got it?' he exclaimed.

'Yes.'

'Good God! you don't say so; but I knew they would jump at it. Here just give me the amount, less discount and commission. I have calculated it while you were gone, and I will come back presently, and we can then divide. Thereupon I handed him the required sum, and he ran off at great speed. Meanwhile, I sat down to count the treasure in hand, and which on Downer's return we were to share. How much larger this looked than the four thousand four hundred dollars, which I had surrendered! The quarter per cent commission amounted to eleven dollars and ten cents. It was a four months note, and the difference between seven and six-and-a-half per cent was seven dollars and forty cents. Total, eighteen dollars and fifty cents. My half, nine dollars and a quarter. I was in the midst of this pleasing computation when Sol. Downer returned, still much excited, with the appearance of a man who had ventured on a great risk, and had had a narrow escape. I could not help feeling that there was some mystery about the affair. Considering poor Downer's unfortunate reputation, how did he come by a first-class note, one which any banker would be ready to take? Who would employ him on such a service? These thoughts were passing through my mind while I was busy ascertaining the profits of the transaction, and which his return interrupted, as I have just observed. He came in, sat down, took off his hat, and with his handkerchief wiped away the perspiration which stood thick on his forehead.

'I wonder what that famous house would say if they knew I had negotiated one of their notes?' and he laughed significantly.

I made no reply.

'Would n't you like to know how I got hold of it?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Well, I had got desperate. It was Saturday, and I must take home four or five dollars, so I went in to Brest and Company's, and asked them if they had any big notes of A 1 houses, as I knew an individual who would like to

invest four or five thousand dollars. I saw the list, and a young man who stood by gave me permission to look over the paper. I asked the best rate for the note I brought you, for I knew the Bank of Credit would discount it if offered by a respectable party, and found I could get a quarter per cent out of it, beside the legal rate. I told the young man I would return in fifteen minutes with the money, and to tell you the truth, Parkinson, I brought away the note without his knowing it.'

'Good Heavens! it is not possible.'

'Oh! it is very possible, and when *you* come to be driven from one corner to another, you will be surprised what expedients you will resort to, to keep from starving. Yes, a man will venture a good deal before he will let—*women and children go hungry.*'

'But finish your story.'

'Certainly. You know what took place with you. We did make first-rate work of it. I was absent from Brest and Company's just twenty minutes. Wasn't there a storm brewing up there? Fortunately they had discovered the note was missing only five minutes before. Every thing was in confusion. Of course I was the vagabond who had abstracted it. The young man was saying he gave me no permission even to look at the paper; only at the list. Another minute a police-officer would have been on my track. I stepped coolly in with the money in my hand. Cash has a soothing influence. I marched up boldly to the desk of the principal. 'I promised,' said I, 'to return in fifteen minutes. I am five minutes behind my time. Here is a statement of the discount and commission, (I had prepared it while you were at the bank, you know,) and here is the money.' Old Brest is too shrewd a man to get up a row when there is nothing to quarrel about, and no harm done. So without saying one word, he took the money and the statement, compared the latter with his own memorandum, and after two or three minutes growled out, 'All right,' and I quit. Close shaving though; would n't like to try it again.'

'But tell me why did you do such a thing? You committed a criminal act.'

'Ay! that's the talk,' exclaimed Downer, 'of you respectable people. Criminal offence! Do you suppose, had I missed seeing you, I would have failed to run back with the note? And having got the money, did I not hasten to hand it over? Wait a little, and see if you will tread always on velvet scruples. Do n't I know Old Brest? Do n't I know how he made a smash-up ten years ago, and how he got started in this business, in which he's coining money? Oh! yes, it's all correct with him, but I am a damned scoundrel, of course.'

I saw that Downer was getting into his old strain of bitterness, and I endeavored to say what would soothe him. In this I partially succeeded. And then I showed him the exact amount I had, and handed him nine dollars and a quarter as his share. Sol. Downer would not take it. 'What I want,' he said, 'is five dollars and fifty-five cents. I have nothing to do with what you have made by getting the note done at a better rate. My offer was discount at seven per cent, and divide commission with you. Won't take it,' he persisted. 'This serves me for to-day. If it did n't, I would not mind, under the circumstances, borrowing a couple of dollars of you.' So saying, he left

the room, leaving the balance of the money on the table. In this way my share was increased to twelve dollars and ninety-five cents. How *good* it looked as I counted it over and over. Reader, do you think I was beside myself? I, who all my business-life was dealing in thousands and tens of thousands, yes hundreds of thousands, to be thus carried away by the sight of twelve dollars and ninety-five cents in hand? If you do, you know little of the 'uses of adversity.' Never did money seem so sweet as that, I had *earned* it—the very first gains since my great break-down. In former business operations, when I made large profits, they went into the general account, and were to be sure, so much to the credit of our concern. But this twelve dollars and ninety-five cents I could touch, I could handle. I could calculate what it would pay, how far it would go. I thought how pleased Alice would be; for she had delicately forbore to question me after that first day when I led her not to expect any thing for a week or two. Then my thoughts ran back to the operation of the morning. It struck me it would be dangerous to have any more business with Downer. Yet had it not been for him I should not now be rejoicing. Had he not acted honorably, nay, generously with me? Was not his condition rather that of an unfortunate wretch at bay with the odds against him? After a while, I took my hat, went into the street, and talked pleasantly with several acquaintances about affairs. Then I walked back to my office, ate the lunch which Alice always prepared for me, and determined to give myself a holiday for the remainder of the afternoon. Descending, I indulged in a glass of ale; I purchased a few figs for Charlie, some raisins for Anna, and a bunch of grapes to 'divide.' For Alice I bought a pair of small side-combs, which I knew she wanted very much. Thus equipped, I turned into Broadway, and joined the crowd of human beings which throng this extraordinary thoroughfare. It has since occurred to me how entirely we are carried away with what is immediately present. The fortunate circumstance of making a small sum after a week of fruitless exertion seemed for the moment to dispel all anxiety for the future. I felt very comfortable, and returned the salutations of my acquaintances with a feeling of quiet assurance. Thus I strolled along until I came opposite my old house. I stopped and looked at it a moment, and went on. I had triumphed. I had no regrets. I felt in my soul that what I had passed through, and what I was to encounter in the future, would give to me a moral strength, and truer ideas of life and its purposes. So I went away from the spot where I had enjoyed so much of this world's good, and continuing my walk, at length turned the corner near my house. The two younger children were playing on the steps, there being no school on Saturday. They ran joyfully to greet my unexpected arrival. Going in, I summoned Alice, who was assisting in preparation for the dinner. Sitting down near the table, I produced my little store. 'Papa has treated himself,' I said, 'to a part of a holiday, and there is something to show he has not forgotten the children.' Alice received the combs as a token of good fortune, the rest were quietly at work with the fruit.

'You have made some money, I know you have by your looks, papa. And it's only a week!'

E P I T H A L A M I U M.

BY JOEL BENTON.

HAIL morn! that kissest the amber sky,
Drown in pale fires your rosy gates ;
A happy lover draweth nigh,
A happy maid his coming waits.

Bright sun that smilest from the blue,
On silver axles draw the hours ;
The sweetest girl I ever knew
To-day puts on the orange flowers.

Sweet omens stir the luscious air,
The fragrant winds waft spice and balm.
O winter day! how strangely fair!
So May-like, sunny, soft and calm.

O robin! singing in the tree,
Thy rich melodious roundel sing ;
Flood this fond day with melody
That borders on the coast of spring.

Out in the wide cold world she goes,
A thorny way for tender feet :
O bridegroom! guard the dainty rose,
Whose life thy life doth make complete.

For she hath walked in petted ways,
In sunny paths been kept and led ;
Shield her, that in life's toilsome race
She be not rudely buffeted.

Now kindly mingle, cup of fate,
Prepared for her through future years ;
With love's wild draught intoxicate,
Pour in the joys, dip out the tears.

Shower both, good fortune, with thy smiles,
Be heavenly benedictions sent ;
Waft them unto the golden isles
Of holy joy, peace and content.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR:

WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

'DULCE et decorum est, pro patria mori.'

ALREADY in the midst of an enthusiasm for war hitherto unknown in the world's history, while grand armies are preparing for a great and what may prove the bloodiest battle on record, while action is the cry which resounds from one end of the country to the other; there are individuals over the land who are busy enumerating causes and results in sermons, essays, lectures and speeches. We are told (as if the matter required any sagacity) what has led to the present state of things, and we are also informed what is likely to flow from it. 'There is,' says Solomon, 'a time to every purpose under heaven.' But the present is not the time to discuss the reason why, the cause direct or the cause secondary. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life;' and when he finds such ample concessions are about to fail, he will be very apt to fight: in fact, he *will* fight. And in that desperate struggle he will pay little attention to the person who stands by preaching a homily over the causes which led to his awkward predicament, or uttering speculations about the upshot of it. Not but what these are all very well in their place, but they are foreign to the immediate matter in hand, which matter is sharp, instant, pressing, and requires to be kept closely in view, and never for a moment obscured by extraneous issues or counter-currents. Something vital it must be, absolutely vital, which should rouse a NATION. Which should lead to the uprising of a *whole* people. An intelligent people, thoroughly educated, accustomed to think for themselves, and to discuss understandingly all the political questions of the day. A people divided in opinion: divided on the slavery question, divided on the tariff question, divided on the territorial question, divided as to what should be our foreign policy, divided on the subject of our foreign population. In fact, so divided into parties and cliques that it requires an active and watchful observer to keep the run of all of them; divided in a way to provoke jealousy, rancor, party strife, bitterness, hatred. Therefore, when we witness the sublime spectacle of all these parties, sects, cliques and societies, suddenly stopping short, turning, embracing each other, forming under one banner for a common purpose, we know that purpose *must be* a solemn, an awful one. And we say to the essayists, and lecturers, and philosophers aforesaid: 'Away, triflers; stand aside, and let the people finish the work they have in hand. *Vox populi, vox Dei!*'

We have placed at the head of this article: 'What we are fighting for.' But we do not presume to instruct the people on this subject. They know very well what. It is they who instruct us. From their practical teachings we make up our argument; an argument for the nations of the earth who stand

by, august spectators ; an argument for our own support and encouragement, one which

‘ MAY assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.’

We observe, then, it is a matter distinctly understood that we are fighting to prevent the extinction of this Republic. Its extinction ; for to disintegrate is to destroy it. No one pretends to deny this. Indeed, it has already been declared in Europe, that the ‘ Great Republic ’ no longer exists. We are fighting to give the lie to this assertion. We are fighting to maintain in its integrity a Government which the prudence, and sagacity, and wisdom of our fathers established after years of privations, of trials, and extraordinary perils ; which was consecrated by their lives and sealed with their blood.

It makes no sort of difference *now* what statesmen and politicians may argue as to the right of one of these United States to ‘ secede.’ [As if a nation ever made provision for its own dissolution, or enacted a statute authorizing *felo de se*.] It makes no sort of difference whether or not by the letter of the Constitution that question is definitely settled beyond a cavil. [Yet who can have forgotten the unanswerable arguments of Daniel Webster on these points?] The people, to whom as a jury the question of the right of secession has been submitted, for them to determine *both the law and the fact*, have declared against the right, and immediately prepare to sustain their verdict by force of arms — that *ultima ratio* which overrides all logic and all argument, paying little attention to set forms and legal dicta. Our Chief-Justice lately put on his spectacles, and read the President an opinion about the writ of Habeas Corpus. He might as well proceed to Fortress Monroe, and read the riot act.

We accept the fact that we are at war, and that war entails a multitude of evils. Besides the moral evils, over which the clergy are so eloquent that we shall not be apt to lose sight of them, there are great commercial evils. Prostration of business, mercantile distress and failures, general confusion in affairs by the interruption of the ordinary channels of trade, and so forth and so forth. In going to war the nation have accepted these as unavoidable. This certainly presents a gloomy state of things, and the prospect may be even more gloomy before it is brighter. Let us see what we have meantime for our encouragement and consolation.

In the first place, could we have helped being drawn into this contest ? If we could, then we have room for regret, bitter, lasting regret.

Suppose we had yielded at first to the wishes of the seven seceded States. Suppose satisfactory treaties were made, (yet how absurd the supposition !) and all peacefully consummated. Congress meets again. Virginia, and North-Carolina, and Tennessee are represented there, with other States who sympathized with the seceders. The session would be a stormy one. Something transpires which does not suit the representatives from those States. They claim to have their way, demand further concessions, and threaten what they would have a right to threaten — to join the ‘ Southern Confederacy ’ — and having admitted that right, we could not help ourselves. What a humiliating

spectacle! A nation suddenly become emasculate and imbecile: a subject for the just contempt and scorn of the whole world. The right to secede granted, there would be nothing left of us. We should become so powerless that, as in the case of the sick lion, every donkey would lift his heel against us. Why, even as it was, while men of shallow intellects were misled by the extraordinary forbearance of the people into the belief that treason would triumph, the Mayor of the city of New-York, yes, the Mayor of this great and mighty emporium, the glory and the pride of the *whole* country, had the audacity to propose it should separate itself from the State, and erect itself into a 'free city!' Behold the incipient fruits of peaceable separation.

Think you we went to war an hour too soon?

Some may talk of the unhappy reverses which will befall so many individuals; but think of the total reverse of a nation, and the calamities which would flow from it for generations. The hope of all lovers of freedom over the whole world extinguished, the Temple of Liberty overthrown, the inhabitants of the land disunited and scattered, never again to re-form, because the only institution, which by the judgments of the best and the wisest could serve to uphold the cause of humanity, has proved powerless to withstand the storm.

Think you we went to war an hour too soon?

The war is a necessity, and necessity is a great consoler. Blessings accompany its enforcements. As the character of a man becomes dignified by his pursuits, so the moral tone of a nation is elevated by what it undertakes. The man who devotes himself unselfishly to a noble object becomes thereby ennobled, and a people who stop at no sacrifice in their country's cause become heroic. It is those who battle against difficulties and become inured to dangers and privations, who grow strong and resolute. On the other hand, the enervating calm of commercial prosperity breeds luxurious weakness, effeminacy and corruption in the nation itself. And in this light we ought to welcome what our sympathizers call our 'hour of adversity.' 'Adversity!' God be praised for it! The nation can only become strong and heroic under hardship and trial and desperate extremity. First, we may see a portion of our superfluous wealth departing. 'Let it go,' we exclaim. Then follows the entire loss of fortune: be it so. Then a near and dear relative is slain in battle. We consecrate the offering with prayer and supplication, and as each successive sacrifice is made we grow more resolute and self-reliant: our senses become brighter, our views clearer: the old crust is thrown off, and we rise mighty in physical and moral strength; we look back on our previous state, disgusted at its weakness and insipidity. We go on, persist, endure and conquer. Ah! how we shall love the cause for which we have borne so much. How will this new baptism endear it to all our hearts. The children who in our streets go through their mimic performances of defending the capital and putting to flight the rebels who threaten it, learn lessons of patriotism which will not die with them. These will be taught in turn to *their* children as reminiscences of our country's great ordeal.

However severe, then, the contest is to bear on us, we shall gain new life,

new power, new dignity in it. But, while it is not well to underrate the difficulties which we must encounter, we need not overrate them. If the war, as we hope, shall prove a short one, our perplexities will be brief. If long, then business will presently revive on a new basis: trade will seek new channels, following always the law of demand and supply; the war will give employment a new direction; our farmers will reap abundant returns for the products of the fields, and a comparatively short time will see affairs working into regular and active routine. The cities of the North will have a largely increased trade, and New-York will enter on a period of commercial prosperity hitherto unknown in her history. Who lives a few months will witness this, and also behold the commencement of a new season of healthful, vigorous progress. The war is not to weaken or impoverish us, it will enrich and make us strong. It will deplete the capitalist and circulate his wealth among hundreds of thousands. A new energy will prevail. The nation, purged of treason, its insulted majesty vindicated, will resume its grand march, chastened into a divine harmony of action.

A word about our foreign relations. We are exhibiting altogether too much nervousness on the subject. We are manifesting our usual sensitiveness which borders on the ridiculous. We accuse England with not sympathizing with us, intimating that we are forced into a war to defend the very principle which England has so long herself combated for, and now she leaves us in the lurch. This is sheer nonsense—we had almost said pusillanimity. We know it, and England knows it. We are forced into war to save our Government—our existence as a nation, and it is puerile as well as undignified to put the issue on any other ground. We must not expect more of a nation than of an individual. When some calamity or crisis overtakes a man, nine out of ten of his quondam friends carefully consider their own interests, and govern themselves toward him accordingly. *England will carefully consider her own interests, and govern herself accordingly.* A wise and prudent consideration will teach her that it is her interest to retain the friendship of the United States. Her statesmen, if slow in discerning, are in the main sagacious, and will presently see the matter in its true light. If they do not, it will be unfortunate for them. In any event, let us not deceive ourselves. We repeat, England will be governed by what she considers her interest, and by nothing else.

Meantime, if report be correct, Mr. Seward has notified the European powers that the United States have agreed to the treaty stipulation abolishing privateering. We cannot forget the broad and enlightened view taken of this subject by our late Secretary, Mr. Marcy, in his able dispatch in reply to the official notice from the Paris Congress, a view most honorable to our public sentiment, wherein he avowed the readiness of this country to aid in putting an end to the practice, provided the whole matter should be placed on a comprehensive basis, so as to protect private property, not contraband of war, from *any capture* on the high seas. It strikes us that Mr. Seward's action at this particular crisis smacks a little of special practice. It looks too much as if by a repentance at the eleventh hour we sought shelter against our previous

declarations. God forbid that we should at this time, in the presence of the nations, do, or permit to be done, any diplomatic act out of *mere* diplomacy. We do not want exhibitions of tact or shrewdness — we want statesmanship; and since we have laid down a broad ground which shall govern us on the question of privateering, let us stick to it.

We have been driven sharply into this business of war. Not much time is allowed for reflection in the swift current of events. But at times there will come moments of awful solemnity, when something whispers: 'We are working out God's great designs.' Then it is, we see beyond the din and smoke of the contest, above the slaughter and carnage, over the hosts of armed men; inscribed in bright characters which encourage the weak, strengthen the valiant, and sustain the faint-hearted:

THE LORD REIGNS.

SONNET.

How many lives are spent in idle dreaming
 Of unearned good to come, devoid of care!
 How many souls are satisfied with *seeming*
 What they should *be*, and being — what they are!
 Alas! how few the nobleness inherit,
 Which — scorning selfish ease and empty show —
 In active goodness shines; whose generous spirit
 O'erflows to want, to sorrow and to woe.
 Time's restless wing should teach us active living:
 No fondly dreaming idler enters heaven;
 To him who wills and works, nor ceases striving
 To overcome with love, is victory given;
 So let us march, my friend, with armor bright,
 Through this dark dreary world up to the gates of light.

E. H. V. B.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE AND CAREER OF MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ, ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN AMERICA. By WINTHROP SARGENT. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE world would be better informed as to its own past, had it not been for its 'great' historians. *Thucydides aut nullus* seems to have been the motto of nearly all chroniclers of events, for which reason the Historical Department of most public libraries greatly resembles the growth of an elm-seed, as described in 'Elsie Venner'—a thousand failures to one successful tree.

WINTHROP SARGENT has, so far, contented himself with something less than the entire 'annal-ization' of a continent or of a country; devoting to an episode like that of BRADDOCK, or to a biography, the genius which another would have believed wasted on any thing less than a history of the world. In this, however, he manifests a judicious appreciation of the spirit and wants of the age, such as must necessarily have inspired the author of the volume now before us. The world is tired of dry chronicles and chronologies; it demands year by year, more and more, the materials wherewith to make history for itself, than the ready-made article. Every man of real intelligence is, after all, his own historian, and nothing is more preposterous than to believe that HUME, GIBBON, or SCHLOSSER can pass judgment for any one whose applause is worth having. For which reason, we believe that as education and intelligence advance, those who collect *facts*, write biographies, and drag to light all the curiously illustrative details of manners and customs, such as 'great historians' almost universally neglect, will be more and more—perhaps eventually the most valued. And in this genial love of collecting valuable relics of the past, WINTHROP SARGENT is inferior to no man living, while his gems are set in the *monture* of a chased and elegant style of literary art which any writer in any language would be proud to wear. MOTLEY, PRESCOTT and IRVING have walked in paths widely differing from those of WINTHROP SARGENT; but they are not in fact his superiors as historians in what really constitutes history, or in what gives us truthful and detailed knowledge of the past.

The Life of Major ANDRÉ was a capital subject for WINTHROP SARGENT, as it is eminently one of those which winds its way like a rivulet among many notable objects. Trees and towers afford favorite similes for great men and great events, and many such are mirrored in this stream. What if it end ingloriously—like the Rhine? It was once at least fair and brave.

The author complains that his success in obtaining information of ANDRÉ was commensurate neither with his labors nor desires, but the reader will

rather wonder with the Cardinal: *Don de avete pigliato tutto questo* — 'Where under the sun didst thou gather all this?' It is not likely that ANDRÉ's early life contained more that was worth preserving than his biographer has preserved. From his arrival in America, the narrative becomes remarkably full, and is judiciously interwoven with a mass of admirably illustrative matter, or of original comment; not one word of which would we spare, and all of which indicates a degree of familiarity with the facts and *social influences* of American history, such as few men have ever possessed. While our interest in ANDRÉ is never lost sight of, we are continually entertained with collateral anecdotes or hints which will render the work for many a starting-point whence to explore scores of others. In fact, we can recall at this instant no book so likely to stimulate close study of the Revolutionary history of our country; and especially of that intimate and home portion so little known save by tradition.

The biography of Major ANDRÉ is one of those books whose position and character is established from the day it appears. It is a permanence, inevitably destined to become a work of authority and reference among scholars, and one likewise for pleasant reading among the many. In these days, when every Revolutionary and patriotic feeling is budding into fresh life, it should, nay, will be read with unwonted zest, and to profitable purpose.

It is almost needless to say, that issuing from the press of TICKNOR AND FIELDS, this work is remarkable for typographic merit. A well-engraved portrait of Major ANDRÉ commends it to the consideration of collectors of historical likenesses. It is to be found in New-York at the store of D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Author's Revised Edition. Complete in One Volume. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM, 582 Broadway. 1861.

To attempt criticising the 'Crayon Papers,' originally published in the KNICKERBOCKER, at this late day, were an act of supererogation; yet if any thing could enhance our æsthetic enjoyment, it is to have the work presented in such faultless style. There is an art amounting to poesy in book-making that bespeaks the touch of a master-hand. As the frame to the picture, the setting to the gem, we deliberately *enjoy* the serving up of the mind's food upon appropriate dishes:

'Nightingale's tongues should be dished on gold.'

The delicate, salmon-tinted paper, the clear typography, the rich binding, the chaste ornamentations, and the exquisite vignette engravings from the burins of BANKS and WESTALL, comprise a *tout ensemble* appealing to the eye with potent eloquence. It is indeed a rich setting to a rare jewel. Our friend PUTNAM, *malgre* war and panic, is steadfastly adhering to his precept, that no nation is great without a literature, and under all circumstances our minds must be fed; so he regularly treats us to his *National Editions* — this comprising the ninth volume of IRVING's Works: and we, the while, like insatiable OLIVER, 'asking for more.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

INTERMINGLED NOTES OF KNICKERBOCKER EDITORIAL NARRATIVE AND CORRESPONDENCE. — It seems but a very short time, since we took the 'parting hand' of TYRONE POWER, on board the ill-fated steamer, PRESIDENT, just before she left her dock at the foot of Jefferson-street, East River. His pleasant, beaming face; the smile, with which his whitest of teeth and bloomy complexion literally irradiated all his features; are before us, now: and after we had ascended to the broad roof of the Tobacco-Inspection Warehouse, at the foot of Jefferson-street — of which our next-door neighbor, Col. STEVENSON, now of California, was the Superintendent — and had seen the vessel move gracefully out into the stream, we watched the waving of 'poor POWER's white handkerchief, and the parting swaying of his hat, as he motioned his farewell to 'HARRY PLACIDE,' and other kindred friends and associates who had accompanied him to the ship, to bid him God-speed, and '*bon voyage*.' Not far from him, as he stood upon the high quarter-deck of the steamer, and waving *his* adieux to friends upon the shore, was the eloquent COOKMAN, of the Methodist Church, then late chaplain to the 'Congress of the United States:' (would they were 'united' now!) And then the PRESIDENT, with her flags flying, and her signal-gun resounding, melted into distance down the channel, and finally disappeared around the bend of the Battery: all but her masts and pipe, from which a rising north-east wind was driving a thick and billowy cloud. So she passed over our noble bay, and out through 'the Narrows,' that great gate to the Atlantic. Thenceforth, she was no more seen of men: yes, once:

'High on a breaking wave she hung,'

when last seen at twilight in a north-east storm, which 'scooped the ocean to its briny springs,' and then, staggering and plunging, disappeared forever in the wallowing sea. Is it not strange — is it not '*wondrous strange*' — that not one vestige of that unfortunate vessel has ever been found? Not one: *not one!* — not a fragment of hull, or spar, or sail. Down she sank, a night-foundered wreck, unnoticed by any eye save the all-seeing Eye of OMNISCIENCE. And where are they, who amidst the wavings of handkerchiefs, and the farewell beckonings of recognition and affection, sailed away upon that stormy main? 'Their struggles have long been over: they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, *and no one can tell the story of their end*. How has expectation darkened into anxiety — anxiety into dread — and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever

return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, and was never heard of more !'

'Poor POWER !' is an exclamation which has been heard, in sorrowful sympathy, from thousands upon thousands of his admirers and friends—for it was his peculiarity, that he made all his admirers his friends—in every theatre-going town throughout the United States. As a MAN, not less than an ACTOR, there was a strong *affection* for him in the public mind.

Regarding ourselves as in some sort an epitome of that 'many-headed monster,' the PUBLIC, especially in so far as an appreciation of natural acting, and true dramatic GENIUS is concerned, we may say here, what we can say of no other modern comedian whom we ever saw upon the American stage, that POWER was *always fresh and original*. There was something *electric* about his personations. You might witness the personation of one and the same character a dozen times in succession : yet in every added performance, you would find that there was a *new* trait elicited, or that you had *overlooked* a new one in a previous representation. Who can say this of any of POWER's imitators ? of whom, how *many* we have had, with a thin varnish of his talent, and not a particle of his *genius* : who 'struck twelve the first time :' who 'went out like a fuzee'—'whose light was as darkness,' in comparison with the *engendered* scintillations of POWER's.

We have had POWER's many noble qualities freshly brought home to us recently, by a perusal of his correspondence with one who well knew and warmly esteemed him, and who has since followed him to the 'undiscovered country ;' one who never awakened of a morning, as he said, without seeing the 'President,' in his mind's eye, struggling with the waves, 'towering to o'erwhelm,' on the horizon of a stormy ocean. Now that, after long play-going experience, we find this peerless actor's place can never be supplied, we turn with a fond affection to those master-pieces of art in which he won our admiration. In his own play of 'St. Patrick's Eve' we remember always to have asked ourselves, as he is about to die, 'Where and when *will* he, who is now anticipating death, receive the dread messenger ?' In the opening of the third scene, where in his sweet voice he is singing the touching song of 'Tobacco is an Indian Weed,' he pauses suddenly, and exclaims :

'There's a deal of morality in that little song ; though, often as I've sung it, it never struck me till now. To be sure, I do n't remember ever before giving my mind to serious thoughts on my latter end. Not but I've often had a smart tap on the door from the same leaden messengers, but then they always came unlooked for, and in hot blood : there's the difference. I wish old FARRZ had sentenced me to be killed in the next general action ! I'd have engaged to manage it, I dare say, by hook or by crook ! It would have been all the same to him, and *much* more agreeable to me.'

Who that has heard POWER in this fine play, can soon forget it ? How beautiful the touch of nature with the shamrock, which 'Mrs BLITZ' had forgotten to get for him on the morning that he was to die, her husband thinking it was but nonsense :

'Nonsense ?—is it nonsense ?—the ever-green trefoil of ould Erin, the most pious, most poetical of national emblems, *nonsense* ? Why,' he exclaims, 'you heathenish ould dragoon !—there's more meaning in that simple—'

But where's the use of expounding what is beyond your limited comprehension? Present my love to Mrs. BLURT, and tell her to bring me in the morning the neatest bunch of shamrock she can find. Though I could n't *live* by the green, I'll *die* by it. It will serve in my last hour to recall to my memory the land of my birth. In my life I have never ceased to remember it: I'll not forget it in my death!

Words cannot describe the touching union of pathos and humor in this and similar scenes, in the same play.

But it was in the overflowing spirit and richness of his *comedy*, that Mr. POWER was especially preëminent. He was a *national benefactor*: for when our country sat in ashes as it were, almost in utter despondency, he made the disheartened roar with temporary mirth, from Maine to Louisiana. What convulsions of laughter he created in the 'Irish Lion!' See him on his little stool, in Mr. WADD's shop, with his shocking bad white hat, short pipe, red nose, and *inexpressibly* comic and *espiegle* leer! His dinner-hour is not up by the 'ould Dutch clock at the bar ov the Bull'—which is 'an illigant clock, barrin' it's always too slow;' a fault on the right side when he is coming back to work by it, but 'a mighty great inconvenience' when he 'laves off to go to males be the time ov it'—and the journeyman smokes his pipe, and holds a few minutes' conversation with his employer:

'You know, Misther WADD,' says he, 'when I hired you as me master for a job of journey-work a fortnight ago, I told you I was a rowling-stone; that I was on me travels through furrin parts, to observe the manners and customs of barbarous nations; and that when I had 'arned me two weeks' wages, I should show you the full front of me back, and proceed on me voyage of discovery.' He goes on to awaken his employer's interest in his history, who at length inquires why his parents happened to mistake his genius so wofully: 'What made 'em put you to a tailor?' asked Mr. WADD.

'Put me to a tailor? Is it *put* me to a tailor? Misther WADD, I *inherited* me position in society. It was me father's profession at Tipperary. When me respectable progenitor became a bankrupt, I succeeded him in his flourishing business; but a young gentleman from Ireland, o' the name o' M'KINZIE, who expected a fortune but did n't get it, got into me debt, and I got into other people's. He ran away; I ran after *him*, and me creditors ran after *me*; but divil a bit did they catch me; and here I am, a pedestrinatin' travellin' tailor, writin' me observations; and Misther WADD, when you see 'em in print, ivery chapter peppered with a bit o' poethry of me own composin', to give the prose a flavor, you may say, 'Tom's gone home, and wid his money out of the book has paid every body his own.' But me ten minutes are up: now for a stitch.' No one who ever saw it, could *ever* cease to remember his jumping upon the board, dropping his slippers from his feet as he leaped; his most natural stitches; and his cheerful song of:

'BRIAN O'LINN had no breeches to wear,
So he took him a sheep-skin and made him a pair;
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
They'll be nice and warm, says BRIAN O'LINN.'

And then his soliloquy touching his book and its records: 'There's one observation that I must pen down, that's a disgrace to civilization. I persave that in general society this h'athen pable *peels* their petatis before they *biles*

'em! This must go under the head of 'Barbarous customs of the English Aristocracy!'

Observe him too at Mrs. FIZ-JIG's *conversations*. Could any thing be richer than the 'eccentric lion-poet's behavior? How *Irish* his exposition of 'drinks' to the Mrs. LEO-HUNTER of the evening:

'You wish to know what I'll take? Well, see: Port is the dacent thing for a person in middling circumstances. Sherry is no great shakes, unless you bate it up with an egg, to give a tone to the voice or the stomach, whichever you please. As for claret, it's the darlin' when an individual wants an axy and a coolin' beverage; while champagne is the rale gentleman's drink, when he's takin' his rump-steak wid a lady—and barrin' the head-ache that's at the bottom of the tenth bottle, I'd as lieve have that as any thing. But whist!—it's not that I'd take at this present; with your good will and pleasure, I prefer the fluid that contains the soul o' *all* them drinks; which has the dacency of port with the tone of the sherry; the coolin' quality of the claret combined with the inspiration of champagne, and divil a bit o' head-ache; and that's a jolly good jug o' WHISKY PUNCH!' 'Splendid! beautiful! delicious! dem'd fofine!' exclaim the company. 'Be me sowl it is, Mr. Dem'd-FOINE!' replies the enthusiastic tailor-bard.

In 'The Omnibus' he was particularly felicitous. Every town reader will remember the story. He is an obstinate Irish valet, who will have his own way, and is continually getting his master into trouble. He is the 'dirtiest owld man that ever lived,' and PAT ROONEY has the 'cl'arin' of him,' having his clothes to brush. After one of their quarrels, they encounter each other in the parlor. The master thinks his servant is abundantly penitent for recent and glaring faults, while *he* imagines that his master is bursting with contrition for 'ballyraggin' him: and each has determined to forgive the other; when the former says: 'Well, ROONEY, think no more of what has passed; only let us endeavor to understand each other in future.' 'That's enough, Sir,' answers ROONEY, 'that's enough; it is n't dacent for the likes o' you to be axin' me pardon.' 'I ask your pardon!' exclaims the exasperated employer. 'I forgive you, Sir!' interrupted ROONEY, 'out an' out! You are off o' me corns, and I'm azy. Do n't say another word about it!'

Who does not remember this, and the kindred touches of subdued art in 'How to Pay the Rent,' where he gives his references to the sordid landlord, who returns quite satisfied, having received a good character of his new lodger from a similar SHYLOCK, who has absolutely hired his troublesome tenant to go away, promising, as an additional inducement, to be his reference. 'You found it all right with old FUSTIAN, eh?' asks MORGAN RATTLER of his new landlord, on his return. 'Oh! yes—perfectly. He seems much attached to you.' 'Exactly; oh! yes—*he was*. Do you know, I think if I'd staid with him a year, he would *have kept me for nothing*?' 'I think it quite likely,' replies the new landlord. 'I know it!' adds RATTLER, with an expression of mouth and eye that was perfectly irresistible. But at length our new landlord finds himself duped. His lodger's furniture, upon which he had relied as security, proves not to be worth two-and-sixpence; and RATTLER frankly tells him: 'I've sworn revenge against your whole tribe. There is n't a landlord within the London bills of mortality that can put his hand on his heart and say I ever

paid him a rap o' rent!' The new landlord is perfectly frantic with rage. 'Do you take me, Mr. RATTLER, for a fool?' he exclaims. 'If you ask me as a friend,' replies RATTLER coolly, 'I *do*, and a knave!'

But we must take our leave of 'poor POWER,' the consummate actor and accomplished gentleman; whom thousands of our readers, we are sure, will be glad to recall, even in so imperfect a sketch as this. Turn we now to another '*Gentleman of the Stage*,' whose too brief career in this country will be readily remembered by many of our readers: we mean 'GENTLEMAN ABBOTT,' as he was called in England, and known in America. We should premise here, that while Mr. ABBOTT, so far as we saw him in this country, could not be regarded as a *great*, yet he was always a *good* actor. There was a keen perception of the meaning of his author, and a perfect rendering of that perception, without the slightest stage-trickery or melo-dramatic effects. He began his theatrical career in Bath, England, whence his varied talent caused him to be transferred to Covent-Garden Theatre, London, at the early age of twenty-four, where he performed for twelve years, all the time growing in reputation. In tragedy, not of the sterner sort, he was graceful and impressive; in genteel comedy, he was equal to any of his contemporaries in that line; and in the more unlicensed exuberance of farce, he was always a laughable and jocular actor. With an English company he entertained the Parisian public with *éclat* for two years; and when he returned from the French capital to Covent-Garden, it was to enable Miss FANNY KEMBLE to appear as 'JULIET' with an adequate 'ROMEO.'

In social life in London and Paris, (for he spoke the French language with so much purity as to escape all the usual inconveniences attendant upon foreign disclosure,) he won high distinction: for to perfect self-possession he added the careless grace and polished wit of high-bred society. He alternated, in the easiest and happiest manner, the man of fashion and the man of the stage, *par excellence*. 'He was,' says one who knew him well, 'a person of the most gentleman-like manners, cheerful disposition, ready wit in the play of conversation, and possessed a kindly and liberal heart. Few men were more welcome to society, or more entertaining within its bounds. He was full of anecdote; and the humorous stories of the stage found in him a most amusing reciter. He had also the song, the jest, or the repartee, which never failed to add mirth to the festive board. Above all, shone the unclouded cheerfulness of his nature, over which even his own misfortunes apparently never suffered a shadow to pass; and that good-will toward others which defied the taint of envy, (either in private life or an envious profession,) which was happy in contributing to the happiness of others, and would not tread on a worm, or even injure an enemy.'

We were favored, many years ago, with a manuscript autobiography of Mr. ABBOTT, full to overflowing with humorous sketches. Let us advert to, and present, a few more passages from this most entertaining medley. Many of our readers will remember sundry anecdotes, from theatrical persons and works upon the drama of 'ROMEO COATES,' of Bath, England. Mr. ABBOTT gives a very amusing account of the manner in which this *soubriquet*, which attached to the subject of it throughout his life, was obtained:

'THOUGH an unmitigated ass, he was the lion of the day. He came from one of the West-India islands, was very wealthy, and on all occasions wore brilliants of the first

water. In a place like Bath, where *ennui* will step in occasionally, he was a god-send. He was followed, courted, fooled to the top of his bent. The sprigs of fashion 'drew him in' to give at the York Hotel the most expensive entertainments; and at one party, when I was present, they insisted upon his mounting a table covered with decanters and glasses, to give a specimen of his skill in the small-sword exercise, and display his figure to the best advantage. One of the party, *Bacchi plenus*, became his opponent, and the result was, the destruction of a most superb chandelier. His face was like a baboon's, and the twistings and distorted attitudes into which he threw himself were alike indescribable and irresistible. One pleasant morning there appeared an announcement in the theatre-bills which shook the city of Bath to its foundation. It was like the precursor of a volcanic eruption: '*Romeo, by an Amateur of Fashion!*' The doors were beset at an early hour in the afternoon by those who had failed to secure places at the box-office. Box-admittance was paid by crowds of gentlemen, to enable them, by jumping over, to secure places in the pit. Men of rank and distinction did not disdain to occupy seats in the gallery. The fever of excitement was at its pitch, when the gentle ROMEO appeared, dressed in the most fantastic and absurd style, in consonance with the advice of his fashionable friends. He wore diamonds to the value of thirty thousand pounds! I was one of his instructors, and entered into the joke with a keen relish for the ridiculous. It was hardly to be expected that his acting would be tolerated by the true judges of art, and I was obliged to be dressed for the character, in order to finish the part. But no! The appetite of the audience grew by what it fed on; and when the dying scene came, a tremendous burst of mock enthusiasm rang from all parts of the house, and he was universally *encored*. He bowed most graciously, while JULIET (Miss JAMIESON) was lying on the stage, not dead, but literally 'in convulsions' of laughter. Oranges were thrown upon the stage, with a request that the actor would not hurry, but refresh his energies before he recommenced his death. He kissed his hand to the ladies in graceful acquiescence with their wishes, and deliberately proceeded to suck two oranges! His second death was infinitely more extravagant than the first, and drew down repeated and prolonged bravos, and a second *encore*, which however was not complied with. Showers of bouquets now fell upon the stage, and closed one of the most extraordinary dramatic exhibitions I ever beheld in a regular theatre.'

There are thousands in this city and Boston, (he played in Philadelphia too, we believe,) who will recall 'in this connection' the remarkable performances of a half-fool, by the name of SHALES, from Boston, who was *encored four times* in one performance of RICHARD III. ! We remember his lack-lustre eye, expressionless face, and long shaky legs, as if he were before us now; and eke the '*Wreath*' which was thrown at him on the Boston stage, and which hung for a time in the vestibule of the Astor-House. What a '*wreath*' it was, 'surely!'—a treasure for a green-grocer: a wire-and-hayband circle, four feet in diameter, interwoven with white and purple cabbages, yellow carrots, red beets, white and red turnips, etc.: really 'pretty to look at;' but if it had *hit* the 'great actor' it would have made him 'sing small.' But to the autobiography.

A singular circumstance is mentioned by Mr. ABBOTT as having occurred to a professional friend of his at Bath, named SEDLY. It is authenticated beyond all peradventure. 'Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer-cloud, without our special wonder?' Listen:

'HE was quietly seated in his arm-chair, at his lodgings in Beaufort-square, after his return from the theatre; his wife had retired to her bed-chamber, adjoining their draw-

ing-room; while he remained, for the purpose of reading over a character for the ensuing evening. His mother resided a short distance from London, and, so far as he knew, was at the time in perfect health. His mind was not preoccupied with the thoughts of home, and an unusual calmness pervaded his spirit. After reading a passage, and trying to see if he had mastered it, he raised his eyes, and on a chair opposite sat his mother, smiling benignantly upon him. His agitation was extreme. He hastily turned round, and saw that the door was closed. He struggled to speak, but his lips were sealed; and with a beating heart and hair erect, he rushed to the bed-side of his wife, and in broken sentences, and with thick-starting perspiration rolling down his face, he detailed what he had seen. His wife endeavored to persuade him that it was all a dream; and to convince him, quietly walked into the drawing-room, and found the apartment precisely as she had left it, the fire burning and the candles lighted; but nothing could do away the illusion; and in two days afterward poor SEDLY received the intelligence of his mother's death at the very hour of the occurrence here narrated. He seldom referred to the circumstance, and never without deep and melancholy emotion.'

LISTON, the great comedian, as most readers are aware, was an inveterate wag. He was never more happy than when successful in making a fellow-actor lose his 'power of face' upon the stage. Mr. ABBOTT relates a pleasant anecdote of one of his efforts in this kind:

'In Newcastle, under the management of STEPHEN KEMBLE, (who played the part of FALSTAFF without stuffing,) LISTON on one occasion took the character of PIZARRO. When he is lying on the couch, ROLLA enters, apostrophizes his defenceless situation, and then rouses and drags him in front of the stage. Judge of the surprise of the actor, at finding one-half of LISTON's face painted in imitation of a clown! This portion of his features was of course studiously turned from the audience, who were indulged only with the simple profile. ROLLA burst into a fit of laughter, and rushed instantly from the stage, to the great scandal of the audience, who had not the slightest suspicion of the cause of such ridiculous conduct.'

The reader should have *heard* Mr. ABBOTT present the subjoined 'limning from life,' and *seen* him imitate the snuff-taking of the noble tragedian. The story loses much of its force in being transferred to paper. The anecdote is of HARLOWE, who painted the celebrated trial-scene of 'HENRY the Eighth,' in which the KEMBLE family flourished so conspicuously:

'He had, by his ill-conduct, lost the esteem of his great master, Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, who was the intimate friend of JOHN KEMBLE; and the latter had in consequence resolutely refused to sit to him for his portrait as 'Cardinal WOLSEY' in the picture alluded to. 'Mrs. SIDDONS and CHARLES and STEPHEN KEMBLE had sat to the artist,' but the great tragedian was immovable. At length a friend of the painter, (Mr. THOMAS WELCH, the celebrated singing-master,) who had received many marks of attention and kindness from Mr. KEMBLE, and who had great confidence in the force of his influence with him, waited upon Mr. KEMBLE at his residence in Great Russell-street. He was shown into the library, and was most cordially received: 'My dear Tom, to what am I indebted for the favor of this visit?' 'My dear Sir, I come a humble suppliant to you, and I really do n't know how to commence.' 'Well, well; make excuses for your modesty: and then, my good friend, come to the point.' The commencement was auspicious; but the first plunge in a cold-bath is always hard to take. 'I assure you, Mr. KEMBLE, I feel most grateful for your kind reception; and if I could only hope the favor I am going to ask ——' 'Pooh! pooh! you know, Tom, I always told you, from a boy, there was nothing you could ask of me that I would refuse you. Now say what it

is you wish; consider it as done; and I really am very much occupied; so, to the point, to the point, Tom.' 'Oh! Sir, you have made me the happiest person in the world. Will you be kind enough to sit to Mr. HARLOWE for your portrait?' In an instant a deep cloud passed over the noble countenance of the great actor; and deliberately taking up his snuff-box, he applied a large pinch to his nose, and quickly replied: 'My dear Tom, I'll see you d—d first!' Notwithstanding his denial, however, the Cardinal is one of the best portraits, and was caught only by occasional glances from the orchestra, during Mr. KEMBLE's performance.'

Soon after the retirement of JOHN KEMBLE from the London stage, a great event, and well described by Mr. ABBOTT, that great tragedian gave a memorable dinner to some eighteen or twenty of the most distinguished members of the *corps-dramatique* of Covent-Garden Theatre. Among the guests, also, was TALMA, of whom we have this graphic account:

'On this occasion we had a fine trait of the tragic powers of TALMA; not a bombastic display of French acting, but a grand and simple narrative of facts, connected with that frightful epoch, the French Revolution. He himself was suspected, watched; and his profession alone saved him from the blood-hounds who were on his track. During the most terrific period, he did not dare to sleep at his hotel, but lived in the outskirts of the metropolis; and when called in town by his professional avocations, he would steal like a culprit to the gate of his residence, and in an under-tone inquire of the old Swiss porter the bloody news of the day. On one occasion he was told that some thirty or forty of his most intimate friends had that very morning perished by the guillotine. Feeling that the crisis of his own fate had arrived, he went tremblingly to the theatre; and during the performance the overwhelming anguish of his soul was relieved only by the tears coursing down his cheeks; and the very expression of which feeling every moment endangered his life. There was a cold, creeping chilliness about the hearts of all present as he spoke, which was perfectly thrilling; and not a sound was heard till he had ceased.'

Thus much for two ACTORS and two GENIUSES whom the world will not willingly 'let die.'

PALMER'S 'POEM' OF 'THE PERI.'—Mr. BRYANT speaks of that exquisite conception, PALMER'S *Peri*, as 'a most beautiful and *spirituelle* creation of the chisel; a poem written in marble.' And so it is. A lady-correspondent writes us, that she once questioned PALMER respecting it: 'Did you ever in nature see such a glorious being as the Peri?' 'No,' replied PALMER: 'only in a dream. I was residing upon the banks of Cayuga Lake. I one day threw myself upon my couch and relapsed into a dreamy trance; and in my vision I saw the Peri. Upon waking, I seized the wax and modeled the human portion, but when I came to the wings I was puzzled. In this dilemma I shouldered my gun, went out upon the banks of the lake, and soon sighted a bird flying overhead. What the classic name of it might be I know not; but its wings were superb. I immediately returned to my studio and finished the model. The whole affair seemed like a species of inspiration, and to this day I so regard it.' So have others.

Letter from the Eighth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

‘HEAD-QUARTERS Co. G, 8TH REGIMENT M. V. M.,
CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, MAY 18, 1861.

‘SATURDAY night, and with the beat of the ‘retreat,’ stillness settles with noiseless wing upon the buzz and hum of quarters, and perches over the Speaker’s chair with soothing influences! Saturday night, and whispered prayers go up from many a rude couch, and mingle with those ascending from the homes left behind. Saturday night—but hark! the drums are rolling through the passages! ‘Turn out, Bill,’ says one, ‘and see what’s up.’ Bill turns out and goes, and soon returns to report: ‘Four companies under orders to march at once for the Relay House!’ Every one springs to the floor. Co. G have the guard, and of course will remain; and we in the quarters, not being on duty, wander about, picking up, here and there, what intelligence we can. The companies detached are falling into line, and receiving their rations one after another, file off down the great stair-case. They are gone, and is still again, except where the officers of the staff are hasting to-and-fro in the passage where head-quarters are. We sit down in the company-room and talk the matter over. Every one says to himself: ‘Our turn will come next.’ Knapsacks are packed, letters written, and all are still again in thought, when the tramp of men through the hall arouses us once more. The orders have been countermanded, and while we fancied our comrades were already on the route, they have been waiting at the guard-house, and now are back again. And after the excitement of so sudden a call to arms is somewhat quieted, again we fall asleep with that whispered prayer repeated as we dream.

‘I HAD but freshly nibbled my pen for the commencement of a new paragraph, when the word ‘Fall in’ was passed along the quarters so loudly that it was ill pretending not to hear it. Consequently I fell in, feeling a decided disposition to fall out with the officer in command for thus interrupting my *tête-à-tête* with ‘Old KNICK.’ By the time we got into line on the parade, light suddenly dawned upon my hitherto abstracted vision, and I remembered that we were to march to the Arsenal to receive new arms and equipments. ‘By the right of companies, to the rear, into columns, battalion, right face! March!’ We faced and marched. ‘Music to the head of the column; battalion; forward, march!’ And forward it was, out of the Capitol-yard, down the hill in the rear, and left-wheel into a wide avenue, that seemed to have no end. It was very hot, very dusty, and very disagreeable. I really felt an inclination to be disgusted with soldiering. Inwardly, I voted it a humbug. But there, on my left, floated the Stars and Stripes and our regimental color. The one had mournfully descended amid the smoke and flame of Sumter. Was I not one who had sworn to lift it to its place again? and did not my oath bind me, too, to uphold the other, or to die defending it? Ah! yes. Soldiering might be a disgusting humbug, but to support and to maintain untarnished the honor of my country’s and my regimental flag, was the proudest task I might ever hope to perform. And thus, each step seeming to add new earnestness to

every thought, I actually became enthusiastic in my chivalrous zeal, by the time the regiment filed in between the guard at the gate of the Arsenal. We received, by companies, our arms and equipments, and it was late before we were ready to move again. The thunder-beaded clouds were rising in the south and west, and as I watched the now and then quick lightnings, and listened to the distant mutterings, I fancied I saw the flashes of secession cannon on Arlington Heights, and heard their muffled report, sadly inaugurating this 'holy war' of modern times.

'Tattoo found me at the 'head-quarters of commanders of companies,' where, having the *entrée*, I pass a great portion of my leisure time. 'Twelve o'clock and all 's well'—ditto. They were just relieving the guard when I went to company quarters. 'Captains of companies will have their commands ready for inspection, with twenty rounds of ball-cartridge, at six o'clock to-morrow morning,' were the orders promulgated by the Colonel in person, just before I bade my own Captain good-night. 'There 's work for us to do,' I said to myself, and instead of making any attempt to sleep, sat down to one of the desks in the Hall, and commenced a series of letters home—letters brief and to the point, free from all ornamentation or imagery—in fact, quite matter of fact—hold! Was there not one wherein you said something about 'the sweets of home,' 'the charms' of certain cottage surroundings, 'the fond entwinings of—' oh! never mind, thou man of *fact*—if there was not fancy enough in one of the aforementioned letters to make up for all the bareness of the others, then know I nothing and less than nothing of the strange vagaries of a lover's pen.

'I finished my letters, wrapped in my blanket, nodding in my chair; and thereafter slept awhile, till waking with a sudden start, I found the Hall-clock marked the hour of five. I strapped my blanket while the drums were beating the reveille, and washed and made my toilet while the boys were turning out. 'Pack up,' I whispered to my chum, and gave him the orders of the night before. He opened his eyes with wonder, but read the truth in the package of letters I held in my hand. The Captain came in as I spoke and echoed my words. We passed inspection at the hour; then breakfast; and then the word again, 'Fall in'—being marching order. 'T is our last of the Capitol,' said the orderly as we filed out of quarters. 'Down Capitol Hill for the last time!' I repeated to myself as we took the direction of the depot. It did not seem possible. And whither now? To the Relay House and Harper's Ferry, seemed the instinctive answer to my question.

'The first part of that answer was verified in a few hours. Back to Annapolis Junction; past the field of our cold and cheerless bivouac three weeks ago; out on the Baltimore and Ohio road, we finally disembarked at the Relay House station. Hot, dusty, and disagreeable again was our march up over the hills to the camp we were to occupy. We lay down in the shade of our blankets hung upon our stacked arms, until the call for evening prayer. It was an impressive scene—eight hundred men closed *en masse* upon the hill-side, around that man of prayer who, with uplifted hands, invoked upon us the blessing of the God of battles. I saw the tears that glistened in many an eye at thought of home, and there was a silence that seemed sad in camp for an hour after. We were glad to prepare our bivouac even there, upon the untented field, and wrap us in our blankets, pillowing our heads upon our knapsacks.

'I was just in the 'first sweet dream of sleep,' when a single shot, and another, and a dozen more upon our right brought us to our feet, with hurried roll of drum, and quick repeated cry: 'Fall in! fall in!' In double files, straight up the hill we pressed at double-quick. 'Halt,' and 'Load,' and 'Forward,' again down a wooded path, trot, trot. At length we reach the lines of Cooke's battery. A man has only fired at a dog, and the alarm is false. We wheel, and return disappointedly to our camp, for we had hoped 'to have one shot at a secessionist,' as BILLY, my chum, said, when we rolled ourselves in our blankets again, cold and saturated with the heavy dew.

'The next day was hotter than the preceding, and our tents came not till late in the afternoon. How we lay and simmered in the sun the long, weary day, with scarcely strength to buy or eat the pies and cakes that were so plenty on the field, and which was all there was to eat, for our provisions had not followed us so promptly as they should. In the evening we pitched our tents upon the hill, but your humble servant was too much used up to care for any thing except, with a comrade at either arm, to be supported to the 'Relay House,' where he still remains at present writing, in restoration of his exhausted strength, to the tune of 'a dollar and a half a-day,' and extras. ●

'The soldier in the field has little time, generally little disposition, to admire the beautiful either in art or nature. The paintings and the sculpture at the Capitol found few connoisseurs to criticise, in the thousands of eyes that had wonderingly passed beneath them. And in the weary march, the tired head cares little to sweep the landscape in search of beauties. But here, in comparative repose, and surrounded by such varied scenes of hill and valley, winding path and running stream, viaduct and rustic bridge, cottage and country-seat, few could help being charmed, fewer still at least help glancing delightedly at the loveliness of spring. This is certainly a most beautiful section of country, and as I sit here in my room I look out upon fields, forests, and valleys, growing every hour more fresh and green beneath the soft-falling rain.

'Ay! soft-falling rain. 'Tis a very comfortable thing to sit in a quiet room, (with a coal-fire at one's back,) and look out upon this same soft-falling rain; but not so comfortable, crouching in a dripping tent, chilled through, and shivering in the folds of a damp blanket, in order to produce a reaction after a five hours' drill in double-quick movements, beneath a sultry sun. Who would not be a soldier?

'They say, we march again to-morrow. It is not unlikely. Our 'Brigadier BEN,' promoted to be a Major-General, and ordered to Fortress Monroe, will undoubtedly take with him his 'gallant Massachusetts boys,' and thus will end the record of Camp Essex, its nightly alarms, and exceedingly 'steep' drills. I should be in camp to-day were it not for the rain; but, so nearly well, I do not care to set myself back again unnecessarily. If we move to-morrow, I pray it may be under a more sunny sky than over-arches us to-day. I know not certainly from what part of the country you will hear of me; but wherever I may be, sure am I, I shall not forget 'OLD KNICK,' whose humble servant is

'Yours, truly,

E. D. KNIGHT, JR.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We beg to tender our apologies to the *Golden Era*, of San-Francisco, for presuming to place one of the most extraordinary works which ever appeared in print, under our 'Gossip,' instead of the 'Literary Notices;' but that journal, containing the first volume of the great work, arrived after the 'Notices' had gone to press. We could not keep our readers in suspense a whole month, and have therefore determined to publish at our own expense the volume entire! It is entitled:

THE CURSE OF WIGFALL:

OR

SECRET SCENES OF THE SOUTHERN SECESSION.

BY J. KEYSER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME ONE.

PREFACE.

'JUSTICE to my numerous friends demands the statement, that I have been requested by them not to write this book. Expressions have reached my ears which are the reverse of admiration and regard. But I shall not shrink from the Augean task, nor attempt to shirk the responsibility. Without being slow to conceal, I may say I am free to confess that my sympathies are with the glorious, and, I might add, affluent Southern Confederacy. Intimately acquainted with many Huguenot families, descended from the Normans, who came over to the United States immediately after the battle of Hastings, and allied by social ties to many of the first families of Virginia, I never shall desert the Micawber of my youth—the Sunny South! If by my admiration of its gorgeous magnificence and tropical luxuriance, I can atone for the misfortune of Northern birth, I shall feel that the interests for which I have labored have been subserved. I am done.

'CHAPTER FIRST.—CHARLESTON.

'It is night in the aristocratic city of Charleston. The carriages of an affluent population are rolling over the streets. Sable servitors, clad in magnificent liveries, are bringing ice-creams and sherry-cobblers to the luxurious citizens, who are sitting in their shirt-sleeves beneath the shade of the Palmetto-trees and orange-groves. In the front-rooms, the dark-eyed maidens of the South are playing upon pianos. They wear fire-flies stuck in their hair, which lend an indescribable charm to their personal appearance. A few of the more *recherché* have gilded rattlesnakes with diamond eyes clasped lightly around their waists and shoulders. Powerful emblem of a mighty State—the rattlesnake enters into the social existence of the Charlestonian. It is coiled on the gorgeous waistcoats which cover the swelling bosoms of the chivalrous sons of South-Carolina; it adorns the swan-like necks of the magnificent Octoroons of Charleston. Such was the calm and genteel appearance of that sweet Southern city. Nothing marred the graceful landscape but the presence of a few slavish Northern mechanics, who carried their dinners wrapped up in copies of the *Tribune*, on their homeward way beyond the city limits. They were remarkable for the regularity with which they doffed their hats to the niggers, who received the salute with scorn and contempt. But hie! foot-steps approach! Three martial figures wrapped in long blue cloaks, with heavy military boots on their soldierly limbs, and masks concealing their expressive faces, ad-

vanced with military precision down the street. It was indeed an affecting spectacle to witness the movements of the six legs in perfect harmony, and reflect upon the military proclivities of their owners. Stopping under the shade of a stately magnolia—the youngest of the party—a youth of only seventeen—plucked a magnolia blossom and placed it with a graceful gesture in his button-hole. This act exhibited a refined taste and exquisite poetical feeling. Need it be said that the gifted and beautiful youth was none other than P—L H—, Poet to the State of South-Carolina, aide-de-camp of Governor PICKENS, and author of the 'Southern Empire,' 'Southern Rights,' and other beautiful fictitious creations.

'It is well. We are now safe from the prying eyes of Northern emissaries,' said the elder of the party. 'What news of the noble WIGFALL? Speak out, chivalrous KEITT, but first'—and he lowered his voice to a confidential whisper—'hast any of the pure Virginia weed about thee?'

'I have, my valiant YANCEY—even the 'Natural Leaf' as yet uncontaminated by the touch of Yankee manufacturers'—and with easy dexterity he drew from one pocket a roll of the Nicotian weed; then with a glittering bowie sliced off a longitudinal chunk, and presented it on the point of the knife, with a martial salute to his leader—'But the impulsive Texan yet lingers by the flowing bowl.'

'Enough. 'Tis well! Whiskey fires the Southern heart! He can be counted on. But much I fear that this J. B., of which we spoke, is vacillating. He joked last week. 'Tis a vile, slavish custom of the North—a Yankee trick by which they play us foul. Thou dost not joke, my KEITT?'

'Look I as though I did?' said the aristocratic KEITT, drawing himself to his full height.

'YANCEY paused a moment and gazed into those finely-chiseled features from which many centuries of aristocratic breeding had extracted the baser lines of vulgar expression, and then burst into tears. Throwing his arms around his companion, he pressed him fervently to his breast, exclaiming: 'Never! Forgive me! They slander thee. Who says so? It is not—no, it is not—in thy line!'

'Let us leave them clasped in this embrace. 'Tis indeed an affecting picture! Noble YANCEY! Chivalrous KEITT! Of such is the Southern Empire.

'The young poet, during this thrilling dialogue, had remained pensively leaning against a tree, gazing abstractedly at the silver moon, and attempting to blow rings of cigar-smoke from his expressive lips. Suddenly he paused and shrieked in maddening tones: 'An omen! an omen!' The whole party remained transfixed. For lo! two magnificent wreaths of pearly smoke hovered, for a moment, over the heads of the two principal figures. The young man instantly drew out his pocket-book and wrote a poem of ninety-six verses. It appeared the next morning simultaneously in the *Charleston Mercury* and *San-Francisco Herald*. It is for sale at this office, and at all the principal book-stands! Price, 6½ cents.

• END OF VOLUME FIRST.

'The remaining volumes of this thrilling history, including the 'Curse of WIGFALL,' and the mid-night seizure of the Indian Bonds by the Rangers, RUSSELL and FLOYD, will be continued in the *Golden Era*. Price, only ten cents per copy, four dollars per annum. Now is the time to subscribe.

'Read the following:

'The works of J. KEYSER are indeed admirably calculated to fire the Southern heart.' — *Charleston Mercury*.

'The only works I read, since I gave up newspapers.' — *Floyd*.

'Stop WEBSTER's spelling-books, dictionaries, and all other incendiary Northern pamphlets. Permit J. KEYSER's works to pass freely.' — *Jeff. Davis*.

"I consider J. KEYSER a good aig. He is a better orthor than WEBSTER, witch is contemptubul witness my hand and seal. JO LANE."

Although J. KEYSER is an alien enemy, we feel bound in literary matters to show no partiality, and therefore declare that we agree with 'JO LANE,' that he (KEYSER) is a 'good aig.' And furthermore, we honestly believe that J. DAVIS is right in prohibiting WEBSTER's Dictionary, and all spelling-books, and allowing KEYSER's works to pass freely! - - - THERE is no signature to the following musically-jingling lines from the '*Connecticut Courant*,' sent us by our friend and correspondent, 'PAUL BERNOU:' but we can 'place' them, nevertheless. Now and then our old friend and Knickerbocker favorite, GEORGE H. CLARK, (pseudonym JOHN HONEYWELL,) sends to the daily press of his native city of Hartford, some of his cleverest off-hand effusions: 'and this is of them,' we'll 'go bail:'

'The Sewing-Machine.

"Got one? Do n't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shet?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank, or a treddle? Say!
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your sewing-machine."

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it:
I do n't know what I should do without it;
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well I call it 'my dear';
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

"It's none of your angular WHEELER things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And is worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you need n't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back-hair!

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs;
And makes that dismal, head-achy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes, and a dainty foot,
And sports the charming gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops;
With any indefinite number of hoops.

"None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature 's the patentee!
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

"One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt:
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch:
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collars and things so nice.

"What do you think of my machine?
An't it the best that ever was seen?"

'Tis n't a clumsy mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy.
With a turn for gossip and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sowing of tares.

"Tut, tut! do n't talk. I see it all—
You need n't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety fumlings mean,
You would like, yourself, a sewing-machine!
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left when I got mine."

This is all very well, and a most charming picture of an *individual* sewing-machine: but how about sewing for a large family?—and how about hurriedly making up thousands upon thousands of uniforms for our brave volunteers, in these troublous and ever-to-be-deplored 'war-times?' As adjuncts of war, sewing-machines have 'entered upon a new career of usefulness.' - - - AFTER the recent announcement in these pages, of the misfortune which had befallen 'JOHN PHŒNIX,' in the loss both of his outward and inward 'light,' our readers will not be startled at the intelligence which reaches us this morning in the following paragraph from the New-York '*Daily Times*':

'LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. DERBY, better known as 'JOHN PHŒNIX,' has come to a sad and untimely end. He died a few days since, in an insane asylum. Lieutenant DERBY was a native of Massachusetts, from which State he was appointed to the West-Point Academy, where he graduated in 1842. On the first of July, 1846, he was made Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Ordnance, and in August following he was transferred to the Topographical Engineers. He served in the Mexican War with distinction, and for 'gallant and meritorious conduct' in the battle of Cerro Gordo, where he was severely wounded, he was promoted to a First-Lieutenancy. His humor, rather than his bravery, has immortalized Lieutenant DERBY. During a residence in California he became assistant-editor of a paper known as the *Los Angeles Star*, and during the absence of its principal took the liberty of changing the politics of the journal. The consequences of this exploit, are they not given in 'PHŒNIXIANA,' with numberless other sayings and doings of the immortal JOHN, whose surname gave that volume its title? His contributions to the *KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE*, which extended through a series of years, we believe, added to the celebrity which the humorous Lieutenant achieved. But a few months since his mental powers failed him, and, as we have stated above, he ended his days in an insane asylum.'

It was the *San Diego HERALD*, and not the *Los Angeles 'Star'*, in which JOHN PHŒNIX wrought such a distinct political change, during the absence of the editor. His account of the first interview with that irate editor, after his return, was one of the most laughable burlesques we ever read. It was the very quintessence of fun. We had, to a great degree, the supervision of the volume of '*SQUIBBS*,' published by the APPLETONS, for which we furnished the introduction: and it will be found to include as much genuine humor as any volume of its size extant. Poor PHŒNIX! We never had the pleasure to meet him, save on one occasion, and then our interview (at our old publication-office, over the book-store of the Messrs. APPLETON, in Broadway) lasted scarcely half-an-hour: but it left upon our mind and memory a most favorable impression. His large clear blue eye shone with a light which was soon to be darkened by ophthalmic disease, while his frank, open countenance beamed with *gentlemanly* playfulness and good-humor. There was not a particle of the

struggling *witticist*, or imitative 'funny-man' about him. He was a man of genius. Peace to his quiet spirit! - - - From the address of the following letter, just at hand, we perceive that our ancient friend and correspondent, MEISTER KARL, has fortified himself in that well-known territory known as Staten Island. We believe this to be an important strategic move, and showing, too, great courage and self-possession at the present crisis. For, since New-York is to be captured, won't Staten Island come in for the first fire? MEISTER KARL is determined to be in the van. Hark! how he leads off. We call it a specimen of good shooting:

'New-Brighton, Staten Island.

'BELOVED NICK ERBOCKER: I heard a good one in Philadelphia the other day. Thou, too, shalt also hear it, O my beloved! for beautiful in the sanctum are the patent-leathers of him who bringeth the last best out.

'KOPPE HINKELHEIMER, of Allentaun, had read all the Reading *Adler*, (only think of an eagle, and no doubt a spread-eagle at that, being called an addler!)

'As I was going on to say, Koppes had read all the Reading *Adler* had to say about the taking of Fort Sumter, and was sorely puzzled thereover. He consulted JIM SMITH, a smart young salesman 'in bis' in Second, above Callow-hill.

'You see, Mishter SHMIDT, fat I tont *verakteh* is dis goon-gannon piznis. Dey fights unt dey fires more as a million gannon-palls all tay long at one anoder, unt py tam! dere vas nopody cot kilt some at all.'

'Ah! Mr. HINKELHEIMER, that's because you do n't keep up with the modern improvements. Modern improvements in war is got so far, Sir, that they expect very soon to have the very biggest pattern of an army fire all day at another, and never a man get killed, no not haf a man either. Glory without death — that's the scientific ticket.'

'Koppes heaved a sigh as though some long-cherished dream had exploded.

'Vel, if dat's so, I'm fery sorry for de Bennisylvania regimanda. Dey moost all co home acain.'

'And why?'

'Vell, it kint of beeshames me to say sooch dings of mine own beoples, boot de vast is, Mishter SHMIDT, dey'll all hafe to co pack. Dey're all more as one half a *dry feeriel* or five quarters Dootch; unt de Dootch are so tam shtupid dat if dey kits to fitin mit goons, dey'll pe sure to kill somepodies. Dey'll nefer larn de new-vashioned style of fitin.'

'I meant to stop here — believe I won't. For, since the last, St. LEGER hath rolled me over into Senator ROUSSEAU's 'good old Kentucky speech;' and verily I say unto you, that old JEAN JACQUES never beat the following. (Speaking, mind you, of a destruction of the Government.) Quoth Senator JOHNSON:

'It is already destroyed.'

'Mr. ROUSSEAU: 'Not a bit of it. The Union will never be dissolved. I know you say it is, but believe me it will *never* be dissolved. We may have much suffering; we may endure many calamities. War, pestilence and famine may befall us; our own good old Kentucky may be overrun and trodden under foot, and her soil may be drenched in blood, but the Union will never, *never* be dissolved. I have never had a doubt on this subject, never. I know we must suffer, but we must preserve the Union. You, Mr. Senator from McCracken, are a sanguine man. You think the Union is destroyed. Well, you sometimes err. I believe you had a correspondence with 'Uncle ABZ,' in which you committed a glaring error. But that was only a semi-official correspondence, and perhaps should not be alluded to here.'

' Senator JOHNSON, (good humoredly :) ' Oh ! yes ; tell.'

' Mr. ROUSSEAU : ' I thank you. Well, as one of the Senators of Kentucky, you made your most solemn protest against the stationing of troops at Cairo, Ill. The protest was very elegant, as is generally what comes from you — a little highfalutin it is true. You forwarded your protest to ' Uncle ABK,' and in due time received a reply, which was too good a joke for a good-natured gentleman like yourself to keep all to yourself, and so you disclosed it. Uncle ABK replied to you that your letter had been received, duly considered, and in reply, he had to say to you, (one of the Senators of Kentucky,) that if he had known that Cairo, Ill., was in your Senatorial District, *he would not have sent any soldiers within a hundred miles of that point.*

' Perhaps you saw all this before, and then again, ' perhaps otherwise.' We had a lark over it here on the Island, (on the 'ighland of New-Brighton, mark ye.) But I have still a solemn word, O brethren ! having just observed in the *Southern Federal Union* of Milledgeville, Ga., the follerin' :

' If the war goes on, the Southern people will not always remain on the defensive : and we will tell them a solemn truth, that New-York and Boston are as likely to be sacked before it closes as Charleston or Savannah.'

' Fine — very fine — but *who's to do it ?* Even if the people here-a-ways ' sot still tell they tuck root,' 't would n't be easy. So a ' Northern serf' would answer in his blunt way. But mark the Southern shrewdness and fine-ness of a ' politicianizing editor.' Observe, he says (never mind the 'solemn truth,' that goes for no more good playing than ' a solemn old two' when you pocket your adversary's white ball) that New-York and Boston are *as likely* to be sacked as Charleston or Savannah. Now there's where I ' agreee' with him. Just about as likely, in MEISTER KARL SLOPER's opinion, that you should sack New-York as that we should sack Charleston. Do n't you see me ? We 're not of the sacking kind, we Northerns. Neither are we *lousps ravissants* or wielders of firebrands, unless they be brands of Cabanaa. The only sacking which we care to do with you, O Milledgevillian ! is that of sherry-sack or *sec* — ' dry sherry,' you know — for all of which our warriors will duly pay in gold dollars — only think ! — or in Northern money at seventy-five per cent premium !

' And that is n't all — nother. Hold on, there's the ice-cream to come yet, as the Venerable Colonel SPROWLE remarked. For, in the same paper — I beg Mr. Gzo. RIPLEY's pardon — in the same newspaper, or journal — occurreth the annexed, or 'next :

' *ALL TO BE BUTCHERED.* — The leading papers of the LINCOLN party at the North declare that the people of the South shall be butchered like dogs, and their property divided out among the soldiers who fight for LINCOLN. They threaten our wives and our little ones with the most inhuman butchery, and talk of setting fire to our dwellings and wiping us from the very face of the earth !'

' *Deu tell !* Wipe you up, hey ! Milledgevillian, you do n't rate yourself as highly or as bigly as we do ; for while you think that a mere wiping would suffice to clean you out of sight, we are quite willing to treat you *en grand* and carry you out on a chip — ' with all the honors.'

' Then ' we' threaten your wives and papposes with *more* than butchery, yea, with the most inhuman butchery ! (You do the superlative, O Milledgeville !) Common butchery is n't bad enough for you ! As for the People, they are simply to be ' butchered like dogs.'

' Now, I should like to know how dogs are butchered. Have seen the operation performed on oxen, sheep, calves, ' swines,' porcupines and possums, but nary dog. Do they split the animal from head to tail, as the Irishman did the calf, before skinning, an' thin pale it as ye ate it ? Or do they follow the Abyssinian vivisection system of

butchery, taking a steak or a rib every once in a while — humane reader, I beg pardon — while the suffering beast is still 'on the hoof?'

'Or the Russian plan of the 'thousand slices?'

'Or the French, whereby they cut through the bone?'

'I should like to learn. I know 't is done, for all Pacific voyagers tell of canine-chops, and all comic almanacs of a certain second spaniel come to judgment who was detected in sausages by fractions of his dear little collar. But the inquiry has profited me somewhat, O Master ERBOCKER! — for it hath taught me what deep significance may rest in those words — *A butcher's TRAY!*

'And you're ALL to be butchered like dogs, or puppies, or other doomed canifiliated creatures; and 'the leading papers of the LINCOLN party' declare it! You could n't point out these papers — could you, MILLEDGEVILLE? Do n't happen to have a copy of any of them by you? Of course you *had* 'em — 'but consarn it! we fired 'em away for gun-wadding,' or Mrs. MILLEDGEVILLE tuck 'em to do up a tin of Scotch snuff and some dipping-sticks; or you reckon that you used 'em to wrap a lump of the *terra esculenta* or edible earth, said to be a great delicacy in your region? Any how, you have n't got 'em, and can't remember the names. Pity — we do n't remember 'em — either. Never saw any such declarations in any leading LINCOLN paper yet; and yet we read such *journals* pretty extensively.

'Good-by, MILLEDGEVILLE. You're a man of talent, and oh! *an't you* a man of ter-ruth! You'd do to pass goods through the Custom-House. If I hear of any body who wants any 'alley bis' done, we'll send you his card. We of New-Brighton, S. I., do n't call you mendacious, for we do n't believe there's any Mend in you — you're finished and perfect, one may say irrepairable, not to be either paired or repaired — for the deuce could n't match you, and grace could n't mend you. *Addio — da, da!*

'Thine indeed,

MEISTER KARL.'

What says 'MILLEDGEVILLE?' - - - 'Who is the author of the lines, '*The Land of Rest*,' which I inclose to you?' inquires 'C. F.,' of Rockland. We are not certain: but we think we have seen them ascribed to the German of UHLAND: yet they are not embraced in LONGFELLOW's volume of German selections, nor yet that other exquisite effusion of the same tender poet, upon '*Autumn*,' commencing:

'SWEET Sabbath of the year,
Thy evening lights decay,' etc.

However: from the numerous exquisite productions of UHLAND, it may have been difficult to select many, in so large a collection of German poets. But to '*The Land of Rest*,' by whomsoever it may have been written:

'THERE is a Land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismayed,
And Love will never die.
Tell me, I fain would go,
For I am burdened with a heavy woe:
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender from my path have gone,
And I am weak and fainting with despair:
Where is it? Tell me, where?

'FRIEND, thou must trust to HIM who trod before
The lonely path of life:
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow and toil and strife.
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths has trod:

Think how He longed to go,
 Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe :
 Think of his loneliness in places dim,
 When no man comforted nor cared for Him :
 Think how He prayed, unaided and alone,
 In that dread agony, ' Thy will be done !'
 Friend ! do not thou despair,
 CHRIST, in His heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.'

WE commend the following to the eminent Dr. TUMBLETT, 'Indian Herb-Doctor from Canada.' He knows how infallible *his own* remedies are for the cure of all manner of diseases. We can assure him that these are not less so. In prescribing them, it is not at all necessary that the practitioner should see the patient :

'If you've got the hiccups, punch one of your wrists, and hold your breath while you count sixty ; or get somebody to make you jump.

'When babies is troubled with worms, the leastest drop 'o gin give to 'em mornin's, fasting, will — kill 'em.

'A stick of brimstone wore in the pocket, is good for them as has cramps.

'A load-stone put on the place where the pain is, is beautiful for them as has the rheumatiz.

'If you got an ear-ache, put an ingen in your ear — after it is well roasted.'

We think these prescriptions will aid Dr. TUMBLETT's 'practice : ' *if* so, we look to 'hear from him.' - - - 'PHILO-SABBATARI,' from the far Upper Lakes, sends us a gossippy 'screed,' which mingles sadly and yet pleasantly the past and the present. 'Speaking of chairs : ' the old arm-chair which *we* sit in, is one in which we have sat when 'at work,' ever since we began to edit the KNICKERBOCKER :

'You do not remember me ? And no wonder. You have passed through a quarter of a century like *ÆNEAS*, seeing sights wonderful, and touching minds celestial of a whole continent, on earth, by sea, and up in the skies too ; and cannot be supposed to follow *your* friends wandering among the 'planets,' through 'spheres,' and into the vale of circumstantialities which beset us all in our journey through 'this vale of misery.' For instance, since you and I ceased to fish in the River 'O —,' and you drifted into the maelstrom of metropolitan life, I have continually watched your 'figure-head,' him with the Dutch pipe ; and wondered if those chair-legs crooked the more with time — and this through long, long years of wandering east, west, north and south ! Time, alas ! works many changes ; but none with *you*, in my 'mind's eye.' You are to be congratulated, my dear CLARK, that you have stood the shock of ages, in magazine literature, which rejoices in its sole claim to patronage in our day, that it has more novelties in store for its patrons. Think, too, of the worthies waiting you and me, in the golden fields which wave and shine beyond the grave and gate of death — the morning of the Resurrection ! Who have been embalmed beneath the covers of 'Old KNICK !'

'All this by way of bridging over a lapse of fifteen years, since you and I regaled ourselves with sweet reminiscences of the shores of the Hudson, as we lay 'in the light of the moon,' 'abast the shaft' of the 'Swallow,' as she shot past the Palisades, now at 'Dobb's, Tarrytown, Sleepy Hollow, and VAN TASSEL's up to your own 'roost,' where a shake of the hand and a 'good night' parted us, to meet perhaps no more this side of Jordan ! Parted — you to go on inditing those pastorals of pleasant thoughts which bind such kindred minds as COZZENS, LELAND, and ELLIOTT, (alongside of whom I ciphered in my nonage,) with a host of others, (into whose embraces I would fain

come by a western anecdote now and then;) while I, your junior somewhat, turned monk for a while, under the auspices of the Poet at Riverside, and now and for some time am a preacher of the Word to the 'lost sheep of the house of Israel.' Rub your eye-glasses now, and furbish up your memories of the past, and begin to remember? Ah! well, I'm glad you do not forget me. And now for an initial anecdote.

'The *Raspberry Jam Business* is assuming importance in the Lake Superior country. In Chippewa county it seems the people devote their entire attention to the manufacture of jam. During the month of September, Chippewa, including Sugar-Island, Sault Village, and Indian Mission, turned out thirty-one thousand four hundred pounds of jam, which sold readily at fifteen, eighteen, and twenty cents a pound; the latter being perhaps rather a high figure. The picking and preserving is mostly done by Indian women, who are generally neat and industrious; whereas their husbands are lazy and drunken. One smart squaw, who owns a raspberry-plantation on Sugar-Island, has amassed several thousand dollars through the manufacture of jam.

'A 'goodlie companie' of preachers left the city of Chicago for the Superior country, and took this JAM region in their way, as a matter of course, to recuperate their jaded energies. Arriving at Sugar-Island, on a Sunday, several passengers of the late beautiful steamer 'Lady ELGIN' went on shore, and bought several jars of jam without any compunctious visitings of conscience. Now if Brother BANGAWAY has a weakness of the flesh, if childhood's habits cling to him, it is a marvellous fondness for 'that same raspberry jam!' But how to get it on a Sunday? A lucky idea strikes the preacher. 'I have it! I have it!' said he to himself. 'True, I joined 'the Sabbath movement' in Chicago, lately: but if I can get a *hand* on board to buy it for me, while he is looking out for himself, it will be all right.' Brother B — waited a good while in some anxiety for the rich treasure with which he was to surprise his better-half. The signal-bell had tolled its quick, then slow notes, warning all on shore that sudden departure was at hand; and yet no jam had come for the preacher, although the order was given and the money paid. Suddenly he takes himself ashore in search of the hand; and the jars being delayed, he seizes a couple in haste, and rushes for the plank, with arms distended by a weighty burden, but oh! how precious!

'Alas for human hopes and joys stored up for the future, when based on transgressing the moral law! how many delicious 'tea's would come of his precious charge, he thought, as he wended his way: but no sooner had the stalwart parson put his foot on the slippery plank leading to the gang-way, than he lost his balance; up flew his arms and legs before the whole crowd; and down went Brother BANGAWAY, Raspberry Jam and all, with a smash, among the tittering, laughing, and occasional shouting of the crowd.

'MORAL: Never buy jam on a Sunday.'

Good advice, for *one* man, at least. - - - 'G. F. F.,' of North Reading, (Mass.,) vouches for the truth of the following: 'I send you two notices of persons 'desiring prayers' in this place. They are copied from the original manuscripts:

'OWS of this congregation,
Under the operation
Of inoculation,
Desires prayers,' etc.

The ensuing is equally authentic. I have only changed the names, out of deference to the 'parties' sending the request:

['DICK and HARRY, bound to Barnstable,
Desire prayers as quick as possible!']

Sufficiently expressive, but the metre wants mending! - - - We are indebted to an esteemed friend and correspondent, whom our readers have learned to prize, and that highly, for the subjoined hasteful sketch of *A Visit to the Parents and the Grave of the Young Martyr Ellsworth*. It needs no words of ours to insure it instant and gratified perusal:

‘The Grave of Ellsworth.

‘Now our tones triumphant pour —
Let them pierce the hero's grave:
Life's tumultuous battle's o'er,
Oh! how sweetly sleeps the brave!
From the grave their laurels rise,
High they bloom and flourish free:
Glory's temple is their tomb —
Death is IMMORTALITY!’

Beautiful lines of MONTGOMERY! which seem to me ‘beautiful exceedingly’ at this moment. A wayfaring man for the night at the rural and quiet little village of Mechanicsville, the first object that attracted my attention early in the morning was the hoisting of the ‘Stars and Stripes’ on the brow of an opposite and neighboring hill. And there, equally plain to the eye, was a newly-made, heaped-up grave. There rests the youthful and brave ELLSWORTH.

‘At the foot of the hill-side, near by, is the cottage of his father and mother, surrounded by some lovely flowers and green shrubbery, more striking in their fragrance and beauties, from the freshness of a recent shower. Accompanied by an intelligent lady, an intimate friend of the parents, we made in the afternoon a visit to the afflicted home. It was a visit of not merely idle curiosity, but of Christian sympathy to the mourners in their deep affliction and bereavement.

‘We were cordially welcomed. On the wall hung his sword, belt and military cap, with his likeness; and beneath, upon a side-table, his pocket BIBLE — a new volume, and bound in blue velvet. We are BIBLE readers ourselves, and upon opening the precious pages, its silken index pointed to the seventeenth chapter of St. JOHN, with a pencil x at its top — most remarkable words: ‘*These words spake Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify Thee. . . . I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. . . . And now I am no more in the world, and I come to Thee,*’ etc. etc. Remarkable words are these we again add. ‘I know not,’ said the mother, weeping, ‘where this BIBLE came from; but that may have been the last chapter of God’s holy Word which ELMER ever read in this world!’ The fourteenth chapter was also marked: ‘*Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions,*’ etc.

‘Mysterious coincidence between these gracious divine promises and the sudden call of the youthful warrior to the Spirit Land! So it seemed to our minds. Both parents were present during our visit, and dwelt with weeping fondness upon the excellences of their departed son. Among his exalted virtues was preëminent the affection and devotion to his parents. To this they fondly referred more than to any thing else. He was an illustrious example of this noble Christian trait, and one alas! alas! wanting in some children of our day.

‘The early religious training of young ELLSWORTH was received in the Sunday-school of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Mechanicsville, (N. Y.,) where his youthful, striking moral excellences are well remembered. He was emphatically a self-made man, not having the opportunities of an ordinary school education until twelve years of age. He possessed an ardent desire for improvement and self-cultivation. At first a clerk in Mechanicsville, then with JOHN STEWART, JR. AND COMPANY, of New-York City, he next emigrated to Chicago, and with partners, was unsuccessful in some mechanical

agency business. For some days, added those who knew him best, he was homeless and penniless, but even in these darkest hours, to use his own language, written at the moment to his parents, he had *faith* in God, that he would yet triumph. Triumph he did: his military talents were well known, and he received an offer of four dollars a night to drill a Zouave company at Chicago. This was followed by a similar proposition from the Governor of Illinois for another corps. Remarkable for zeal and efficiency as an officer and disciplinarian, his fame rapidly increased. He mastered the sword exercise also, and instructed others in the important art at ten dollars for seven lessons, four of which he would some days accomplish.

'ELLSWORTH became a hard student — acquiring the French and Spanish languages, especially, for a more complete knowledge of Foreign Zouave tactics, his favorite pursuit. He wrote and published a treatise on the subject. The mother exhibited a very small glass lamp to us, not larger than a common-sized egg. 'Preserve that little lamp,' was his language to her, 'for its light has done more for my success in life than any thing else.' By its pale beam he studied the foreign languages until he became acquainted with them. We examined with great interest this silent companion and index of his tedious, watchful midnight hours.

'His first company of Zouaves was formed at Chicago, in 1859, which soon became celebrated for their wonderful drill, and practical military feats. In the summer of 1860, they visited the Atlantic cities, and their whole journey was a public ovation; when Zouave companies sprang into existence throughout our land. Mr. LINCOLN, then a Presidential candidate, paid him marked attentions. After the election, Colonel ELLSWORTH was invited to be one of the President's escorts to Washington; and upon the commencement of the present war, he soon sought active service, forming the well-known Zouave Regiment, from the New-York Fire Department. Bold, brave, and daring men, the freedom and spirit of the Zouave drill exactly suited their taste. In two days, more than one thousand of this well-known class volunteered for the service, and were immediately accepted, soon marching for Washington. Since then there has been but one sentiment as to their importance and value.

'How sudden and unexpected his death! but war often loves a shining mark. What a most remarkable letter was the last he wrote to his fond parents from the headquarters, Camp LINCOLN, May 23d! We were permitted to read it:

'MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: . . . Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation, that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty. . . . I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who knoweth even the fall of a sparrow, will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling, ever-loved parents, good-by! God bless, protect, and care for you!
ELMER.'

'It was not our purpose especially to notice his great and striking military traits, but rather the social virtues of his heart; so strong, so characteristic, and so beautifully exhibited in his last filial lines written upon the earth. Devotion to his country; pious Christian resignation; faith in God; with tender, deep, heart-felt affection to his '*darling and ever-loved parents*,' may be considered his dying expressions. Young ELLSWORTH was a hero; a man of exemplary moral habits, and a model of temperance and integrity. He never, it is said, tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor, nor even smoked a cigar in his life. We were permitted to read the letter written to his bereaved parents, about a year ago, from Chicago, on the sudden death there, and the burial, of an only brother. Its perusal was a precious privilege; a copy of it, one still more so. For intense, soul-felt love to parents, submission to the mysterious ways of Providence, trust in God, with cheerful hopes of immortal and better life beyond the grave, we have never read more remarkable or cheering lines. Honored, beloved and remembered be that son whose heart could express such holy sentiments!

'Colonel ELLSWORTH was engaged to be married to Miss SPAFFORD, an excellent young lady of Rockford, Illinois. In the numerous visits to the stricken house of his parents, as may be expected, many desire *mementos* of the departed soldier; but at the request of the espoused, all such tender tokens are carefully preserved until she visits and fondly gazes upon them. Near his pocket-BIBLE were some evergreens, with faded flowers, which had been prepared for his coffin and dead body by *Mrs. Lincoln's hands*. A part of them had been beautifully and mournfully arranged and framed by our fair companion and guide to this house of mourning, and are intended as a present from the fallen hero's mother to the object of his affianced affections. Some of these striking emblems of life and of death, a gift to us, will be carefully preserved.

'From the dwelling, we visited the new-made grave of ELLSWORTH, in the beautiful rural cemetery of Mechanicsville, and near by, directly in the rear of his parents' garden. No spot could be better selected for the purpose. It lies on the top of a hill, affording a magnificent prospect of hills and valleys, winding streams, distant villages, forests and cultivated fields. Singular coincidence! Stillwater with '*Bemis Heights*,' toward the North, are in plain sight. What associations! A lofty pole and magnificent National Flag already marks the grave of Colonel ELLSWORTH. When it was elevated, at sunrise, a day or two ago, a single visitor, who was a stranger from North-Carolina, made his appearance, and requested that he might hoist the 'Stars and Stripes,' on this honored mount: his patriotic wish was granted, when he continued his journey toward his native State.

'It was now far toward evening, and one of summer's most delicious days; and strikingly so was this calm hour of the departing light. All was serene, quiet, and well calculated for serious thought. Not a cloud obscured the departing rays of the setting sun; and the trees, fields, meadows, and the newly heaped-up grave, all were bathed in the calm radiance of the dying day. But there will be another day of brightness after this one; and so will there be another, a more exalted, spiritual, and never-ending life for the pious brave who now lie in the silent tomb.

G. F. D.'

'June 12, 1861.

FOR ELLSWORTH, 'to die was gain.' - - - Mr. G. I. CRAWFORD, Principal of the Rockland Academy at Piermont, has, at the solicitation of numerous friends, opened a 'Department for Young Ladies,' in connection with the above. This department will be under the immediate care of Miss MICHELL, a lady who has devoted herself for many years to the instruction of youth, and one who by her amiable and Christian character, as well as long experience in this most important profession, is well calculated to train the youthful mind. Mr. CRAWFORD's school is very flourishing. - - - K. N. PEPPER, great as he is in his peculiar department of literature, must 'gin to pale his ineffectual fires' before a new luminary who has risen upon our horizon, and who thus apostrophizes JEFFERSON DAVIS:

'Oh! wonderful man,
Dare I hope my pen can
Do justice to such a grate feller as you?
Oh! wot kin I say,
Or wot can I do,
In a poetick manner to put you through?
Ah! where shall I look,
In wot history or book,
To find out your ekwal by hook, or by crook?
There was SEIZER an' GRACKUS,
PUNCHUS PILOT an' BACKUS,
NAPOWLION, MARK ANTONY, BRUTEUS and BURE,
One an' all in their time made a stir;
There was ALLOVER CROMMELL, that knocked of the crown

From the head of a king. But to come later down,
 There's LOOI NAWROLON, a grate man indeed,
 But they're nothin' to you, for they did n't secede.
 Ah! where kin I find out a match for you? Where!
 If I do n't hit it soon I'll give up in dispare.
 I have it — grate DAVIS, no fear of a libel
 In a kounterpart for you — his name's in the BIBLE.
 The first of seceders, I read it at skool,
 He was tired of serving, he wanted to rule;
 But history tells us what to him befell,
 He was kicked out of heaven and driven to — well,
 You kin see in the book,
 If you happen to look,
 The way that was taken his goose for to cook.
 Now between you and I,
 I've been told — it's no lie —
 By a man wot's deep lettered, a grate rary avis,
 That LUCIFER's latin for JEFFERSON DAVIS!

'ZEKE BIGELOW?' Who knows? - - - THE paper on '*American Art*,' in preceding pages, should have borne the name, as the writer, of Mrs. JULIA A. LAYTON. Being herself an artist, and until recently the accomplished art-critic of the '*Cosmopolitan Art Gallery*,' she is well qualified to present the subject of present 'Art' to our readers. - - - HAVING, as we trust, in our last number, satisfied our Brooklyn correspondent that Mr. IRVING's estimate of BOSWELL is undeniably the true one, let us, in the present, (to make a befitting 'conclusion of the whole matter,') pass to a brief passage or two from a '*Lesson in Biography, or How to write the Life of one's Friend*,' which has always struck us as an admirable bit of satire. It purports to be an extract from the '*Life of Dr. Pozz*, in ten volumes folio, written by JAMES BOZZ, Esq., who flourished with him near fifty years.' This parody was by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, and is the best of all the *jeux d'esprit* which BOSWELL's ambitious, gossipy book produced. It is not merely a good pleasantry, but is a fair criticism of some of the lighter portions of the work:

'WE dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books. I mentioned the '*History of Tommy Trip*.' I said it was a great work.

'Pozz: 'Yes, Sir, it is a great work; but, Sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy: but now, Sir, you are a great man, and TOMMY TRIP is a little boy.'

'I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believe he perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said: 'Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, Sir, if they would call me a dog, and you a canister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted.'

'Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours, who was always making comparisons.

'Pozz: 'Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but himself. I knew him when he kept a shop; he then made money, Sir, and now he makes comparisons. Sir, he would say that you and I were two figs stuck together; two figs in adhesion, Sir; and then he would laugh.'

'Bozz: 'But have not some great writers determined that comparisons are now and then odious?'

'Pozz: 'No, Sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious.'

'Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours,

as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows :

“ TO JAMES BOZZ, ESQ.

“ DEAR SIR: My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy me some *Turkey rhubarb*, and bring with you a copy of your *Tour*.”

“ Write to me soon, and write to me often. I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,
“ SAM. POZZ.”

‘It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to-day: his wit flashed like lightning; indeed, there is not one hour of my present life in which I do not profit by some of his valuable communications.

‘We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint.

‘POZZ: ‘Yes, Sir, when confined, when pent up.’

‘I said I did not know that, but I questioned if the Romans ever knew it.

‘POZZ: ‘Yes, Sir, the Romans knew it.’

‘BOZZ: ‘LIVY does not mention it.’

‘POZZ: ‘No, Sir, LIVY wrote history. *LIVY was not writing the Life of a Friend*.’

But enough: let BOSWELL ‘slide:’ accompanied, in this instance, with a remark which we heard made the other evening by a friend, who is equally an admirer of GOLDSMITH and of IRVING: ‘There is no doubt that BOSWELL’s devotion to JOHNSON was after all mainly a selfish feeling. He was a satellite of the great literary planet, and fancied that in his own insignificant person he reflected his glory.’ - - - ‘PLEASANT VALLEY’ lies along the head of Crooked Lake, in Steuben County, in this State, surrounded by hills, some of which tower some twelve hundred feet above the deep and pure waters, which ameliorate the genial air. This locality has for many years been known as the favorite home of the vine; and vineyard-culture has been gradually extending in that locality, until it has reached its present advanced stage. Germans, regularly educated to the vine-dresser’s life, have flocked thither; and now, scores upon scores of acres, upon the fertile slopes, bear the rich clusters, where

— ‘breathing from the sweet south-west,
The sun-beams warm rejoice their rest.’

Near this spot, at Hammondsport, Steuben County, has been established the ‘*Pleasant Valley Wine Company*,’ a stock company, formed for the manufacture of wines, brandies, etc., and carrying on all branches of business connected therewith. Arched wine-vaults, of ample dimensions, improved steam-stills, and the most competent wine-makers, of long experience in the *Rheingau*, are among the accessories of this new association. The company have now on hand several thousand gallons of this native wine. That of which we tasted has all the flavor and aroma of the Rhine vintages: and its reasonable price, (from five to eight dollars per dozen,) the lover of temperance may well hope, will cause this delicious native beverage to supersede the villainous compounds which, under the name of ‘pure spirits,’ poison perhaps one half of the community. When we visit, as we hope to do in the autumn, ‘*Lake Home*,’ the beautiful rural villa and charming country-residence of our old friend, Mr. SAMUEL HALLETT, we shall ‘pay our respects’ to Pleasant Valley, pull some of the rare grape-clusters, and taste again, on the spot, the ‘wine of the vine benign’ expressed therefrom.

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TWENTY Per Cent. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Rail Road, see pages 133, 140, and 190
APPLETON'S R. R. GUIDE.

THE

AUGUST.

1861.

Snickerboppers



OR

NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



New-York :

J. R. GILMORE, 5 BEEKMAN STREET,

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

H. DEXTER & CO., AND ROSS & TOWSEY.

BOSTON : A. WILLIAMS & Co., J. J. DYER & Co.

LONDON : TINSLEY & Co.

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BOR.

1875, Nov. 19.
Subscription Fund

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LVIII.

AUGUST, 1861.

No. 2.

THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF THE LAW.

—
BY L. J. BIGELOW.
—

Among the learned or liberal professions, the one that oftenest tempts and dazzles the youthful mind is that of the law.

This fact has its reason, and is susceptible of explanation.

The profession of the law is venerable for its antiquity, rich in the illustrious names which adorn its history, and unequalled for the aggregate of talent and eloquence which have in all ages characterized its leading members.

Far back in the dim vista of the past, the fancy of the legal enthusiast may behold the commanding form of the inspired Cicero, his toga falling gracefully about him, his eye glowing with pathetic emotion, as he stands there on the Roman forum pleading the cause of his early friend and tutor, the poet Archius.

It must be with no small degree of pride that the advocate thus traces his professional lineage back to the greatest orator of ancient times.

There is a kind of ancestral congratulation that he, too, like Cicero, is empowered to use his country's laws, when occasion requires, to defend the innocent and relieve the oppressed.

Then again there is romance connected with the practice of the law. Should every lawyer of long experience keep a journal, wherein he might detail the stories of all his clients, their strange grievances, their complicated affairs, and confidential disclosures, it would form a book only surpassed for variety and novelty by the famous 'Arabian Nights.'

The amount of heart-history with which he becomes acquainted, seems strangely in contrast with the lack of sentiment for which his character is so generally noted. He becomes familiar with domestic difficulties, disappointed affections, atrocious crimes, and daring schemes; and finds out more of the inner life of humanity than can be discovered from any other stand-point in society. His council-room is a kind of secular confessional, where clients re-

veal reluctant secrets, and tell of private wrongs. To him, what the world is accustomed to regard as fiction, constitutes the common-place facts of his legal practice.

But in our country the more seductive phase of the law is this: it has ever been the natural avenue to political preferment and judicial honors. Hence it is that young men of fine abilities and ambitious of distinction, so frequently choose this profession as the proper field whereon to meet 'the high endeavor and the glad success.' And perhaps it is sometimes a misfortune that such a reason decides them rather than a sense of any peculiar fitness for the calling which they so hastily espouse. But of that hereafter.

Lawyers, as a class, are, or were, much respected and revered, exerting as they do a very controlling influence over society and affairs. I know full well that novels and plays abound in a certain stereotyped character called an attorney, who is made to do all the dirty work of the plot or story. He is represented usually as a cadaverous-looking individual, with a swinish propensity to thrust his nose into every one's business, who is willing to damn his soul for a fee, and whose heart is devoid of all sympathy for suffering and distress. The worst of all these human fiends is Uriah Heep, whose freckled, hairy hand, with its cold clammy touch, so often makes the reader shudder as he turns the pages of 'David Copperfield.' Then there is Oily Gammon, who figures in 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and whose qualities are very plainly suggested by his name. And among the more recent types of this character, we have the 'Marks' of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, when asked to do a small favor, or to perform a common act of politeness without the tender of a fee, rolls out his eyes in wonderment, and to explain his refusal draws out: 'Oh! I'm a lawyer!' The muses too have conspired against these poor persecuted fellows; and there is extant a little poem, called, 'Law *versus* Saw,' in which a very invidious comparison is sought to be made between a lawyer and that small operator in the lumber business commonly known as a sawyer. In usefulness and dignity the poet confers the palm on the vocation of the latter. The last verse sums up the whole matter thus:

'This conclusion then I draw,
That no exercise of jaw,
Twisting India-rubber law,
Is as good
As the exercise of paw
On the handle of a saw,
Sawing wood.'

But these pictures of law-attorneys, found so frequently in light literature, furnish the unknowing with a very erroneous estimate of the average character of the legal profession. These seeming caricatures have had, and still have originals in fact, but they are as much hated and despised by the more respectable members of the bar as by the world at large. Indeed, to a person of experience in life, there need be no argument to prove that lawyers as a body are quite as honorable, intelligent, liberal and public-spirited as the same number of men selected from any class which has a distinctive existence.

When De Tocqueville, the learned and philosophic Frenchman, came among us to study our institutions, surveyed us in our social and political aspect with his keen, analytic eye, he paid the legal profession the highest compliment, and called it the aristocracy of American society.

The popular prejudice which is sometimes manifested toward lawyers, is affected rather than really felt, and the world is, after all, disposed to give them the measure of merit they deserve; in short, to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.

But my design is not to vindicate the profession from any charges which may have been unjustly preferred against it; a special plea of this kind is unnecessary. I choose to consider it as a sphere of action wherein the young aspirant has embarked his fortunes, and to speculate on the probable chances of his success, and the difficulties which may embarrass him in his efforts to achieve a respectable position as a member of the bar. As before indicated, there is no pursuit in life that, at a distance, appears more fascinating to the uninitiated beholder. Young men usually get their first and often only ideas of the business of an advocate by witnessing interesting trials in courts of justice. These are not unfrequently, from the matters involved, the feelings engendered, and the sympathies excited, scenes of dramatic interest and effect.

Especially do criminal proceedings attract the people to watch their progress and termination. Let a man be on trial for his life, and however depraved his nature, however friendless or obscure, his fate is made a theme of universal gossip and debate. The court-room will be crowded to its utmost capacity; and each individual spectator seems to have a personal interest in the event of the trial.

Now this multitude does not assemble on such occasions so much on account of any particular sympathy for the culprit, or any nervous anxiety for the protection of society, as it does to watch the dextrous manoeuvring of ingenious counsel, and to mark when one loses a position or gains an advantage. Such an exhibition as this is a kind of intellectual gladiatorship, having none of the sanguinary horrors of brutal combat, but still possessing all its elements of fascination and excitement. The stern and dignified tone in which the public prosecutor usually opens the case for the people, speaking of the atrocity of the crime, of violated law, merited punishment, and the demands of justice and social welfare; then the pathetic appeal of the prisoner's counsel, his remarks in extenuation of the offence, and his cunning argument to convince the jury of the innocence of the accused; and lastly the grave and solemn charge of the judge, and the breathless silence of the audience; all these things conspire to produce the strongest impression upon the susceptibilities of the interested listener. After witnessing a scene of this character, is it strange that a youth, conscious of talent, of noble impulses, of ambitious hopes for the future, but as yet of wavering purpose, should leave the court-room resolved in his own mind to become a lawyer? Many, I doubt not, have been decided in their choice of a profession by this very circumstance happening to them at an early day. A choice thus hastily made may often have its origin in fancy rather than reason.

The elated young man who has attended one of these exciting trials, and admired these rare displays of genius and eloquence, does not stop to consider that actions of this character occur only at long intervals, but foolishly imagines that they make up the staple of professional duties. He pictures to himself the life of a lawyer to be one composed of a brilliant succession of forensic triumphs, interspersed, perhaps, with a Senatorial term, or a foreign mission by way of political episode. If he does not believe this to be the average experience of the bar, he at least expects no less to be meted out to him. Now, that such an idea is somewhat extravagant and fantastical, will hardly be disputed by the veteran members of this profession.

Young men seldom reflect on the peculiar qualifications necessary to make a successful advocate, or even a common attorney. That it requires a combination of faculties, not perhaps of the highest order, still of a certain species and degree of development, is a fact which they do not sufficiently consider.

If a youth have what is popularly styled 'a gift of gab,' if he have astonished a village lyceum, or shone as the valedictorian of an academic exhibition, he and his flattered parents are prone to think that it was fore-ordained and predestined from the creation of the world that he should become 'the bright particular star' of the legal firmament.

Accordingly, if he can consent to wait, he finishes his scholastic education, then enters an office, or attends, perhaps, one term at a law-school, and is shortly admitted to practise a profession whose honors he is impatient to achieve. Well, what are his chances of success? Granting that beside his gift of gab, he has a pleasing address, a legal mind, a handsome person, and the whole inventory of successful requisites, it is at least quite safe to say, that he will meet many disappointments, and endure a good deal of impatient waiting before he acquires a paying practice or any considerable reputation. He finds that his is the most discouraging profession in the world to commence. His youth is imputed to him as a crime, and he feels a painful sense of his inexperience and want of practice. The details and clerical part of his calling, unless he has served a long apprenticeship in an office, will bother and perplex him. The intricacies and artificial rules of pleadings, the quirks and quibbles of the law, are as yet almost unknown to him; but he soon finds out that these compose the light infantry of legal skirmishing. This fact, however, is well understood by older men, and hence their hesitancy to entrust their pecuniary interests to the untried skill of young attorneys. A youthful clergyman, if he be devout, and delivers even a prosy discourse in an acceptable manner, his parishioners will be delighted; his want of years enhances the praise, and he is thought almost equal to John the Baptist. In this age of medical cant and prejudice, if a new-fledged physician settles in a community, the believers in the particular school of medicine which he represents, will, despite his youth and inexperience, give him their support. Why? Simply because they had rather be killed by an allopathist than cured by a homeopathist, or the reverse, as the case may be. Whoever is of the favorite school gets the practice. Not so of the law. It is divided into no creeds or schools, and affords little opportunity for pretence or quackery.

The lawyer, above all other men, is dependent entirely on public patronage, and to command it he must rely for the most part on his own individual merit.

When he first opens an office, unlike the merchant, advertising in the newspapers is of little avail, and the novelty of his name has no charm to those in pursuit of legal advice and assistance. Of such it is emphatically true: 'By their works shall ye know them.' Hence, a young lawyer's first clients, after he has any, naturally distribute themselves into three classes: *First*, those who go to law for the luxury of the thing; and have such petty grievances that older lawyers would not undertake their investigation; *second*, those who have been sued, have no defence, yet wish to defend to gratify their malice, and of course wish to have it done at the cheapest rates; *third*, a few who have good causes of action, or good defences, but who have not ~~got~~ the money to retain old and experienced counsel.

The clients enumerated in the first two classes do very little to help the tyro in the law to acquire a coveted reputation; and the last, though they sometimes give him fame, do not perceptibly increase his finances; and with many, increase of finance is made the index of success.

What if the young lawyer, whose chief qualification is as Carlyle would say, that he could 'wag the tongue with dextrous acceptability,' finds, alas! no occasion for its wagging? Perhaps he is sitting in his office, waiting impatiently for a murder-trial; or if he be of a sentimental turn, he would prefer to commence an action in behalf of some fair client for breach of promise, coupled with seduction. In fancy he has already rehearsed to himself what he would say to the jury in a case of the latter description, and in his mind's eye he sees those twelve susceptible men all bedewed with tears at the story of the poor girl's wrongs.

How touchingly he speaks of broken hearts and blighted affections, of hope's bright star that set in darkness and left a midnight in the soul. Then he talks of man's inconstancy, treachery and perfidious vows; comes down with withering invective on the character of the base seducer, until he imagines the indignant twelve are about to leave their seats and inflict summary justice on the pale and trembling defendant; but he graciously bids them forbear! And ah! how felicitous in his poetical quotations! In his delicate allusion to the unhappy sequel of the affair, he says in the tenderest pathos: 'She loved not wisely but too well.'

When he confesses the inability of the law to make any thing like ample reparation for the deep, the lasting injury inflicted upon the character and reputation of his client, and of the black despair which clouds her future, he recites those affecting lines of Goldsmith, commencing:

'When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,' etc.;

and thus proceeds till the lachrymose propensities of the twelve bid fair to dissolve them into a sea of tears. He closes by dilating on the moral heroism of the unfortunate girl, reminding them that the seducer's victim, stung to madness by her mingled sense of shame and wrong, too often swallows the subtle poi-

son, plunges the cold steel into her bosom, or leaping from some high cliff in the darkness of the night, buries her sorrows in the silent waters below ; but here is one who has had the courage to come into a court of justice, and ask timidly for the poor inadequate remedy which the law may furnish for so deep a wrong.

He may, perhaps, somewhat jar the sentimental harmonies of his eloquence, by stating before he closes that the complainant names ten thousand dollars as the estimated damage sustained by his client, and suggests this as a very proper sum to insert in their verdict. Now, in his fancy, this dreaming young lawyer sits down amid a hum of subdued applause that comes from the sympathetic crowd ; his fair client, who has wept opportunely through his whole speech, looks upon him with the tenderest gratitude ; the judge even smiles approval, and he feels himself—oh ! joy ineffable !—the most eloquent advocate in the land !

But this is a triumph won oftener in the field of the imagination than in the ordinary course of professional experience. Happily for society, the human conscience, fear of justice, the honor of men and the virtue of women, make murders and seductions of much less frequent occurrence than they should be to serve the purposes of ambitious advocates. These cases hardly suffice to distribute among the older members of the bar, while the supply is totally inadequate to meet the wants of the younger aspirants for forensic fame. The young lawyer who has hoped to make his *début* with such a case may have to wait longer for the opportunity than human patience can endure. Perhaps his first suit will be to collect an account of a retail grocer, wherein the opposing attorney will compel him to prove each particular charge in the bill, item by item, amounting in all most likely to less than three dollars. In the course of the trial there may be the most prolonged dispute as to whether a pound of tea was sold and delivered, as alleged, by the plaintiff ; and the amount of cross-questioning and conflicting evidence on this point may occupy the parties and counsel for the space of four hours. The event of this important suit, probably entitled *Smith vs. Jones*, discloses the fact that Jones had no defence, that Smith recovers a judgment after a protracted siege, and finds out what he knew before, that Jones, being a poor devil, the execution cannot be collected.

This petty litigation in Justice's Court may seem contemptible, and should be discouraged ; still young lawyers are called upon to conduct it, and if they be poor and unacquainted, they cannot well refuse, but will undertake these causes, not only for the small pittance which they may receive, but as a means of becoming known in their legal character. The insignificant facts and interests involved in these issues, of course, afford very little basis for the display of rhetoric, or the play of the fancy, and he who could shine as an orator would be disgusted with the meanness of his theme. In such practice as this, a tolerable acquaintance with the rules of evidence, a way of cross-questioning a witness with a loud voice, but with no other purpose except to abuse him, a kind of native tact and low cunning, are far surer elements of success than any combination of the higher faculties, or a thorough knowledge of the whole scope, policy and philosophy of the law. Thus a pettifogger on the wrong side

of a small case, stands a much better chance of winning before a jury than a learned and honorable counsellor. The first will stoutly insist on a proposition, the absurdity of which he cannot himself understand; while the latter would be embarrassed by his knowledge of the truth, and a sense of his humiliating position.

In fact, even upon the right side, the ablest counsel do not always succeed. The late Thomas Noon Talfourd, better known to us as a brilliant essayist, and as the author of 'Ion,' than as a skilful advocate and learned judge, once lost a case in which he had set his heart upon success.

It was a criminal prosecution in one of the English courts against a respectable London publisher, for issuing a complete edition of Shelley's works.

The indictment charged the defendant generally with publishing a malicious libel, tending to bring the Christian religion and the holy Scriptures into disrepute and contempt. The action was instituted on the complaint of a mean and unprincipled publisher of immoral works, who had himself justly suffered the penalty of the law, and wished it meted out to those who had violated neither its letter nor spirit. The charge against Talfourd's client had no foundation in fact, and could not have been even within the English statute. There was of course an eminent propriety in Talfourd defending this case, inasmuch as he was equally celebrated as an eloquent advocate, and known throughout the realm as a man of letters. He appreciated this aspect of his position, and acquitted himself proudly. His speech on the occasion was a model of classic grace and eloquence, abounding in passages of rare beauty, replete with logic, and though somewhat encumbered with ornament, full of unanswerable conclusions. He eulogized the genius of Shelley, and illustrated it by the most appropriate and fanciful figures; lamented the author's early theological errors, spoke of his natural tendency to piety, and the spotless purity of his brief life. By comparing the obnoxious passages from Shelley's works charged in the indictment, with quotations selected from the immortal epic of Milton, he showed that the latter were open to the same censure, and their publisher liable to the same prosecution. He urged that if they found the defendant guilty, they would establish a precedent exposing the vendors of the old English classics to a like penalty, and make it a crime to sell or loan a copy of the sweet bard of Avon.

Well, what was the result of this brilliant effort? The sequel was, that Talfourd lost his case, beaten probably by a third-rate lawyer. His speech remains to us a splendid literary production, but it was of little avail to his mortified client. Why did Talfourd, with a theme so well suited to his special qualifications, fail to get a favorable verdict? Simply because he dared to rise above the comprehensions of the 'gentlemen of the jury.'

Hence we perceive that polish, refinement, and the higher flights of imagination may sometimes be put forth for success, and only insure a failure. And if the young aspirant for legal honors should perhaps disappoint the hopes of his admiring friends, it by no means proves that he lacks those rare and brilliant qualities which first induced him to enter the profession. He may really be above his calling; or rather want some of the lower requisites of its more

fortunate votaries. Thus what is called the office-business of a lawyer, the drafting of contracts and common pleadings, the proceedings in legal collections, though they afford a liberal compensation, require very little talent or consummate ability, more than is implied in careful attention to details, and a patience to do an interminable amount of prosy copying. Still these things must be done, and be done well; and by the performance of these duties the beginner must become established in practice. It may be a humble kind of work, but it involves the material interests of men, and to blunder or misadvise in its prosecution is almost fatal to the lawyer's success. Hence, is it strange that all are not qualified to pass through that critical ordeal by which an attorney first makes the acquaintance of clients? And though the writer disclaims any intention of magnifying the difficulties of the profession, still let it be known that throughout the whole field of human endeavor, there cannot be found a more pitiable object of compassion than a young attorney, poor, unknown, without friends or influence, who has just opened an office in a strange town, and has commenced waiting, as Micawber would say, for something 'to turn up.' Saxe's poem of the 'Briefless Barrister' contains a melancholy pathos that cannot be concealed by its playful humor.

For months, or more likely years, the calls of clients, like the visitations of angels, are few and far between; and unless aided by some fortuitous circumstance, the most gifted and meritorious lawyer must endure a long prelude of patient waiting, before he enters upon the stage of forensic triumph. By slow degrees and painful effort is a legal practice established and reputation won. Still, 'what man has done man can do,' and after the lapse of from ten to fifteen years, those legal adventurers who have not fainted by the way-side generally secure a paying business, and a few attain to eminence in their profession. As Talfourd, in an elegant essay on the same subject, has said: 'A barrister can scarcely hope to begin a career of anxious prosperity till after thirty; and surely he who has attained that age, after a youth of robust study and manly pleasure, with firm friends and an unspotted character, has no right to complain of the world.'

I propose now to consider the legal profession, more particularly as a social and political element. In this aspect it may be considered the great conservative power of society. Lawyers, from the force of habit, their manner of thinking, and devotion to precedent, are constitutionally opposed to innovation and change. *Stare decisis* is the great maxim of their lives, and *in statu quo* their most progressive motto. One of the worst effects of legal practice is to make the advocate lose faith in humanity. He sees much of human character, but to him it oftenest presents its darkest side and ugliest phases. He is too apt to believe the depravity of man innate and natural, allowing of no cure, and beyond the reach of reform. Full of sympathy for human weakness and frailties, he does not wish to remove them so much as to keep them restrained within the decent proprieties of life and rules of law. The studies and experiences of the legal practitioner also have the effect to purge his mind of all morbid influences and sickly sentimentality; and he is seldom heard advocating the absurd and extravagant doctrines of the day. He can easily become an old fogey, but

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can with difficulty be transformed into a radical. Convince his reason by oracular proof, and he is with you ; unfold to him your darling theory, which has not as yet been tested, he will laugh at your enthusiasm, and ask you *to cite a case*. Thus we have a large and influential class of men who are made by force of circumstances the heavy ballast in the ship of state, the grand counterpoise which regulates those wild and distracting elements which sometimes threaten the safety of our society.

Their conservatism may be only senseless inertia in many, still, as a whole, they play a most salutary and important part in checking the mad career of rampant reformers, born too long before their time.

The chronic aversion which a majority of the profession entertain to departing from the ancient landmarks which their fathers have established, operates as a clog to the progressive movements of the age. Old lawyers object to legal reforms, because they very naturally prefer the time-honored system to learning a new practice in which they have had no more experience than the more youthful members of the bar. Their ideas have run so long in the rut of precedent, that they cannot be diverted to meet the wants of a changing society, and adapt themselves to the reforms of a more enlightened age. What may be an offspring of barbarism, they often look upon as the wisdom of centuries. Then, again, many regard the law as a dextrous foil to thrust or parry with, as occasion requires, and never dream that it may serve the great ends of humanity and public benefaction.

Let us now take a glance at the present aspect of this profession, and compare it, in point of ability, character and accomplishments, with what it was in the earlier days of our Republic.

Not many months gone by, two of the brightest stars in the galaxy of legal talent dropped from their places, and left it almost in utter darkness. Rufus Choate and Nicholas Hill were, at the periods of their decease, concededly the ablest representatives of their profession. Choate, as a brilliant advocate and exemplar of forensic eloquence, a lawyer who sweetened his judicial acquirements with the amenities of art, literature and science, was without a rival in the Union ; Hill, as a profound jurist, a subtle analyzer of legal principles, an enthusiastic delver in the mines of precedent, and a logician that carried conviction to the minds of the bench, was without a compeer in the annals of the bar. Both have passed away, and their loss creates the same permanent vacancy in the bar that the death of Webster and Clay occasioned in the Senate.

But if we take a more extended view of the legal fraternity of to-day, and judge of it as a whole, and not by its most distinguished votaries, it will appear, I think, that the average character and ability of this class of men have essentially deteriorated during the last thirty years.

The law was once reckoned among the learned professions, but it is less worthy that rank now than formerly. In the days of Wirt, Pinckney, Otis and Henry ; and later, when Marshal, Kent and Story shed a dazzling lustre over the profession they adorned, it must have been something of an honor to have been a member of the bar in good standing. Now the titles of attorney

and counsellor give no particular prestige to their possessor, and they are no longer suggestive of the same admirable qualities that were implied by them in former times. It is not a very great achievement to get admitted to practice now, but the labor requisite to become a good lawyer can never be diminished. Years ago, the legal student was required to pass through a preparatory course of seven years, studying the classics four and the law three years. He was then admitted as an attorney, and after three years' actual practice, took the degree of counsellor.

The discipline and thorough training which this long term of study involved, necessarily imparted something like adequate qualification to the youngest practitioner, and inspired a kind of confidence in his first clients. But how is it now? Lawyers are made with quite as much facility as doctors, and both can get a license to bleed people for about the same sacrifice of time and money.

Six months or a year spent in a law-office has now become the average preparation made by those ambitious for the honor of the bar. Law students who can draw a chattel mortgage and fill up a blank complaint on a promissory note, are apt to think they have mastered the sublime mysteries of the science, and are anxious to receive retaining fees, and look out for costs. Then, again, not a few enter the profession because they regard their legal title as a badge of gentility, and believe the practice a life of ease and leisure. Many enter it, as before suggested, as a mere prelude to political honors, and some pervert it into a licensed method of picking pockets. And when there is such a general stampede among young men from honest, manual labor and productive industry, of course there is a precipitate rush at the legal profession; and it may yet come to pass that every man will be his own lawyer.

But this state of things is not unfortunate for the old lawyers, because the dullest tyro in his profession will provoke a little litigation if he have any friends or relatives, and experienced counsel is likely to get one side of it, and generally the best side. On the other hand, clients will not suffer largely from the inexperience of young attorneys, for they will not entrust them with important suits until they have given public proof of their talent and professional skill. So it happens, that although admission to the bar is made very easy, the attainment of eminence there, or the securing of a lucrative practice, was never more difficult than at present. When the law becomes a kind of Botany Bay for those whose indolence and ignorance banish them from more exclusive pursuits, it must lose something of its former prestige and honorable distinction. It becomes the fit subject of the keen satire contained in the fancied address of a judge to a class of students just admitted to the bar. The language of the dignitary of the Bench was as follows:

'Young gentlemen, I need not detain you longer; you are perfect. But I will dismiss you with a few words of advice that you will do well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law, never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress as well. Follow out this principle, young gentlemen, and you are safe! Never say, boo! to a goose when she has the power of laying golden eggs. Let your faces be long and your bills longer. Never put

your hand into your own pocket when any body's else is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and do n't trouble it with other people's matters. Look wiser than an owl, and be as oracular as a town-clock. Plaster the judge and butter the jury. And above all things, young gentlemen, get money! Honestly if you can — *but get money!* I welcome you to the bar.' This advice is of the character best suited to the tastes and capacity of a large class of young men from which the profession is yearly recruited.

Once it was customary for students to pay distinguished lawyers considerable sums for the privilege of remaining in their offices and being instructed in the principles of the law. And on certain days these counsellors delivered lectures to their pupils, and conducted their legal education in a becoming manner. These facts show that the preliminary training and preparatory discipline of young men designing to enter the profession in those times, was in some degree proportionate to its duties and exigencies, and resulted in latter years in producing those able lawyers and profound jurists who have been the pride of our young Republic. The popular law-schools of the present day are doing much to rescue the legal profession from the low estate to which it is inevitably tending. These institutions confer degrees, teach the law as a science, and inspire the student with a proper sense of the dignity and responsibility of his chosen pursuit. For the law, if rightly comprehended, is the noblest and most beneficent of the sciences. Its origin is divine; it aims to secure justice to all, to protect life, liberty and property, to punish crime, regulate the multifarious affairs of society, and in its more extended range to establish the rules of government and preside over the intercourse of nations.

As the solar system and all the starry worlds of God's illimitable universe discharge their various functions in accordance with some fixed and inscrutable plan, so all civilized society, institutions, communities and governments, are continued and sustained by virtue of human laws, which regulate and control their individual and relative action. Annihilate the laws of nature, and chaos would ensue. Abolish all time-sanctioned customs, constitutions and statutes, and the world would be a pandemonium. Thus, law being a social and political necessity, there must always be a class of men whose business is, to understand, apply and interpret it when occasion demands. He who does this, assumes a high and important trust. A good lawyer, therefore, should be a good man. He should be a man of pure and lofty spirit, of strict integrity and unsullied honor, who loves truth and justice; adding to all these a thorough knowledge of the principles and practice of his profession. Such a man can be of vast service to his fellows, do many a noble and generous deed, be admired for his legal talent, and be respected for his moral worth and personal character. But a mean and unprincipled lawyer is a most dangerous member of society; his knowledge of and right to use the law, increase his capacity for doing mischief, and serving his own private ends. His clients are at his mercy; the widow and orphan the victims of his rapacious villainy!

The writer would not say one word against any one entering the pale of the bar, if he do it understandingly, with no extravagant notions of sudden success, with the requisite qualifications, and a willingness to forego many of the

pleasures and enjoyments of life, in steadfast devotion to his chosen profession. He should not enter it as a mere stepping-stone to political preferment, for that is prostituting the calling to a foreign purpose. He should not do it as a means of amassing wealth; for as Henry Clay once said: 'It is usually the fate of the American lawyer to work hard, live high, and die poor.' Not to gratify a lofty ambition merely, for an advocate seldom acquires a national reputation, and never an enduring fame. And, above all, he should not regard the profession as a comfortable refuge from manly, hard-fisted toil on the farm or in the work-shop, thinking his legal title confers upon him any particular honor or exclusive privilege. If he imagines the name of counsellor invests him with any peculiar sanctity, or exempts him from any of the incidents of our common humanity, he would do well to ponder on the reflection of Hamlet in the church-yard. The young Prince of Denmark, as he watches the two clowns digging a grave, perceives that they are throwing up skulls from the excavation, and tossing them about with as little ceremony as if they were foot-balls. He picks one up, and holding it on the palm of his hand, says in that fine vein of philosophical musing for which his character is noted: 'There is another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action battery?'

AN INDIAN HYMN.

'On! soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,
And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain;
And night o'er the far-distant forest is bending,
Like the storm-spirit dark o'er the tremulous main!'

'Is it the low wind through the wet billows rushing,
That fills with wild numbers my listening ear?
Or is some hermit-rill, in the solitude gushing,
The strange-playing minstrel whose music I hear?'

'Great SPIRIT OF GOOD, whose abode is the heaven,
Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky,
Wilt THOU give to the wants of the clamorous raven,
Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?'

UTTERANCES OF ALALCOL.

AN INDIAN POET.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT

THE WHIPPOWIL: CHORUS OF INDIAN BOYS.

'WHIPPOWIL, whippowil, flying about,
Why do you swoop to the earth with a shout?
Is it a war-whoop, defiant in tone,
For actions threatened, or doing or done?
Then why not lead us away to the lines
Where the base foemen are plotting designs,
Lurking in thickets unknown and unseen :
Tell me, my busy birds, what do you mean ?

'Ah ! now I hear you adown in the bush
Where lately caroled the robin and thrush ;
Singing so lonely : 't is mid-night and past,
While you are sending your song on the blast,
Notes so convulsive and gloomy withal,
That they are sorrow's or constancy's call.
'T is not the warrior prowling for prey,
But a bemoaning and sobbing *equay* ;*
Singing all night long—alack and a-day !
Where has he gone to, and why does he stay ?

'Whippowil, whippowil, why do you weep—
Breaking night's stillness and banishing sleep ?
Soon the loved being whose absence you mourn,
Will with a trophy in triumph return :
Is he a brother, a friend, or *nabain*,†
He will come back with a garland of fame.
All our young voices will join in the song
That shall reëcho your chieftain along.'

ABORIGINAL NOMENCLATURE.

SENECAS.

THE name of this tribe has often been a subject of inquiry, without leading to any satisfactory answer. How the name of a Roman moralist and philosopher should have been transferred to a North-American Indian tribe, is as much a mystery to-day as it could have been when Hendrik Hudson sailed through the Highlands.

In a map of Nova Belgica, published at Amsterdam in 1654, this tribe are called Sinnecars. In Lawson's Travels in South-Carolina in 1700, they are called Sinnekers. They call themselves Ondawaga, or People of the Hill, in relation to a myth by which they trace their origin to a hill on Canandaigua

* The name of a female in Chippewa.

† Nabain — husband in Algonquin.

Lake. The French, who were the first European nation that visited them inland, called them Sonontouans, or Rattle-snakes. When they referred to them as one of the Six Nations, they were called, along with the other tribes, by the generic name of Iroquois. Their present name is the apparent result of the English pronunciation and syllabication of a nickname. When the Senecas, who were always a very warlike people, visited the Dutch at Albany, the first thing they inquired for of the traders was vermilion to paint their faces in war. The Dutch call this article cinnabar. No Seneca or Iroquois can pronounce the letter B, and in repeating the word they substituted the sound of K or C hard. In this way they drew upon themselves the nickname of Sinnekars.

GENEVA.

THE ancient name of the precinct now called Geneva, according to the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, is Kanadasagea. The Iroquois term Kanada, first enunciated to Cartier, on visiting Hochelaga in 1534, denotes primarily an edifice or mechanical structure. In the name under consideration, it means the council-house at the site of the council-fire or seat of government. This site is still known as the Old Castle. The lake was named from the geographical position and character of the national council-house, and its meaning may be not inaptly termed the Lake of the Council-Fire.

THE HUDSON RIVER.

NONE of the terms at first given by the Dutch to this stream have been retained in popular use, except North River, a synonym. The Indians called it Moheganittuck, that is, Mohegan River. The band located at Tappansea called that expanse Shatamuck, or Swan-Water, a term which the river-Indians appear sometimes to have applied to the whole stream, but which was particularly appropriated to the river below the Highlands. The Iroquois called it Cahootatea, which means the valley below the Cohoes Falls.

NEVERSINK.

NAWA, in the Mohegan dialect of the Algonquin, means half-way or midland. The particle *ink* in the same dialect, is a local inflection denoting the prepositional senses of at, by, in. The observer standing on the Neversink mountain beholds the Atlantic Ocean on one side and Raritan Bay on the other. This is the descriptive character of the term Nawasink, which has been corrupted by English pronunciation.

SING-SING.

THE Manhattanese name for a rock or a stone is *Ossin*. The local inflection is made in *ing*. The term Ossining, a place of rocks, is a graphic description of the locality.

MANHATTAN.

By far the most striking local disturbance in the system of waters around the city of New-York is the channel at Hell-Gate. In the Indian language of the tribe formerly occupying the Island, the name of a channel is 'Autan' or 'Autun.' The monosyllable *mon* or *man* is the derogative or adjective term,

signifying a bad quality. By adding the ordinary local inflection in *ing*, this phenomenon was accurately described. The Indian band living on the island derived their title from this channel of the river or whirlpool. The idea perpetuated was the bad whirling or dangerous channel vortex or whirlpool, a term which the Dutch gave full significancy to by calling it *Hallegat*, or Hell-Gate.

CROTON.

This word is the Dutch and English adopted pronunciation of the name of an Indian chief called Tempest, who had his lodge on the point of land made by the embouchure of the Croton into the Hudson. *Notin*, its radix, is the Mohekander name for a strong wind. A quite different term was applied to a mild or soft wind, or for a breeze or a zephyr.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

On ascending the Hudson, after getting through the Highlands, a direct course is open for about ten miles to Poughkeepsie. A canoe with an aft-wind might be in peril here, before reaching the inlet or shelter of Fall River, which drops from high ground within a short distance of the Hudson. This sheltering cove is called *Apokeepsing*. In adopting this word, the short sound of *a* with the local inflection, *ing*, have been dropped.

KINGSTON.

THE Wallkill was, from the earliest times, the general highway of communication between the Delaware and Hudson rivers. Through this channel the Wolf tribe of the Lenno Lenapees emigrated into the Hudson valley. Their principal village and earliest trading-town was at the present site of Kingston. The aboriginal name of the place appears to have been Sepus or Sopus. Sepe, in this tongue, means a river. The Dutch called the place appropriately Wiltwick, which carries the meaning of Indiania. There is an ancient pictograph on the rocks at the mouth of the Wallkill, which appears to denote the introduction of the gun among the Indians, which may date back to 1609.

MINNISINK.

MINNIS in the Indian tongue quoted, is the name for an island; and the penultimate *ink* carries the prepositional senses of at, in, by, on. It is the common local syllable for the Indian noun.

COXSACKIE.

THE orthography of this word has a Dutch smack, but it is entirely Indian. Kux, in the Indian, is the indicative of the verb, to cut. Ackee, in the same language, is the term for earth. The channel of the Hudson above this place is deflected to the opposite shore, which it reaches and presses against at a high diluvial bank of clay and gravel, which it undermines, and anciently formed falling-in or cut bank. This is the feature described by the term *Cuzakee*.

NORMAN'S KILL.

THIS stream, after passing through the county, from the mountain-range of the Helderberg, enters the Hudson river about two miles below the city of Albany. At this point there is a truncated elevation or natural mound, which

was used by the Indians from the earliest known date as a burial-place or cemetery. This ancient and sacred monument bore the name of Tawasentha, a name which they afterward uniformly applied to the stream.

ALBANY.

THE earliest Indian name applied to the site of this city is a question not satisfactorily settled. The Mohawks occupied the island, as a summer-camp, and raised corn there. A portage-path led from the Mohawk river, through a dry sandy plain to the Hudson river at this point. This foot-path passed through a pine forest, and was called Skenekteta — a term meaning a path through the pine forest. But when its eastern terminus on the Hudson river was meant, the penultimate syllable was changed to *ea*, denoting a river, with all its drift-materials, or valley: a sense which it has in the name of Cahootata. In the Mohawk language, *ske* carries the prepositional sense of through; *net* is the name of a pine-tree; so that the name appears to describe the river or valley through or beyond the pine-trees. If the speaker stood on the Hudson, looking west, the name was almost equally applicable to the Mohawk river; and this change in the location of the word was actually made when the site of the eastern terminus was named by executive or legislative direction, in honor of the Duke of Albany.

THE INDIAN HUNTER AND HIS DOG.

A CHIPPEWA hunter with his dog had passed over a wide extent of country and found nothing. On ascending an eminence, being tired, he sat down on a small rock to rest. His dog had not even scented the track of an animal. 'Master,' said the dog to him, 'we have hunted these many days without finding any thing to eat. We are both tired and hungry. I have observed that white men keep animals in inclosures, and when they are hungry, kill a sheep, a hog, or a cow, without the fatigue of hunting them.'

'True,' replied the hunter, 'but the white man is a slave to his animals; he must raise food and build shelters for them during the winter, while we have only our traps to set or draw our bows, and we live an independent life.'

'We certainly are independent!' said the dog, while every rib in his body could be counted, and his master was equally famished; 'but methinks we pay for our freedom very dearly, in hunger and misery. To me it seems that you, my master, prefer liberty with want, to plenty with labor.'

MYEENGAH AND ANIMOOS; OR, THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A HUNGRY wolf met a dog one day in the woods, and said to him: 'How well you look! you seem to have had something to eat every day, while I am famished.' 'Fidelity,' answered the dog, 'is the cause of my being well fed; my master gives me something to eat almost every day, and when he does not, I know that he suffers the want of food as well as myself; and, therefore, I am not displeased.' 'I,' said the wolf, 'live a starving life. I am obliged to live by my wits, and a wretched life I have of it. The deer is too nimble-footed for me to catch him alone, and I seldom have friends enough to hunt in

packs, so that we may divide our party and waylay him. I should like to live the regular life you lead.' 'Come along,' said the dog wagging his tail, 'and I will teach you how we live.' So they ran along together, and just at night-fall reached the dog's kennel. The wolf behaved very quietly and submissively. But being a rascal in his heart, he purposed to deceive. Before they reached the kennel he observed a flock of sheep going down to an inclosure. Affecting to assimilate with dog life, he laid down crouchingly in the kennel till midnight. Then getting up softly, he went to the inclosure of the sheep, and seizing one of the lambs by the neck, threw it over his shoulder, and ran off to the woods.

THE CRANE AND BEAVER: AN ALLEGORY OF CIVILIZATION.

A CRANE one day took his bow and arrows, and went out to hunt. After walking a long time in the forest, and finding nothing to kill, he at last came into a valley, where he sat down to rest; not far from a beaver-pond. Taking his pipe from his smoking-pouch, he indulged himself in meditation, while the light fumes rose gracefully up to the clouds. An old beaver observing this from his position in the pond, walked out on the shore, and said to him: 'Nosa, you live a very easy life, while I am obliged to labor very hard to keep from starving.' 'True,' replied the crane, 'but remember that your ancestors always thought themselves wiser than the cranes, because they could gnaw down trees, and build houses and dams, where they could collect the trunks and limbs of trees, and live by eating the bark, while we were compelled to pick up a living hither and yon in the streams and marshes. The beaver king, when he came from the court of Manobosho, told his people that they should live in a fixed place, and dam up the streams to collect food. But you wear out your teeth and exhaust your strength in this regular labor, and are just as liable as we are to be tracked by the hunter, and shot by the arrows of Pauguk.' 'If I,' replied the beaver, 'spend much time and labor to get food and shelter for my family, there is a solid enjoyment in this; while the cranes are as proud as my ancestors were, and although living a little higher in the air, and flying up the valleys, scream with delight on finding a poor craw-fish, frog, or minnow along the shore, and then fly away to starve in their retreats, occasionally fluttering their crown feathers, or flapping their wings in the spirit of pride.'

THE BLUE JAY AND WOODPECKER: AN ALLEGORY.

A WOODPECKER said one day to a blue jay, 'How do you get such a reputation? I should like to learn your art, for with every endeavor I find it hard to get a name, or to make a good living.' 'Ha, ha!' cried the blue jay, 'it is by making a noise with my voice that I prevail; people suppose that where there is such a verbal strain and torrent of sounds, there must be some sense. I always light on the topmost boughs; never sit long in a place; scream as loud as I can, and by continually flitting about, and showing my feathers, produce the idea that I am very wise, as well as a very active and valuable bird. While you always light on dry trees, where there is nothing to shade you, and toil with a sort of mechanical industry, making sounds that are not only

monotonous but not at all musical. The truth is,' continued the jay, 'I am a talker, a blusterer, a stormer; my father and mother were talkers, blusterers, and stormers. I take the ear of people, not like you with a peck, peck, peck! but by a flourish of sounds.' 'Heigho!' answered the woodpecker, 'I should never get a living by such a life. I am, as you see by the red paint on my head, a warrior; and the animals I hunt are so deeply down in the trunks of old trees that I am obliged to plunge in my war-like bill after them, and my daily pecking is my war-whoop.'

ANCHISES TO APHRODITE.

Come, O my princess! lay thy cheek to mine,
 Thine full and fair;
 Unbind thy tresses; let them intertwine
 With my dark, dew-damp hair.
 Coiled up like serpents in their golden gloss,
 Spring them upon my head from out their circled boss.

Thine arm lies o'er me like an angel's wing,
 Whiter than snow.
 My heart's wild strength holds thy heart fluttering,
 And will not let it go.
 My lips to thine, thy lips to mine are pressed,
 As if in love's sweet labor only there were rest.

I drink thy breath—better than Lydian wine:
 Through all my soul
 I feel its influence, gentle yet divine,
 And own its sweet control.
 Thine eyes, like violets, draw their dews from heaven,
 And glisten with the light of love received and given.

Oh! could'st thou always lie as thou dost now,
 In one long dream,
 With all thy midnight beauty round thy brow,
 And this soft-coming gleam
 Of light supernal lingering on thy bloom,
 I'd cling to thee for aye, and cheat the famished tomb.

TO PIKE'S PEAK AND DENVER.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

READER, were you ever at Pike's Peak? If you have visited that auriferous and Indian-iferous region, where whiskey and white men, sure evidences of civilization, have but recently been introduced, you may read these pages to learn how the author's experience compares with your own. If you have unwisely staid at home when 'out west' is a land covered knee-deep with huge 'nuggets,' you may now, without leaving your sofa or easy-chair, journey with me seven hundred miles over the 'sea of grass and sand' between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, to the Central Dorado of our continent. Packing up a few rough garments, among which woollen shirts form the most important item, we bid adieu to Lucy and the children, and betake ourselves to one of the several out-fitting points on the Missouri river. Omaha, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth and Kansas City, will each be represented by interested property-holders, as better than all the others combined. As St. Joseph is at present the terminus of the farthest and most direct western railroad, (the Hannibal and St. Joseph,) and can furnish every thing needed on a Pike Peak's trip, it has a slight advantage over its rivals. The question now is, not the common-place one, 'How do you do?' but 'How do you go?' As we would cross the plains in the shortest possible time, we book ourselves at the office of the 'Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company,' where we find the affable and genial Jo Roberson, ready to give any desired information. The coaches of this line make tri-weekly trips to and from Denver, and accomplish the distance in a little less than six days. They travel day and night, stopping for about an hour at each of the thirty-two 'stations,' where the teams are changed, and the passengers furnished with 'wittles.' Novices generally dread the fatigue of this journey, and are solicitous about the sleeping question; but after a day out, nature asserts herself, and one finds his sleep as sound, sweet and refreshing, when sitting bolt upright in a rapidly-moving vehicle, as when wrapped in the drapery of his couch, and reclining on the softest of downy pillows. Commend me to the 'Central Overland' whenever I cross the plains.

Another mode of travel is with a stout but light carriage, or ambulance, drawn by mules — these animals being far better than horses for service on the plains. If this mode is selected, you will camp out at night, and be obliged to keep careful watch over your animals, to prevent gentlemen with confused ideas of *meum* and *tuum* appropriating them to their own use and behoof. Many an emigrant, by neglecting this precaution, has waked in the morning and found his wagon minus motive-power, and himself feeling as much akin to an ass as any of the four-footed beasts of which he had been deprived. The pleasures of sleeping on the ground, with a blanket for a covering, will here be yours. After a day's travel you will find the bosom of Mother Earth a wel-

come resting-place, and will fall asleep before you can count a hundred stars. In the morning, shake well your blanket before folding it, for the plains and Pike's Peak, like poverty, acquaint one with strange bed-fellows. On several occasions descendants of the celebrity that beguiled Mother Eve have shared my couch, and been with me in my slumbers. Wolves will come quite near — near enough to steal the boots of a sound sleeper — but they will offer no indignity to his person. As these animals have confused notions of the Eighth Commandment, it is well to secure all eatables before retiring for the night. If you do not, farewell to that ten-pound ham you threw under the wagon, and supposed would be 'all right' in the morning. 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight,' and you now prize cold bacon better than ten hours ago.

In crossing the plains in this manner, you will be initiated into the mysteries of the *cuisine* — making bread, frying bacon and griddle-cakes, decocting tea and coffee, and washing the dishes. Sometimes you will find yourself destitute of water, an article generally considered indispensable in performing the last-mentioned operation. Never mind — plates can be washed (excuse the term) with a handful of dirt, and two or three wisps of grass, so clean that they can be used for mirrors; knives and forks by thrusting them into the ground a few times, and wiping them on the grass. What house-wife would have dreamed of such a cleansing process?

I have not done with the various styles of travel in the free-and-easy west. There is the slow but sure method, where you pay a stipulated sum for the privilege of walking all the way behind an ox-wagon, boarding at and lodging under the aforesaid vehicle. The passenger has as good a bed as his blanket will make; and a leisurely, and, if not varied by an occasional fight, a somewhat monotonous trip of from forty to fifty-five days.

Then there is the mode independent; where you take your outfit in a hand-cart, or on your back, and trudge along at your own pace. You have an advantage over the express, for that is required to 'make time,' and you are not. You are better off than those who travel by ambulance, for their mules may be stolen while you can lie down at night, soliloquizing as did the ancient darkey: 'Blessed am dem what haint got noffin, for dey shan't lose it.' You can look with scorn upon the ox-teams, for they must camp and 'noon' where there are grass and water, while you can snap your fingers at such necessities, and stop when and where you like.

Having completed our preparations, we leave St. Joseph, called 'St. Jo,' by the Westerners; and, like the Star of Empire, take our way westward. For a few miles we find the road rough and hilly, after which we strike the open prairie. It is of the kind known in the west as 'rolling,' differing from the almost dead level of Illinois, and a few other States, in having a succession of ridges from a quarter to half-a-mile apart. Bryant's lines are admirably descriptive of the view before us:

'PRAIRIES, gardens of the desert!
Lo! they stretch in airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean in his gentlest swell
Stood still, with all his rounded billows
Fixed and motionless forever.'

Thus is the whole distance of two hundred and eighty miles from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney — a gentle ascent of a quarter to half a mile, and then a corresponding descent, its regularity broken occasionally by a creek or a river. In May and June the road is alive with an almost continuous caravan, moving westward. Here is a train of twenty-six wagons, twenty-five of them laden with merchandise, and the remaining one carrying the provisions for the *attaches* of the train. Five yoke of oxen is the motive power for each wagon, and these are urged forward by a 'bull-whacker,' armed with a whip, carrying a lash from six to twelve feet in length, which makes its mark wherever it falls. When the train halts, it 'goes into corral,' that is, the wagons are placed so as to inclose an oval space, with an opening at one end. When the cattle are to be yoked, they are driven into this *corral*, and a chain is stretched across the entrance to keep them within. In case of an attack by Indians, the corral makes an excellent barricade; from such a temporary fortress, many a 'red-skin' has received his death-wound. Here are wagons with families, and wagons without families. Here is a sorry-looking team with a load of provisions and mining outfits, and a dozen sorrier-looking followers on foot. The canvas wagon-cover is labeled: 'Pike's Peak or Bust.' Three months hence it may bear in addition the words: 'Busted, by Thunder.' Here is a squad of footmen, and just in advance four men harnessed to a hand-cart, and past them all rolls gracefully along one of the Central Overland coaches. Soon a clatter of hoofs is heard, and 'the Pony,' bearing letters that are to reach San-Francisco in twelve days, sweeps gayly by; passing alike pedestrian, ox-wagon, ambulance and coach. 'Make ten miles an hour, or kill a pony!' is the order given to each rider, and it is faithfully obeyed. Two hundred and eighty miles have been made by this line in twenty-four hours.

Such is a picture of the road from St. Joseph to Denver, on almost any day in the months of the spring migration. It is an almost unbroken line of wagons and pedestrians for the entire distance. In the variety of outfits, the grotesque costumes of the emigrants, the inscriptions upon the wagons, the appearance of the teams, the woe-begone aspect of the weary walkers, and the complacency of those who ride, the rough and unpresentable *tout ensemble* of the few women to be seen — in all these there is sufficient to give the lover of the ludicrous constant enjoyment. But anon there may be a serious side to the picture. How many in that living panorama will enjoy the realization of their golden dreams? How many, now so joyous, will return at the approach of winter, cursing the day they started on that weary journey? How many will lie down to their long rest where fall the mountain shadows? How many a youth who left the paternal roof, pure and innocent, will return hardened and corrupted by contact with this semi-barbaric life? What deeds of crime, what suffering and penury, sorrow and remorse, will follow this search to satisfy the 'cursed thirst for gold!'

Marysville, in Kansas, is the last village of any importance passed by the traveller to the Western Gold Fields. It is situated on the Big Blue river, at the crossing of the old military road from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Kearney and California. It was started a few years ago by General Marshal, a noted

'border-ruffian,' but withal an agreeable and affable gentleman. He gallantly called the future metropolis 'Marysville,' in honor of his wife, and modestly named the county after himself. The city has great prospective and some actual importance. A railroad is confidently talked of to connect it with St. Joseph, the mines, and the Pacific Ocean. If you stop an hour or two, you will encounter a gentleman with a deal of dignity, who will kindly volunteer to show you through the town. After exhibiting the site of the court-house, and of the grand Union *dépôt*, the location for the cemetery, and several eight-story brick warehouses, he will bring up at a small groggery, and stand treat. At parting, after an affectionate shake of the hand, he will extort from you a promise to invest in Marysville lots on your return, sagely concluding, that if you now had any spare funds you would not be travelling to Pike's Peak. In your perambulations you will doubtless hear of fights and law-suits innumerable, for this little town has the reputation of being fonder of fist, knife and pistol encounters, and of settling them in courts, than any other in Eastern Kansas. Sometimes those who administer the law get strangely mixed up in its violation. On my first visit several men were arrested for the heinous crime of horse-racing. They anticipated and received an acquittal, for the wearer of the ermine had acted as 'judge' at the very race where the crime was committed. His honor had no idea of being *particeps criminis* in an offence against the law 'in such case made and provided.'

Leaving this frontier town, with its whiskey, its fights and its justice, we pass on to Fort Kearney. The fort is situated on the southern bank of the Platte river, on a fine grassy plain, and consists of scattered adobe and frame buildings, strong enough to afford protection from Indians, but of small avail against regular troops. One or more companies of 'our country's brave defenders' are always stationed here; and if one has letters of introduction to the officers, a few days can be passed pleasantly; otherwise, twenty-four hours will be dreary, and the visitor glad to move on. Now the road leaves the rolling prairie, and follows the level valley or 'bottom' of the Platte, broken from a smooth track by an occasional creek or water-course. The Platte is a wide and apparently majestic stream, but an examination convinces the traveller of the truth of the adage: 'Appearances are deceptive.' Like many a loud-mouthed declaimer, it lacks sadly in depth; it has not sufficient water to afford safe navigation to a good-sized cod-fish. Returning 'pilgrims' often attempt to descend it, but in only a few instances have they succeeded in reaching the Missouri, and then only by dragging their boats for hundreds of miles over shoals and quicksands. Fremont tells of a party of French fur-traders who were twenty-five days in going as many miles. In most cases emigrants are over-set in the eddies, and lose their entire outfits. Last year, a poor fellow who had dragged his boat to within a few miles of Fort Kearney, was thus overturned, and lost every thing, reaching that post with only a single shirt. So much for the Platte.

Occasionally on our route we find the bluff coming down to the river's edge, and in such places generally encounter sand. Sometimes in a warm day we see before us beautiful lakes, surrounded by pleasant groves, inviting us to

rest and repose. On a near approach they vanish, and we learn that this *mirage* of the western plains is just as deceptive as that we read of on the deserts of Africa. At the South Platte Crossing, where the road to California leaves that to Denver, and crosses the Platte river, Indians are usually found. Experience has taught these vagabonds of the plains that it is easier to beg and steal their subsistence from the emigrants than to get it by hunting. If, my dear reader, you have derived your ideas of the red-man from 'Hiawatha' and Cooper's novels, I am sorry for you, for your fancy will receive a sad check. Instead of a formidable individual, dressed with care and taste, and looking the personification of those beautiful pictures that adorn bank-notes, you will behold a miserable, unwashed and uncombed creature, wrapped in a blanket that may once have been clean and new, but is now sadly the worse for wear, and covered from head to foot with all varieties of the genus *pediculus*. Take care that he does not come too near, or in a day or two an 'itching palm' may not be the only cutaneous affection with which you are afflicted. These rascals will beg for flour, whiskey, sugar and tobacco, with the utmost pertinacity, and will steal whatever they can lay their hands on. The only words of English they are capable of are the names of the articles they desire, the word 'How,' used in salutation; 'heap' for describing quantity, and, perhaps, a few sentences of profanity.

From Beaver Creek there are two routes leading to Denver. The one by way of the Platte takes you past several old forts or trading-posts, now in ruins. They were erected years ago when the trade with the Indians and trappers of the west was of far greater importance than at present. The prices at which goods were sold in the by-gone days of trapper history would satisfy the most profit-loving of this money-making age. The trapper who had labored and suffered to procure peltries, betook himself to the fort whenever the size of his 'pile' warranted a visit. Here he bartered the furs for coffee, sugar or flour, paying one dollar for a pint of each, for rum four dollars a pint, and tobacco one dollar a plug. The trader had also 'a boot on the other leg,' for he sold the furs in the St. Louis market at a *small* advance on first cost. Beaver which he had bought at three dollars per pound, and paid for in goods at the above 'orful' rates, brought twelve dollars in hard cash. No wonder that traders were able to make their fortunes in a short time. Some of these wilderness forts were splendidly arranged. Bent's Fort, on the head-waters of the Arkansas river, had its principal apartments furnished with mirrors, chairs and sofas, in the highest style of the upholsterer's art. There were billiard-tables from the hands of the most approved makers, with a player expressly employed to amuse visitors. Tropical fruits of every variety, and all the adornments of a metropolitan board, were there in abundance. But now, alas! naught marks the sight of the 'Old Fort,' save a mass of blackened ruins.

Sixty miles below Denver is the 'big bend of the Platte,' where that river sweeps around, changing its course from north to east. At this point is Cherokee City, a newly-fledged St. Louis. By reference to the map that adorns the stock certificates of Cherokee, it will be seen that it has the Pacific Railroad passing through it, is environed by gold mines, and other beauties of nature;

and is, in fact, *the* place of all others in the far west. If you invest in this town, do so with the conviction that it will make you a millionaire.

As the road by the Platte is much longer than the 'cut-off,' we will take the latter, although it passes away from the river, and has but little grass and water. If from this cause we should lose any of our animals, (supposing we took neither the speedy nor the independent mode of transit,) you will be likely to consider it the 'unkindest cut-off (of) all.' We will risk it, at any rate. But pause a moment—do you see that little cloud on the horizon, hanging there without change, while all around is fast fading away? It is no cloud, my friend, but the Rocky Mountains in the distance. After our long journey over this treeless prairie, is it not cheering to gaze on those grand old cliffs, towering in majesty above this level waste? Watch them as you advance, and note the changes that come over the picture. Now their forms rise distinctly, and you can no longer doubt their reality. Their corrugated sides, adown which the huge avalanche has held its course, now bursts on your view. The hazy, deep-blue mantle which enveloped them is drawn away, and they now are dotted with an ashen veil thin as gossamer. Those first in view are dark with the forests of pine, while farther on the white-clad peaks of the snowy range stand clear and sharp against the western sky. To the north Long's Peak rises like some grim mountain sentinel, thrusting his bold outline full into view. That rounded summit, in the extreme south, rising far above the surrounding mountains, is Pike's Peak, the cynosure for which the weary eyes of all in this mighty caravan have so long been watching. We will yet stand on its highest cliff, and feast our eyes on the picture there spread before us. Now, however, we are on our way to Denver, more of the Peak hereafter.

As we ascend this ridge, cast your eyes down the valley of the Platte, and tell me what you behold. There, sure enough, is Denver, stretched for a mile or more along the river. Its motley group of brick, frame and log-houses is a welcome sight after our wilderness journey of seven hundred miles. That line of timber stretching from our left down to the centre of the town skirts the banks of Cherry Creek, at whose *embouchure* the first gold in the Pike's Peak region was discovered. Those white dots along its margin are the tents of emigrants like ourselves, who have reached their journey's end, and are now resting from their fatigues. 'How far is it from Denver to the Mountains?' 'A mile or two,' you may answer; but if some day you attempt it, you will find it at least twelve miles, and those liberal measure. It takes some time to become accustomed to the deception of this wonderfully clear atmosphere. Yonder is a flag floating from a staff in the centre of the city, and near it you can discern the outline of a huge warehouse. We will quicken our pace, and halt as soon as possible, at the door of some friendly hotel. But pause! before we enter the city of the living, let us glance at the city of the dead. Even this young metropolis has its cemetery, and here, two miles from the busy streets, it is located. Nine-elevenths of those lying here met violent deaths; the revolver and the bowie-knife have been far more destructive than disease, and here are their victims. No pains have as yet been taken to adorn and beautify

this burial-ground ; it does not even boast an inclosure. Let us pass on, our business is not with the dead but with the living.

Almost the first building on our left is a small frame-house, some fourteen by twenty feet, with a modest little kitchen in the rear. Six Pike's Peakers reside here, and as they are at home this fine morning, and we happen to know one of them, we will enter. The house is like many habitations in Pike's Peak ; what an Easterner would call a mere shell, being entirely innocent of lath or plaster. Its one room boasts of a pine table which serves alike for dining, writing, and whist-playing purposes. One of the occupants indulges in the luxury of a chair, but the remainder consider it an unwarranted extravagance, and content themselves with those modest articles of household economy known as 'three-legged stools.' That bed in the corner nightly holds a pair of sleepers, while their four friends take their rest at their places of business. Yonder mahogany desk in the opposite corner, once adorned an editorial sanctum in Cincinnati, and afterward in Kansas. That shelf holds a diminutive library ; and among its volumes are Webster's Dictionary, several books of travel, Shakspeare's Works, and Kames' Elements of Criticism. A miscellaneous array of reading matter, indeed !

While we are glancing around the room, the cook, an ebony-complexioned fellow, exulting in the name of Sam, enters to prepare the table for breakfast. Sam is a bright, active fellow, and is the same darkey who, while acting as barber in Lecompton, refused to shave Governor Medary by the month, because, as he expressed it: 'Kansas Gub'ners don't stay dere month out; dey is mighty onsartin, anyhow.' With care Sam spreads the cloth, arrays the crockery, and places the dishes in order. The four outside members of the family having entered, we will postpone our hotel visit, and accept an invitation to take our morning meal with them. All are seated at the table, and while cooling our coffee we will take a look at the assemblage. The man at the head has been a miner in California, a stage-driver in Australia, a land speculator in Iowa, and is now a merchant in Pike's Peak. That youth at his right, in appearance barely eighteen, has been two voyages up the Mediterranean. The individual on the left came from the old Bay State years ago, and has pretty well rambled over the indefinite region known as 'out west ;' he took an active part in the Kansas wars, spent three long months in the famous Lecompton prison, and finally escaped with a few scars to give him occasional remembrance of old times. That bearded fellow, so busy with his coffee and beefsteak, is a traveller of twenty years' experience. With buffalo and polar bears, elephants and Esquimaux, Parisians and Tahitians, corn-bread and curry, cava and cocktails, he is equally familiar. Engage him in conversation at some leisure time, and you will find him interesting. The fifth is a journalist who has taken notes among Cincinnati pork-dealers, Kansas fights, Choc-taw fevers, Arkansas bowie-knives, Missouri lead-mines, New-Mexican *hombres*, and Pike's Peak miscellanies. The sixth, and last, is also a journalist, whilom principal of a flourishing academy in the Granite State. Though but a few months in the country, he is as good a Peaker as the next man, and says life here is a pleasant change from its quietly civilized condition at the East. We have briefly described each one of the semi-dozen, and if you look around you, you will find that every collection of the same number of individuals contains

nearly as miscellaneous an assortment as the preceding. And now, bidding our friends good morning, we will saunter down-town.

Denver is situated on the south fork of the Platte, some fifteen miles from the base of the Rocky Mountains. It is on the prairie which has here a gentle slope toward the river, except at the point of union between the valley and the plain above, where the ascent is quite sharp. The soil is gravelly and of a peculiar character, that makes the streets always excellent. There is too much gravel to allow the soil to adhere to one's feet, and enough finer earth to make the roads 'tread' well. Nature has done every thing in the way of paying this city of the west. Occasionally the wind raises a cloud of dust, but it is nothing in comparison with the same in Eastern Kansas or Western Missouri.

In one respect Denver differs from Washington; the latter is a city of magnificent distances, the former one of magnificent expectations. Denver was originally laid out to contain twelve hundred and eighty acres, an area sufficient for its growth in a long time. Its western boundary was the famous Cherry Creek. But very soon some enterprising gentlemen laid out the town of Aururia on the opposite side of that stream, containing just as much of the earth's surface as its older rival. A few weeks afterward the town of Highland, located on the north bank of the Platte, and separated from Denver only by that river, saw the day. That also contained the same amount of land as Denver. Recently the three have been united under one management, and are known as the city of Denver. The grand consolidated city has, therefore, an area of six square miles, beside numerous additions that have been made by enthusiastic speculators. The landed property has not been held in peace and quietness. On two or three occasions portions of the town have been 'jumped' or forcibly seized, by men who were desirous of owning without the formality and inconvenience of buying. This jumping led to collisions between the authorities and the jumpers, and in the settlement of their disputes, the rifle and the revolver acted as judge and jury. The holders of land have as yet no title, as the country still belongs to the Indians; but it is hoped the aboriginal claim will soon be extinguished, and in that case the squatter principle of 'first to occupy' will be good. Larimer, Blake, Ferry, and F, are the principal business streets. The first, named after one of the early settlers, boasts of several brick and a goodly number of frame buildings, occupied by merchants, mechanics, groggery-keepers and land-speculators. Parallel with it is Blake-street, its name perpetuating that of an enterprising youth from the Bay State. Here are the same classes of buildings as on Larimer-street, but they are far more numerous. The latter is comparatively quiet, while Blake-street is ordinarily a scene of bustle and confusion. At mid-day one sees there freight and emigrant-wagons, ambulances, horsemen, footmen, loose cattle, Indians, 'greasers,' dogs, hogs, gamblers and auctioneers, all mingled together in most admired disorder. Above the din of the crowd are heard the mellifluous tones of the last-named gentry crying their wares. Until the enforcement of a late city ordinance prohibiting the practice of their vocation in the streets, gamblers were accustomed to gather on the side-walks

and 'take in' the verdant ones. 'Who bets on the ace of clubs; the ace of clubs, gentlemen, is the winning card. The ace, the ace; whoever turns the ace wins the twenty dollars.' Such is the style in which they court the fickle goddess. They have also a harmless little game wherein a strap is rolled in such a way as to present three loops, and the bystander is at liberty to bet his money and put a small stick in the loop that he thinks will catch when the strap is unrolled. The beauty of the operation is, that not one of the loops will catch, and the better is sure to be the loser. With such and similar amusements do the sporting gentry of Denver while away their time.

Before the United States mail reached this city, all the letters to Pike's Peak were brought by the Overland Express Company, and in June or July last a double line of men, reaching oftentimes nearly to the corner of the next block, could be seen on the arrival of each tri-weekly coach. As many as twelve thousands letters have been received at this office in a single week. The manager of the postal department was once post-master of Sacramento, and has served in the same capacity in two or three cities of the East. He is famous for his memory of names and faces, a quality quite essential for a good post official. The coaches for St. Joseph start from this office, and it is amusing to hear the parting words to those bound States-ward.

'Good-by, old fel. Have you got whiskey enough?'

'I say, Jack, you'd better crop your har before you get to Cottonwood. The Injens thar jest love a scalp like yourn.'

'Tell Dave's wife that he's married to a squaw, and she need n't come out.'

The superintendent hands up the way-bill; the passengers reach from the coach and give a final hand-shake, take a parting drink to good luck, the whip cracks, and off go the mules on their way to the rising sun. On the arrival of each coach from the States, a crowd gathers to witness the debarkation of passengers and the unloading of express matter. In fact, one of the standard amusements of Denver is a visit to the express-offices on the arrival and departure of the coaches.

In speaking of this branch of business, the office of Hinckley and Company on the same street should not be forgotten. They have lines to the States, to all the mining districts in the mountains, to Colorado and Cañon Cities on the Arkansas River, and to Taos and other parts of New-Mexico. Wherever there are people enough to make it desirable, Hinckley and Company are sure to establish an express. In the months of June, July, August and September of the year 1860, this company transported sixty-three thousand one hundred and fifty-two letters between Denver and the mining region alone. From this office a coach starts weekly for St. Joseph *via* Fort Kearney and Omaha, Nebraska, under the auspices of the Western Stage Company, a gigantic concern that has its lines throughout nearly all the great West. It is the intention to make the service on the Denver and St. Joseph route a tri-weekly one. A short distance from the express office is the mint and banking-house of Clark, Gruber and Company. The only money coined in Pike's Peak is from this establishment. Several gentlemen of the press, among whom the author was physically con-

spicuous, witnessed the first coinage of Rocky Mountain gold in the basement of that three-story brick. Well does he remember with what politeness Clark produced a bottle, labelled 'Old Bourbon,' and with what eagerness the press (present company excepted) expressed its contents. He has in mind the gravity with which a youthful journalist propounded the following:

'Why are we now unlike our friends at the East?'

No one in his auditory could tell, and after a due pause the young man gasped faintly:

'Because, while they take mint in their whiskey, we take our whiskey in the mint.'

He survived, and is now doing well.

This firm has already coined upward of a half-million dollars, and sent to the East large amounts in gold-dust. Their coin is a great benefit to the country, obviating as it does the necessity of weighing gold-dust in commercial transactions. Those who do not appreciate the convenience of coined money should live a year in a country where unwrought gold is the circulating medium.

The crowds in this street, like all gatherings in a new country, are of a motley character. We will pass the 'great unwashed' without notice, and fix our attention on that mulatto-visaged man arrayed in a rough suit, and with feet covered with moccasins. He is portentously known as Captain Beckwourth. A few years ago he published a book giving an account of the scenes and incidents in his life, and especially of nine years during which he was head chief of the Crow Indians. Engage him in conversation, and you will find him ready to launch upon his favorite topic and recount marvellous stories of his past career. He tells us he was the happy husband of eight dusky wives when he was 'big Injin' in the Crow nation.' He has lately taken to his bosom a ninth bride, and the charming couple are enjoying the saccharine period, yclept 'the honeymoon,' in a small cabin about three miles above Denver. That tall, fine-looking man, with a form like Adonis, is an ex-filibuster. He served in Nicaragua under the 'grey-eyed man of destiny;' was a prisoner of state in Mexico, and worked for a year on the roads of that land of *aguardiente* and *frijoles*. He has been in numerous fights on the frontier, bears the scars of a dozen wounds inflicted by sword and bullet, and is yet good for a dozen more. That smooth-faced and smiling personage by his side has likewise been a filibuster. He visited Central America at the time of Walker's first expedition, and in the haste of his departure left behind a splendid law library. He is now editing a Pike's Peak newspaper, is also in the practice of the law. That slender-framed and modest-appearing man who shrinks from the gaze of the crowd, is one of whom you have often heard, but whose name it will be difficult for you to guess. You might take him for a Pennsylvania farmer at first glance, but there is something in his features indicative of character. He is none other than Kit Carson, the famous mountaineer, around whose name so much of romance is clinging. He resides in Taos, New-Mexico, three hundred miles south of Denver; and is here merely on a visit. That personage behind the small bar facing the street, and engaged alternately in selling whiskey and dealing

monte, was once professor in an Eastern college, and afterward minister of the Gospel in Western New-York. Near him is the stand of a former Kansas deacon, now a dealer in whiskey and other like commodities. But notice that slight frame and womanly face, from which a huge cigar protrudes. John Phoenix, when in charge of the San-Diego *Herald*, advertised for a small boy to work about the office, and added as postscript: 'No young woman in disguise need apply.' This would seem a superfluous appendage to a public notice, but it would be necessary in Pike's Peak, for 'female women' in male attire are occasionally seen; and the specimen now under contemplation is 'one of 'em.' Lastly comes a 'greaser' or New-Mexican native, clad in the *sombrero* and *serape* of his region, with a pair of enormous spurs attached to his heels and jingling at every step. He would not be seriously injured if held under a pump for the space of half-an-hour.

Denver Hall, a notorious gaming and drinking-saloon, deserves a passing notice. It is a building some twenty-five by sixty feet, and its single apartment is nightly thronged by an eager multitude. Around the hall are ranged tables, behind which are seated professors of 'the art of making money by easy process.' Grouped around these tables are those who trust their fortunes on the turn of a card or the revolving of a wheel, and it is interesting to watch the countenances of the betters as the games go on. A band of music occupies an elevated position, and the bar on the left-hand corner has a most liberal practice. The air is vitiated with tobacco-smoke and the odor of bad whiskey. Oaths and ribald songs and jests are heard, and a fight is looked upon as an occurrence scarcely deserving of notice. In addition to the above disagreeables, the frequenters of the place have a way when drunk of letting off revolvers, sometimes selecting a mark, and at others making only a general and miscellaneous shot. To a nervous and quietly-disposed individual these non-particularized bullets are not at all agreeable, and he is glad to get out of their range as speedily as possible.

The drama is not unknown in Denver. A theatre is in nightly operation in a hall on Larimer-street, where tragedies and comedies are enacted, to the delight of the two or three hundred that compose the audience. In constant attendance, and occasionally on the stage, can be seen the famous 'wheel-barrow man,' a plucky printer, who came to this country in the early times, trundling a fine specimen of an 'Irishman's coach' all the way from Kansas City. With him usually appears a sedate foreigner, known as Count Murat, who asserts with great vehemence that he is nephew to the King of Italy. How are the mighty fallen! The audience that assembles there is composed almost entirely of the sterner sex. It is rude and boisterous, and gives vent to its feelings in a most demonstrative manner, but the visitor will seldom hear expressions absolutely coarse and indecorous. One dollar is the price of admission to this temple of Thespia.

The architecture of Denver is exceedingly varied. The most modest habitation that met my gaze during numerous perambulations through the consolidated city, was a wagon-body removed from the wheels, and furnished with a stove and other house-keeping comforts. In this snug domicile lived a Missouri

native with his wife and three children. One degree above this is the tent of canvas which has served for shelter on the plains, and is now used as a local habitation. Next is a small frame or log basement, some four or six feet in height, with an upper part, or roof, of canvas—a style of architecture quite popular with the keepers of one-horse grogeries. Better than this is the log-cabin, with a floor of mother earth: a roof of poles, covered with dirt; a rude chimney, composed of sticks, stones and mud, but with no mode of lighting the domestic retreat, save through the opened door. The early settlers considered such accommodations quite palatial. Then come frame-buildings of all grades and descriptions, and last on the upward scale are the fine three-story brick warehouses that adorn the principal business streets. Stone has not yet come into use as a building material. Nowhere, in a city of five thousand inhabitants, can be shown such a diversity of architectural taste as in Denver.

A two-story frame building in the middle of Cherry Creek (which, by the way, is a mythical stream, being destitute of water) attracts the attention of the curious. It faces in no particular direction, and its corners are of the geometrical order of angles known as acute and obtuse. It is the place whence emanates the *Rocky Mountain News*, as a huge sign on the roof proclaims. The senior editor will tell you that his office was thus oddly shaped to ward off the force of the severe winds, but the Recorder's books show that the lot on which the building is located is of just such shape as the domicile indicates. In the spring of 1859, before the country had become convinced of the *reality* of Pike's Peak, a press and printing materials were started from Omaha for these western gold-fields. Arriving in the month of March, the owners went immediately at work, and in a few days thereafter appeared the initial number of the *Rocky Mountain News*. It is now by far the best daily and the most attractive weekly newspaper west of St. Louis. Its editors are human curiosities, and worthy of niches at Barnum's. The senior was 'raised' in Ohio. He has been a pioneer settler in Iowa, Nebraska, Oregon and Pike's Peak; has acted as Government surveyor in all those territories, excepting the last; has been four times over the plains; was once shot and badly wounded in an attempt to quell a riot; and on numerous occasions has listened to the pleasing whistle of a bullet in close proximity to his head. 'Moving accidents by flood and field' he can relate without number. The junior, an ardent admirer of a huge meerschaum, is by birth a New-Yorker. He has published papers in Buffalo, Chicago, Melbourne, New-Zealand, Peru and California. Australia and adjacent lands, many isles of the Pacific, South-America, and all parts of the United States, have received the impress of his restless foot, and where next he may turn up, it is difficult to imagine. A novelist might make a fine two-volume romance from the history of these two men. If he had, in addition, the career of each of the workmen in the composing and press-rooms—no less than four of whom have been editors of daily papers in various parts of the Union—the 'Scottish Chiefs' would be a mere nothing.

Journalism at Pike's Peak, like the course of true love, does not run smooth. Repeated shots have been fired at the *News* office by indignant 'roughs;' the editors have been assaulted at various times, and on a few occasions their lives

have been in great jeopardy. In July last, as the senior editor was quietly seated in his sanctum, several ruffians entered, and two of them presenting cocked revolvers at his head, requested him to take a pleasant walk with them to a gambling-saloon a few squares distant. As their invitation was *pressing*, he accepted it, and proceeded to the place designated. He was saved from being there shot down only by a stratagem of the saloon-keeper. Every few weeks a threat of cleaning out the *News* office is made by its enemies, and the whole corps, from the 'devil' upward, is prepared to resist such a purifying process. The sanctum abounds in guns and revolvers, always at hand; and in squally times each man in the composing-room has a 'six-shooter' by the side of his copy. The foreman sports a huge 'navy' at his belt, and the roller-boy is ready to support the honor of the establishment with the weapon of his branch of trade. Pleasant business, publishing newspapers at Pike's Peak!

Law is not by any means unknown in Denver. The gentlemen of the green bag are quite numerous—more numerous, in fact, than learned, though there are a few men of ability among them. The territory being as yet unorganized, there is no regular and acknowledged system of laws. The various Solons of this embryonic Athens uphold different modes of dealing out justice, as their fancies or their educations impel them. Some are in favor of the United States laws, and others are clamorous for those of the Territory of Kansas; some desire the enforcement of the ordinances of the 'people of Denver,' and others see great poetic beauty in the code of the Provisional Government; a few of the legal practitioners desire a general and miscellaneous combination of the four. The 'Provisional Government of Jefferson' had its origin during the babyhood of the Territory. At that time the fossilized political loafers who had wandered from various parts of the States to Pike's Peak, set about putting in order the confused elements found there. Conventions were held, elections instituted, legislatures convened, and laws passed. Thus sprung into existence the famous Provisional Government, in which nearly all the officers were self-elected and also self-paid. A few men of respectability among them give a little vitality to the institution, but the majority bear too strong a resemblance to the Bowery boy or the steam-boat deck-hand to figure to advantage in high position. A court under this government is a decided curiosity. In one that I entered not long since, the judge occupied the highest seat in the tribunal, dealing out justice to the litigious. A pair of dilapidated pants covered his nether extremities, and outside their terminations was a pair of huge stogy boots. Covering his shoulders was a shirt that for a long time had not seen a washerwoman; and around his waist a belt, holding full in view an enormous bowie-knife and a navy revolver. Out of his rosy face and unkept beard protruded a common clay pipe, from which the smoke of vile tobacco rose like incense, and adown his chin two rivulets of amber-colored saliva held their meandering way. The prosecuting attorney sat on the stove, (it was warm weather,) and the opposing counsel was ensconced on a huge billet of wood. In corresponding freedom from the conventionalities of fashionable life were the jury, litigants and

spectators. At least one-half of those present were solacing their cares with the smoke of

'SUBLIME tobacco, which from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labor and the Turkman's rest.'

Murderers are generally tried by a 'People's Court,' or in other words, by the celebrated Judge Lynch. Every thing is conducted with the utmost fairness to the accused, and he is allowed all that he would receive in a regular court at the East, with the exception of the benefit of technicalities. After the sentence has been given, it is brought before the people present in the following manner :

'Shall the decision of the Judge, with regard to the prisoner now before you, be carried out? All in favor will answer 'Ay.'

'Ay.'

'Those opposed will answer, 'No.'

'No.'

It is seldom that the response of the people is not in the affirmative.

The first account of gold in this region that ever crossed the Missouri river appeared in a Boston journal in the spring of 1858. In the autumn of that year, many residents of the towns along the Missouri river started for the auriferous land. 'Cities' in abundance were laid out, the most of which still remain *in statu quo*. But little else was done farther than to ascertain that gold really existed in the Pike's Peak region. In 1859 a large emigration, principally from the Western States, passed over the plains, the most of which 'stampeded' soon after its arrival. In 1860, the number of those who arrived in the mining region was not far from seventy-five thousand, and it was composed of a much better class than those who made the *hegira* of the previous year. Rich placers were opened and worked, quartz-mills set in successful operation, explorations made, proving the existence of gold in all the country between Fort Laramie and El Paso, the soil cultivated and found to be exceedingly fertile, and every thing promised the rapid development of the land beyond the plains. Now the cañons and gorges of the Rocky Mountains are alive with men toiling to move from its resting-place the glittering metal which charms alike the savage and the civilized eye. The steam-whistle and the mill-stamp awake the echoes where but lately the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther were the only sounds. An enormous influx of the hard-handed sons of toil is pouring in the present year, and very soon Pike's Peak will bear no mean comparison with California and the other gold countries of the world.

'THE STARS AND STRIPES.'

BROTHERS! wave high our banner proud,
With blood of patriots crimsoned gory:
The stars that gem its azure cloud
Are souls of heroes, set in glory.

M O R N I N G .

BY P. F. REED.

ALL hushed and still, the voiceless air
Is sleeping in the vale ;
The morning rises fresh and fair,
Like a veiled nun from holy prayer,
And her dewy light is pale.

AURORA now, in robes of red
And chariot of fire,
Arises from her azure bed,
With urn of flame by PHŒBUS fed,
And lights the gloomy pyre ;

And marching up the starry dome,
Out-blooms each starry ray ;
Proclaiming from her mystic tome,
The glorious god of day has come
To chase the gloom away.

The blushes on her brow of light,
The crimson of her crest,
That lights the interlunar night,
Are melting to a pearly white
Adown the distant west.

The summer sun, in mellow hues,
The landscape now is steeping ;
The fleet AURORA still pursues,
While kissing up the crystal dews
The night flowers have been weeping.

The merry lark, with song of praise,
Has scaled the misty wall,
And laves her in the genial rays,
And sings her merry matin lays,
Above its floating pall ;

All nature smiling ushers in,
From mid-night's silent sadness,
The purple Morn with sandals green,
The summer morn so fair and sheen,
With notes of joy and gladness.

DOCTOR BROWN,

AND HOW HE DROWNED HIS CARES.

BY J. K. BRYANT.

It is common, in Chicago, for young business men to furnish and occupy private rooms in the upper story of some large building, such as a bank or store. This arrangement is pleasant—too pleasant, I may say, for it gives a sort of fatal facility and fictitious felicity to bachelor-hood; and, indeed, married men have been known to enjoy the freedom of this mode of life more than suited the wishes of their amiable spouses, who have not yet been able to screw up their courage to come 'out west.' (In my own private opinion, the worst of it is, that men quite free from domestic cares and interests, are apt to grow sentimental, not being momentarily pulled down to inevitable realities, like family men.)

In such a bachelor's hall lived the young Doctor and I; and unto us came, adventitiously, I declare, Jack, an estray, who would be the hero of this tale, except that he has two more legs than it is fashionable to allow to the heroes of tales—and besides, he has a caudal appendage of his own. We first thought of calling him Cortex, on account of his bark, and also of his great swimming powers. But we agreed that would be too professional. So, after mature reflection, we fixed upon 'Ejaculation' for his Sunday-go-to-meeting name, his name to be lectured and punished by, and 'Jack' for short. It was funny to see the deprecatory depression which came over Jack's ears and tail when called by his whole, formal, many-syllabled cognomen. It was, to him, the shadow of 'coming events.' I tried hard to win Jack's affections, but he obstinately preferred the Doctor, who took little notice of him. He would much rather follow him, who drove him back, than me, who called him. So in the pursuit of happiness—but we have no time to moralize. Suffice it to say, Jack became the Doctor's unprized and undisputed property.

As soon as Jack was made to understand that the Doctor's piano-playing was *not* meant to serve as an accompaniment to his (Jack's) voice, we got on admirably together. We had to shut him, and his noisy sympathies, up in another room, when the accident cases came, and they were not few, for our rooms fronted on Lake street, the Broadway of Chicago. His green P's the Doctor used to call these cases; Prime Professional Practice and Precious Poor Pay, falling, as such opportunities do, mostly to the lot of good-natured men or beginners.

I liked nothing better than to assist at the treatment of these cases, when needed; (and my thoughts, I find, have taken something of a medical or surgical turn ever since.) But the case that I watched with the greatest interest was one wherein the young Doctor himself was the patient, as well as the

physician; and the coyness of a certain young lady, the wheel that had run over him. The almost romantic openness of Brown's character, made it easy to trace the progress of his love-affair. When in good spirits, it seemed to him as if his idol favored him, and as if all his fears were cowardly and foolish; her coyness being only the natural maiden modesty, without which she would be a vastly less charming girl than she was. An extra cup of coffee, or a good segar, would put this rose-colored aspect on his affairs. On the other hand, hard work, and its consequent cool reflection, would make him feel that his hopes were a vain chimera, and his fears a grim reality.

Our story opens at the time when Miss Evans refused Doctor Brown. She did not do it in words, but it was just as effectual as if she had used the whole armory of phrases that girls are said to keep ready for such occasions — sentences that fall as cold on men's hearts as water on the faces of the drowning. Miss Evans had never in her life had occasion to use those deadly phrases, for she was never a flirt, and her admirers were never fools; and without a flirt on one side, or a fool on the other, there should never be a rejection in words. So, when the mitten she was quietly knitting for the Doctor became too plainly evident for even the eyes of love to remain blind to it, and his common-sense told him he could have it for the asking, he wisely concluded not to ask for it. Whereupon we may suppose that Time ravelled it all out again, and that the yarn from this ravelling is the yarn I am now spinning over.

'*Angina Pectoris*,' groaned the poor fellow, in answer to my question as to what ailed him. I had only asked, because not to do so would have been a confession that I knew already.

His beloved piano had been untouched for days. Jack, in dim consciousness that something was wrong, had tried in vain all his little ways of attracting his master's attention. And there lay my room-mate, confidant, and friend, prone and face-hidden; his hands rigidly clasped above his head, and every movement and every interval of quietude showing the struggle of a strong heart with a great grief. 'Anguish of the breast,' indeed it was, albeit not exactly of the kind to which the Faculty have given that dreadful name.

The world gives its sympathy to the weak and helpless, and has little left for the sufferings of strong men. And yet, perhaps, the stronger and nearer perfection the organization, mental and physical, the greater the capacity for both joy and pain. The kind numbness that mother Nature provides to set a limit to human endurance, comes soon to deaden the pains of womanhood and childhood, (first or second,) but holds aloof long, long, in the case of the strong man, before the worm dies in the fire unquenched. But the sympathies of the world will never be changed by argument, though reasons were as plenty as blackberries; so we men must be content with the comforts and consolations that belong to us, and not go begging for more. If our ills are slow to go, they are also slow to come. The loving mother, before mentioned, shields and pads over our hearts, figuratively, as well as literally speaking. If bodily pain, or mental griefs, came on with all their poignancy at once, who could bear it? But through the thick ribs of sturdy hope, and the stout pads of vanity, the blows only reach our hearts deadened and softened. Once in a

while, (but rarely, thank God!) the stroke comes crashing in, through ribs and all, and then — the sufferer dies, I suppose. I never knew of a case.

Our hero's was no such one, at any rate. Although he carefully forbore all particular attentions, he hoped against hope, for a time, first, that he might be mistaken; then that Miss Sara might change her mind, though he knew that would be a miracle. Then sweet, self-consolatory vanity offered reasons for his failure. Perhaps she was already in love with some other man. Perhaps her health was not as good as it seemed. Perhaps some one had slandered him to her. It was not till days and weeks had passed, that he came to the wise conclusion, that he was unsuccessful simply because he was not nearly so fine a fellow as he had always thought himself, and quite as far from being irresistible as the rest of us.

Youth, health, courage, occupation, and elastic spirits *versus* wounded pride and disappointed love — the result could not long be doubtful. The struggle was terrible while it lasted, for the same manly qualities that strengthened one side, strengthened also its opposite. My friend ate, slept, and talked little, and smoked much; and so looked a little pale and thin. But it was a mere question of time. Time is the panacea, which, I verily believe, will cure all earthly ills, provided you only take enough of it. Try it. If the first dose does not cure, take another and a larger one.

The Doctor confessed to me afterward, that he had another prescription which benefited him immensely. He was called to attend a poor fellow with cancer on the face. A hopeless case — poverty — advancing age — unavailing desire for strong drink, and an agonizing disease! My friend assured me that shame at his own repinings, when he had not one of these horrors to complain of, was his first step toward reinstatement in good sense and good humor. He took his dose twice a day, and oftener if he found it necessary, and the poor wretch he was serving, while thus disciplining himself, must have wondered at the faithful, kindly, marvellous attentiveness with which his new doctor smoothed the last stages of his journey to the grave.

I have already intimated that I despair of making Brown's distress touching to the general reader as it was to me. Yet I would defy any one to see, unmoved, the way the poor fellow took his disappointment to heart. Keenly, keenly, was he cut by every word and look, whereby the innocent destroyer of his peace showed her joy at the change he constrained himself to make in his manner — from lover-like to friend-like — more keenly than he would have been by the openest disdain she could have expressed. My private opinion is, that she must have been somewhat to blame, thus to mislead his usually sagacious mind. But if I had thought best to utter this suspicion to Brown, I should probably have been sorry for it. In fact, the most discouraging symptom in his process of recovery was, the grave respect and admiration with which he always spoke of Miss Evans.

CHAPTER SECOND.

WE were sitting at breakfast, a few days or weeks after the Doctor really concluded that he was unmistakably a slighted man; a portentous gloom beclouded his face—even his drooping moustache seemed to partake of it—his hand was laid mechanically on the head of poor Jack, whose soft, brown eyes looked volumes of expostulatory deprecation of his master's low spirits.

The Doctor looked up, our eyes met, and I burst into an incontrollable laugh, wherein he deigned, albeit somewhat ruefully, to join.

'Old fellow,' said he——

'Old fellow,' said I——

'Will you oblige me by inquiring the price of board at the asylum for idiots?'

'With all the pleasure in life—on one condition.'

'Name it?'

'That you will give me a prescription for a friend of mine, who is troubled with 'Fractura Cordis.''

'Certainly,' said he, and forthwith wrote in his memorandum-book, tore out the leaf and handed it to me.

'R. Sp. Pr. Gl. z2, ter in die.'

I studied over it: 'Spirit—Pura—Glycerine——'

'Pure spirit of humbug!' he interrupted. 'You are a pretty chemist; do you think you could put up a prescription? That means 'Spalding's Prepared Glue, one bottle three times a day.'

'Oh! I see! by way of mending the fracture. Yes, I have often thought a *stick* would do good in many cases of heart-break. But it's refreshing to me to see a smile on your face.'

'If I could only keep it there without so much exertion. Why can't I?'

In the evening, I got him to sit down to the piano, and though he began with such things as the plaintive 'Songs without Words' of Mendelssohn, yet he was gradually led on through his *repertoire* of grand piano music-works, whose authors rank as benefactors of their race—Chopin, Liszt, Droyschhook, Blumenthal, Gottschalk.

The succeeding symptoms of Brown's slow recovery can be easily imagined. He soon took to being very industrious and very cross, for which latter manifestation Jack liked him none the less; but I, being neither a dog nor a woman, liked him not at all. So let us leave him in his savageness, and talk between ourselves.

'Why did not Miss Evans fall in love with the Doctor?'

My dear sir, (or madam,) heaven knows, and possibly, not probably, the lady herself. He is good-looking enough, I suppose. His face has the good-humored expression which springs from continued and unthought-of health, and his general appearance the grace that belongs with a consciousness of great bodily power and activity. He had always, before he met Miss Evans, been accustomed to the raising of unfounded hopes in the hearts of the other sex, rather than to suffering from them in his own.

'Perhaps it was a matter of poverty or riches that disinclined her.'

No, indeed, for he had neither. He was richer than she, for he had some money, and was steadily making more—much faster than she could do by making music-lessons, which she was dutifully doing to support her mother and herself. Possibly his chance might have been better if he had been richer, for Miss Evans's expressed belief was, that if two people loved each other enough to marry, it made little difference as to which party had the purse. The Doctor, on the other hand, vowed he would never marry a girl richer than himself, which probably meant, in his case as well as others, *unless* he fell in love with her.

'Why, in the world, then, should the Doctor fail, when the chances were so much on his side?'

I assure you, I am as much surprised as you can be, and so was all Chicago. What the world said was, that Miss Evans quite over-estimated her pretty face, (but this I can't allow;) that Doctor Brown, with his means, talents, manners, and connections, was as good a match as there was in the city; that Sara would 'go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last;' that the Doctor might thank his stars he was well out of it, for whosoever married Sara, married her mother too, etc., etc.

'Could it be that she had a horror of his profession?'

Scarcely; for women are apt to like doctors, whether of medicine or divinity; perhaps, because there is something mysterious and occult in their power. Women like to look forward to a comfortable confidence in those powers, (medical,) in the bodily ills which are only too surely part of their future lot, and to lean on those, (spiritual,) in the religious yearnings that form the angelic part of the true womanly nature.

'Then what do *you* think was the reason?'

Well, if you put it to me in that personal way, I must say that I think it was, because he fell in love with her first; and more, he let her see that it was so; and, worst of all, he let other people see it, too. He had that kind of insolent humility which says, 'I have nothing to conceal,' which really means: 'Whatever I do is good enough for all the world to know.' And although he knew that a little judicious neglect was what his cause needed, yet, as it was day where she was, and night where she was not, to him, he took no pains to curb his impatient yearning for the sweet intoxication of her society. This self-indulgence put on, for his eyes, the attractive garb of truth and candor. All very fine, Doctor, except that it failed of its object. How could any lady be expected to suppose that a hand so lightly at her disposal, had any weight in the world? It is a hand of iron under a glove of velvet that makes so good a surgeon, and so influential a business-man as the Doctor; but how could *she* suspect it, in whom, of all others, it was necessary to inspire respect, while the owner seemed to have nothing better to do than try to please her?

However this may be, such a season of distress, be the cause explicable or not, seems to form a barrier between boyhood and manhood. One is a boy till it comes, no matter how long it may be deferred, and when it is past, one is a boy no longer. Fate can never hurt him so badly again. It has no sharper

arrows in store, and the scar which that barb left, covers and protects the tenderest and most exposed nerve-point in his frame.

So much chat by way of by-play, while the Doctor is getting over his crossness. He gradually grew to be very much like his old self; but still the wound bled afresh whenever he met his darling, and watched with feverish regret and admiration her beauty, grace, and goodness, and her pitying, sisterly affection and solicitude to him-ward. Therefore was I moved to drag him away from town, to stay for a few days, or rather nights, at the Park View Hotel; a nice place on the lake-shore, near Chicago, where people can go and stay for the summer months, doing business in town as usual.

I say people *can* go there. They can, but they do not, or at least only a few do. There stands a beautiful hotel, excellently furnished and well kept, and almost empty! This is for the simple reason that Chicago, with its lake-breezes, its Michigan avenue drive and promenade on the lake-shore, its pleasant and respectable, though rather sober and (perhaps) puritanical society, elegantly housed, and, in short, its various and sundry appliances for comfort and luxury, (including a large Teutonic infusion into its population, bringing with it a great store of music, of course,) is as pleasant a summer residence as heart need wish. While I have lived there, I have found no temptation in my own mind, or the minds of my friends, to get away; except, always, that for each of us children of the dear old Atlantic States, there exists a Mecca, away off under the rising sun, toward which our hearts ever turn when praying, and our feet when free.

Never fear, ye sea-girt shores, ye beloved Mohawk, and Hudson, and Delaware, and Susquehanna valleys, or honored old New-England, mother of all good things—never fear that ye are forgotten by your westward-wandering children! Their home-sent thoughts and memories fall as thick and fast and silently on your unconscious hill-sides and roof-trees, as the softest autumn snow-storm. And the flakes lie there as quietly, ready to melt in sympathy with every beam of sunshine you enjoy, or to harden into a strong and present protection whenever the frosts of adversity shall threaten you.

It was a real pleasure to hear the Doctor touch the piano again, throwing his whole soul into the intricacies of those delicious masterpieces, as if he found fit expression for his feelings through them. He knew the uses of music, and he never played for show; but there was the true power in his playing; that which, for the time, brings the listener up to the level of the performer, in feeling, at least. And he enjoyed it, in spite of all sorrows. The lake, too, seemed to have a cheering influence on him. He gazed on it with dreamy eyes, as he paced its bank, smoking his segar, and sometimes amused Jack, by skipping stones along its surface for that childish quadruped to chase. And then the bathing; he said it cooled his head to dive; perhaps he hoped it might cool his heart, too. At any rate, dive he did, with a pertinacity I never saw equalled. Especially he loved diving from the side of an old stranded and half-sunken schooner, which lay in a nook not much frequented by the other bathers, whose frolics and noise were perhaps a little too much for a man determined to be gloomy. Wrecks are not voiceless, on our lake; they tell sad tales; and the Doctor had had his share in the sad scenes they bring us, and done his part in

the painful duties they demand ; for, though temporarily rather grim, he had the kindest heart in the world, and that warm and active sympathy of nature which wins love, irresistibly, from every soul, except, perhaps, the one person whom perversely such a nature chooses to single out for adoration. Lavished love is never prized at its worth ; that which comes when we least expect it, is exquisitely precious. Not most valuable, indeed, but most flattering, and, therefore, oftenest successful.

Down at Park View, there were some agreeable people, though their name was not legion, that not being a common surname, as yet, out West. Among the guests, Miss Evans and her mamma made their appearance at the hotel, one afternoon ; and when I saw the young lady's unaffected surprise at meeting the Doctor, and her entire absence of surprise at meeting my sister, it suggested itself to me that the last-named lady might possibly have had a hand in bringing Miss Evans down, although she would not own it to me, looking upon me as too confidential with Doctor Brown to be intrusted with so delicate a secret.

The pretty Sara was paler than she used to be. And thinner too. The rounded outlines of her perfect chin and throat were not so full as of old, and her straight eyebrows and smooth forehead seemed tightened, as if by backward pressure at the temples. Had she been thinking of any thing particular ? Do young ladies ever, on reflection, think they may have been mistaken in their own feelings at some past day ? Perhaps not. I dare say the fact is, that the dear good girl had worked hard, and only made a bare living for herself and her mother. Poor thing ! Dinging crotchets and quavers into little heads already full of crotchets of their own, and ready to break into very unmusical quavers of their own at having these original crotchets interfered with — this is hard work, and I fancy Miss Evans was beginning to see that her glorious independence was a pretty severe lot.

It is a good thing for her admirers, when any young girl begins to feel the need of something to lean on ; something unlike herself, the complement, as it were, of her nature ; having boldness contrasted to her modesty, ambition to her humility, logic to her conscience, justice to her benevolence, skepticism to her credulity ; in short, stubbornness to her pliability, and strength to her weakness, all through. Fortunate it is for us all that such feelings of need do come over girls, for if they did not, alas for our matrimonial chances ! We are none of us, of the sterner sex, modest enough, or humble or conscientious or benevolent or pliable enough to be acceptable, according to the standard the dear beings set for themselves — and each other.

To some such state of mind had our beauty, our heroine, just arrived. If her surviving parent had been father instead of mother, I think it probable that she would have clung to him with perfect contentment and fulness of joy. But then this history would never have been written, for she would have asked no hero but her father, and if he had lived only a few years, why — she would have been an old maid, and that's all !

'But as he did not live — of course — the Doctor ——'

Exactly, madam. The Doctor *might have* now pressed his suit with good prospects of success, if he had not, months before, made his throw, and lost.

As it was, he had, in his own opinion, no better chance than any one else. Not so good, in fact, for he would have much to unbuild before he could begin building a fabric of romantic attachment, in place of the terrible 'friendly regard' in which Sara coolly held him.

So the Doctor took his walks alone, or with Jack, and Sara took hers alone, or with her mother, each probably thinking on the subject to him and her most agreeable in the world — namely, Sara Evans. And the summer wore on, and the Doctor played soft music, and Miss Evans went and came, and if it were not that you know that I should have no business to tell a story unless it had a better ending than this would be, you might as well shut the book, dear reader, for the case is hopeless. But take heart of grace, and we'll see what we shall see.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'Why, Jacu, what's the matter?' For Jack is coming up through the bushes, making the very best use of his lungs which is consistent with the very best use of his legs.

'Help! help! help! help!' he calls, almost as plainly as a man could say it. Then he bursts into view, and runs toward Miss Evans, with the most beseeching agony in his wild eyes. Next he seems to conclude, 'You are of no use — only a woman after all!' for he tears away toward the hotel; but suddenly turns, on seeing that there is no time to go there and back.

'Poor Jacu! Good doggy! Do n't Jack, you've torn my flounce!'

'Woe! woe! wo-o-o-oe!' Jack strains out, in inarticulate murmurs, through his teeth, clenched in Miss Evans's dress, as he pulls her with might and main toward the lake, swaying his head over and over, from side to side, in the intensity of his efforts to make her go with him.

'Suppose he should be mad! But no. His coat is soaking wet. Yes! yes! poor doggy! I'll come.'

'Bow-wow-wow' — ad infinitum, illustrated by insane rushes toward the lake, and back to, and round, Miss E. (Translation :) 'Oh! why don't you come faster! You'll be too late! I'd be ashamed to stand up on my hind feet, as you do, and go so slow, when something dreadful was happening,' or words to that effect.

'Yes, yes, poor Jacu! I'll come as fast as I can through these dreadful bushes. That's right! You go on down, and I'll be there presently.'

Then, as she comes in sight of the lake, rolling lots of stones down the steep bank, before her sliding footsteps —

'O horror! There he lies, dead on the deck of the schooner! No! It's only his clothing! He's drowned! What is that Jack has in the water? His master's hand! What can this mean? HELP! HELP! HELP!'

'Help! help! help!'

The mocking echoes replied. The old, plaintive howl came bubbling and gurgling from the poor dog's jaws, as he tugged away with might and main at the helpless hand, now disappearing with it, and now coming up again, his white fore-paws glistening quick and fruitlessly just beneath the surface.

'Sara,' she said to herself, 'now is your time of trial. Be true to yourself, and save a life.' Yet she shuddered, and looked wildly around to see if no other help was near. No! So she steps rapidly along the sunken rail of the schooner, in the cold, cruel, deepening water. She keeps a hand on the cabin sky-light, to steady herself as far out as that lasts — then there remain two terrible, unsupported steps beyond. She slips and staggers, with arms out-stretched, and that terrible mass of floating skirts around her; then she grasps the taffrail with both hands, and at last she has the cold, white hand in hers!

But the horrid, ghastly burden will not come! She pulls it, and finds it move a little. So far it follows the hand, as she draws it toward her, and then surges heavily and slowly back again, like some hideous load one dreams of in a nightmare. One more effort. The weird-looking, floating hair comes to the surface. She must lift the body away from the wreck a little; so, stooping forward, she lets go the friendly support, depending only on her poor little distant, uncertain feet, winds her arms round the unconscious neck, and lifts with all her remaining strength. The something that had held the body down, gives way, and it surges back no more.

It falls in almost easily, with one of her hands wound in the collar, while she steadies her steps with the other. Easily, that is, till the heavy shoulders strand on the sand of the beach, and then all her powers are no more than sufficient to drag the head up to where the waves will not overflow the face. There it lies! 'Oh! what shall I do?' she cries, as a flood of despairing tears mingle with the cold drops on the face; and the poor dog's yelping chimes in always with her fears. She rubs the hands with all her strength, but such a little effort seems absurdly ineffectual. Jack keeps on licking his master's face, and whining piteously. Sara tries to turn the inanimate frame on its side, as recommended in the 'Directions' for such cases. Vain! The square, slopeless shoulders lie there, like a cross of stone, and she cannot move them over. Can it be that this mass of thew and sinew shall never again be stirred by the power of its own life? Must she leave him for DEAD?

Oh! what *shall* she do? what *shall* she do? How produce one single contraction in those water-logged lungs? One more desperate effort. She falls on the broad chest, heavily, with both knees, and so suddenly as to startle back the dog; a gush of blood and water bursts from the mouth and nose of the drowned. The eyes unclose, and, after a moment of frightful wandering *strabismus*, their look settles on her face. The poor fellow has changed from a thing to a man again.

Now her task is done, but not her trial. After the first feeling of joy and relief, she turns sick and faint at thought of her own instinctive rashness. But soon, impelled by fear and shame, she turns to fly toward the hotel, as well as the yielding sand, and her soaked shoes, and heavy, heavy skirts will let her. At the distance of a few rods, she stops to breathe, and to look back and see whether he still seems to be recovering. Yes! he is resting on one elbow, exactly in the position of the Dying Gladiator, while the water, in fearful throes, pours up from his lungs.

Sara presses her hands to her burning face, as if she would crush her eye-balls back into her brain. 'Why must it be for *me* to do?' she says, as she hurries wildly along, in the vain effort to run away from her thoughts. 'Oh! how *could* I?' are the words often repeated; but the four words, as written and printed, give scarcely more of the harrowing sound that bursts from her lips than any other four words in the language would do. Some of us have heard the 'Oh!' of a woman in intense anguish of mind or body. It is made by a convulsive inspiration of the breath; not an expiration. But those who have heard it need no reminder, and as for those who have not, let us hope they never may!

The fates favored the dear heroine—they should be forever forsworn if they had not—and she reached the house unobserved, and soon found herself in her own room and alone, her mother being away in town. There my sister found her, soon after, hiding her face in her pillow, and sobbing as if her heart would break. But she would not tell a word, then, of what the matter was. The state of her clothing told a part of the story; but beyond that, the mystery was impenetrable. On the other hand, she made my sister promise never to tell even what she did know. Imagine the feelings with which the latter young lady closed the door, and left Sara to her secret!

When Brown found himself partially recovered, his first care was to find his presentable apparel, and get home somehow or other. Few thoughts occupied his cloudy and aching brain; yet he was generous enough, even then, almost to regret that Sara, sensitive and delicate to a fault, should have been fated to find him, and forced to act in so trying an emergency. An egotist, as much in love as he, might have thought, 'We love those whom we benefit,' and one could hardly blame him, either. But Brown's feeling was: 'Sara will be mortified if it should be known that she dragged me out of the water, and threw herself upon me to save my life.' So he went to bed and took some brandy, and then slept an hour or two, waking in time to appear at tea, as if nothing had happened. 'Miss Evans will not come down,' thought he, 'and there must not seem to be any simultaneity in our movements in the eyes of all these people, whom she will wish to keep in ignorance of her share in my afternoon's adventure.' Sara, by going through a similar course of reasoning, had come to the same conclusion; he would not get down, and if she were away, her absence might in some way be connected with his. So they were both there.

'Why, Doctor! *Doctor!* what is the matter with you? Your eyes are all bloodshot, and you look as if you had just seen your great-grandmother!'

'I came very near seeing her, and all my other deceased relatives, this afternoon.'

'Mercy! How? What do you mean? Do tell us all about it!'

'By the simple method of joining their society in the land of ghosts.'

(Chorus.) 'O dear!—how awful!'

'Yes, indeed, ladies. You'll probably none of you ever come so near—at least I hope not—except once; and then you'll never come back to tell of it.'

'Are you in earnest?'

'Certainly.'

'How was it, then?'

'I dove off the high side of the old sunken schooner, as is my custom of an afternoon, and suppose I must have struck my head on the davit which projects from the low side of the stern, but which I thought had been broken off and washed away long ago. I cannot speak to further particulars, from much practical knowledge of the matter, for the first I knew, Jack here was licking my face on the beach. And then I found a preposterous development of the bump of firmness on the top of my head; I suppose it must have absorbed some of that quality from the timber it struck.'

'Dear me! how horrid! And Jack saved you! How obliged we all are to Jack! Come here, Jackie! Come here, good dog!'

But Jack declined changing from the affectionate position of sitting with his chin resting on his master's knee, and gazing up into his face with all his eyes. That was happiness enough, now, for him, he thought. His tail described one semi-circle on the floor, when his master spoke his name, and laid his hand on his head; otherwise he might have been a beautiful canine statue cut in ebony and ivory, for all movement there was about him. But he seemed to experience a sudden change of heart in regard to the contempt in which he usually held young ladies. He withdrew his head from his master's hand, and walked quietly over to where Miss Evans was sitting, laid himself down in front of her, and fixed on her face the same soft, wistful eyes he had just been devoting to his master's.

And she: did she think that the proper way to appear unconscious was to sit silent and pale, with her head bent over her work, while such an account of peril to her friend was being recited? In truth, she did not think much about it — only wished the earth would open and swallow her up.

Fortunately for her, there was an explanation to her behavior, more evident than the true one, and it being at the same time a romantic theory, the company at once accepted it. Mysterious whispers might have been heard in most of the bowers of beauty at the Park View House that night. 'Did you see how pale Sara Evans looked when Dr. Brown was telling of his escape? It's all very fine for her to pretend she do n't care for him. I know better! The idea!' (They pronounced it 'the eyedy.') 'Just because she's pretty — or thinks herself so! I guess the Doctor'll never give her another chance! Good for her, too!' etc., etc.

My sister denied that she had any curiosity as to how Sara had come into such a plight of tears and be-draggled-ness. Curiosity! No, indeed! But she considered it her DUTY, she said, to insist on a full confession, as the only terms on which she could consent to conceal it from Mrs. Evans.

When poor Sara had made a clean breast of it, her sobs recommenced, and she would not be comforted. 'What *will* he think of me! I'm sure he would rather have died than that I should be the one to find him! I can never look him in the face again. Why *could* n't it have been any one else?'

'As to what he thinks of you, my dear, I do n't see that it's of much con-

sequence. 'You know that you've done your duty. That's enough! But if you really wish to know what he thinks about it, I can guess — and my guess is, that he thinks you are destined to be his guardian angel, whether you will or no, and that he'll come to-morrow and tell you so.'

A look of firm and threatening determination came over the dear, handsome face, as Sara disengaged herself from her indiscreet friend's arms, and they talked no more that night. When Miss Evans was alone in her own room, she thought — oh! dear, how savagely she did think!

'I did only what I would have done for a perfect stranger. He will come to thank me in the morning. I will receive him with icy unconsciousness, and leave the room instantly!'

Morning came, but the Doctor did not. He drove early to town.

'I dare say he will write me a note full of hateful gratitude. I know his hand, and will return it to him, unopened, through the mail!'

No note made its appearance.

The fact is, the Doctor had been cogitating too. He agreed with Sara in thinking she would have done as much for any stranger. Yet the proposition that his whole future object in life should be to give *her* comfort and spare *her* pain, seemed too obvious a one to call for any process of reasoning. It was evident from her behavior that the sight of him must always hereafter be painful to her. So those dear eyes should forever be a sealed book to him henceforth. She should never see him again. He could get into practice somewhere else, and there were plenty of doctors in Chicago. So that was settled.

Then he owed to her all he had in the world. What would his interests on earth be to him now if it were not for her? Whatever he had must be hers. It might, at least, lessen her anxiety for her mother's support. She could not object. She should not. She was never to see him again. He would not even give any thing to *her*, for fear of making her feel obliged to him — hateful idea! No! He would settle it on her mother. And his early ride to town was for the purpose of making arrangements to sell the two or three lots that represented his savings thus far in life.

Romantic, was n't it? But, remember, here was a woman with whom he was already as much in love as any man can be. Then add to this that she had put him under the greatest obligation that a man can be put under. And farther, it was of a kind that evidently made him repulsive to her! Then, if you were to ask me whether there was, behind all, a secret hope that she would regret him, when gone, and perhaps let him know of her regret; I cannot answer. Such chimeras do drive some lovers to sea, and some to suicide. I'm sure that if there was any such spring of action, the Doctor himself was unconscious of it. His only thought, as he hastened to make these 'little sacrifices' to her, was, regret that he could not do something more. I think it would have soothed his feelings to intercept a dragon, approaching to attack her.

He came down to Park View in the afternoon, hoping — yes, positively *hoping* that he should not meet Miss Evans. But there she was, walking the piazza with her mother, who had just returned. Others were there too, but

he scarcely saw them. Some of them managed to meet him just as he came up the steps.

'Why, Doctor! We hear that you are going away from Park View! You need not be afraid of the lake now. It won't hurt you if you don't go near it. We'll protect you.'

'I must really go back to town, Miss Chatterbox — Chatterton, I mean. You've no idea of the crowds of people who die every night, merely because I am not in my office to be called up and prescribe for them. Mourning goods are rising enormously in consequence.'

'Oh! nonsense. We shall all put on mourning if you go, so where is the difference? Besides, Mrs. — tells us that you have decided to move away from Chicago.'

'Yes, I fear I am becoming too necessary to Chicago, and if I stay, people will forget how to die without my treatment.'

'Oh! don't talk so, for mercy's sake! To be sure, there are some people that I shouldn't like to see live forever! But do you know you are late for our boat-ride, and you see we're all ready — or have you forgotten all about it?'

It was too true — the Doctor had forgotten his engagement; but he put the best face he could on the matter. Mrs. Evans and her daughter were of the party. Sara noticed that his hand did not even close on hers as he helped her in. 'Surely,' thought she, 'he'll want to pull in this boat.' Not he. 'Jump in,' he called cheerily to me, 'and pull for your life, for I'll be after you like a hurricane.'

Miss Evans said nothing during the sail; perhaps her thoughts were fixed on the sinewy arms that were propelling the other boat round and round ours.

The saddle-horses met them at their return. Miss Evans had to forego on that occasion, the accustomed assistance of the Doctor's firm hand in mounting. He was very deeply engaged in some mysterious complication in the arrangement of Miss Chatterton's stirrup. So I had to hand her up, (an unaccustomed duty for me,) and Dr. Brown rode by Miss Chatterton's side, (an unaccustomed pleasure for her,) and suffered a kind of pleasant pain under her continued innuendoes that she knew some one whose request would change the Doctor's determination of departing, as he said he should, after 'early breakfast' next morning.

So the lover let his idol severely alone. Cruel Doctor! You ought to have gone one step farther in your amiable philosophizing, and seen that it would have been a relief to Sara to have the opportunity of rebuffing or repelling you in some way, so as not to throw *all* the mortification on her, giving her no chance to retaliate. What could she do? Women and children cry when they are hurt. So when she was alone, she cried — first from mortification at her anomalous position; secondly, a kind of admiring and envying vexation that he should carry matters off with such a high hand; lastly, with self-blame, for being such an unreasonable self — she who had always before been so reasonable!

Well! She was very unhappy. He was going away. Of course it was on her account. That must not be. He ought to know that she did not blame

him at all. Blame him for what? For being drowned? Absurd! Why did he not speak to her? He looked pale yet, poor fellow!

Thus reasoning, she came to a conclusion that she almost suspected must be a wrong one — it sent such a thrill of happiness to her heart! Still, cool reflection showed no reason to change her mind, and, after looking in the glass as if to question her own identity, she hid her sweet face in her pillow, blushing at the happy train of thought her new resolve had given rise to.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THOMAS BROWN, Esq., M.D., sat on the porch next morning, waiting for breakfast and a horse, a very miserable man indeed. In the excitement of doing good to his darling, unknown to her, he had forgotten that really and truly when he never saw her any more, *he never should see her any more*; that is, he had forgotten how much the simple words meant to him. He had forgotten that when he left her he left hope too. He had forgotten what landmarks in his life had been the times when he could exchange a few words with her; how he had looked forward from one interview to another, thinking of all the rest of his hours only as approaching or receding from the precious ones spent in her beloved society. And now — poor Doctor! No, Jack, you cannot amuse your master this morning. He sits with his forehead squeezed in his hands, trying to benumb his brain, as it were, and shut out the cruel regret which is ringing in his ears and wringing his heart, for the first time in weeks.

Suddenly Jack ceased his unnoticed gambols about his master, and dashed into the hall, where he seemed to find new fuel for the most extravagant joy. The gentle rustle of a dress brought the Doctor to his feet, and — Miss Evans stood before him, looking too beautiful for his eyes to dare to rest on. He could have taken his affidavit that her head was encircled by an aureole, although common folk would merely have remarked that she had beautiful light brown hair, and a becoming flat straw-hat on.

The Doctor blushed deep and bowed low, without an audible word. Miss Evans, half-pausing, said gently, 'Good morning, Doctor,' and walked slowly down the steps, and out on the gravel-walk, half-hoping and half-fearing that he would follow her. He did not dare, though he gazed after her with a bewildered look, as if he would have given some years of his life to be allowed to do so. And poor Jack! If ever a quadruped expressed a desire to be able to speak, he did so at that moment. He grieved at Miss Evans's departure. He was in despair at his master's staying behind. He tried his best to make himself ubiquitous, and go with the one, while he staid with the other; raced up the steps to the Doctor, making the most persevering efforts to lubricate his countenance; then cleared the railing and tore after the retreating figure of the lady, in the mean time uttering the following remarkable language:

'Bow-wow-wow!' and so on by the minute together.

Now I translate these remarks (illustrated by those actions) somewhat in this way: 'What makes you behave so? Why don't you love her as I do?

Do n't you know it was she, and not I, that saved your life? O dear! why *can't* I speak and talk like other people?'

It's of no use, doggy. The breakfast-bell rings and the Doctor disappears, orders something, he knows not what, and falls vigorously to reading the morning paper upside down. After eating all that is set before him — or nothing at all, he cannot exactly remember which — he starts up, calls for his horse in a tragic voice, and goes to look for Jack. Whistles: no Jack responds. He ventures a little way down the path. There is all he loves in the world — his treasure done up in white muslin and straw — and, as I live! there lies Jack demurely beside her! What can it mean? Why, the fact is, she has tied her handkerchief to his collar, and is holding that with one hand while she presses down his black nozzle with the pretty pink palm of the other, to keep him quiet till his master comes to claim him.

'I think it is such a pity we must lose him,' she exclaimed, 'just when we have all learned to like him so.'

'I am very sorry' — began the poor, bashful, low-spirited swain, and could get no farther.

Miss Evans began again, with considerable effort, 'I have been afraid that you were going away for my — on my account.'

'Do not think so, Miss Evans, if the thought is painful to you. My dearest — object in life, is to spare you any — even one moment's discomfort — of any kind —'

'Then why do you take Jacu away?' (asked with bowed head, and caresses to that enviable canine, that ought to have driven him perfectly wild, raving, crazy with delight.)

'May I leave him? It would be only a pleasure —' Eyes fixed on the ground.

'No, sir, you may *not* leave him!' (given with a stamp of the foot at the word 'not,' and followed by a rising color and redness of eyelids that betokened approaching tears.)

'Then — O Miss Evans! — Sara — I pray God I don't misunderstand you —'

But at this point the story-teller must leave off. He dare not enter upon such sacred ground.

If the Doctor had hastened away to town even now, he might have prevented the sale of his lots; but what did he care for lots or money that morning? The lots were sold, and that being July of the 'panic year,' the selling of them was all of a piece with his other good luck. Six months afterward, he might have had several other lots from the unfortunate buyer as a bonus to annul the bargain he made.

I went to the wedding. It was nothing special. Very much like other weddings, indeed. White-vested youths leading up an infinite succession of people to bow to a pale, tired bride. It probably seemed to her as if she were acting a part in some play — fictitious name and all — and that she should put off her assumed character, with her dress, (and name, too,) as soon as the audience had gone — as she wished they would.

I have no doubt I made myself very absurd by asking after Jack. He was tied in the yard. He always makes such a fuss, you know, when any thing is going on. And then the ladies' thin dresses, too! Certainly, I could see him, if I would go on an exploring expedition.

He was not in the yard. He had barked so, they had to put him in the cellar. There he was, to be sure! And the girl, finding no where to fasten him conveniently, had tied the rope to the window-grating, although that made it too short to let him lie down. He was more disappointed to find that it was not his master, than glad to see me, even in that dismal coal-hole. Still, my firm belief is, that the white tuft on the end of his tail travelled a mile while I was down there with him. I gave him all the sympathy of my heart, and all the wedding-cake in my pocket. (To be sure, there was plenty more of the latter up-stairs.) Then I apostrophized him thus:

O doggy! such is the fate of many who amuse, instruct, and serve the world most enthusiastically. Thou'rt not alone, poor Jack, in finding thyself considered only while convenient, but forgotten in the day of the rewards. May the rest, like thee, wait with patience and humility for their turn to serve again, and, when it comes, may they (as thou dost) find their ample pleasure in causing joys whereof others are to reap the fruition.

MORAL.

Women and Newfoundlands care most for those in whose service they make most sacrifices; least for those most devoted to them.

THE PAST OF LIFE.

I LOVE the Past! Its teachings tell
The listening heart its own wild story:
Its youthful dreams of fame and glory,
With love's bright spell
Inwoven and blended like the light
Of distant stars at night.

I love the Past! Its records bear
Affection's earliest, fondest traces,
The lines of first familiar faces;
The words of prayer
First gathered by my infant ear,
In tones forever dear.

I love the Past! Its memories cling
Around my heart, like hopes of heaven!
And bright as sun-light hues at even,
Or seraph's wing,
Comes back the first-born hope to me
Of immortality!

A D R E A M .

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

It was broad day-light when Geoffrey awoke from a dream that often haunted his sleep. There was neither order nor sequence in the dream. It was merely the presentiment of an event related to no immediate cause, and always in its result dispelling sleep. It had also this strange quality, that it referred at no time to any actual occurrence of his life, and that as often as he dreamed it, he had the consciousness that it was the reproduction of a former illusion, yet he always awoke with the sense of its actual fulfilment as near at hand.

His perfect slumber was invaded by a vague presence, which assumed the form and aspect of his cousin, whose warm, deep eyes bent looks of unutterable sadness and passion upon him. He made a movement as to embrace her, but with a quick gesture she held him away. It was a gesture which he had seen young girls use with each other — a lightning-swift action that repels but for an instant. As often as Geoffrey dreamed of this action, he commented in his dream upon its naturalness. Thus holding him away, his cousin seemed to peruse his soul with those great eyes, into which it made him wild and dizzy to look; and then, as if smitten with a sudden weakness, her resisting aspect melted away, and she fell with a sob upon his heart. That was the end of his dream.

The robins were singing in the door-yard elms, and the martens were gossiping noisily about their little house on the crest of the gable. The sun came in through the wind-shaken creeper at the window, and dappled the white floor with tremulous light and shadow. The farmer was mowing the grass in the orchard, and the hoarse *wash* of the scythe smote pleasantly upon the ear.

It was with a sweet pain that Geoffrey glanced over the room, and saw that it was almost unchanged since the time when he slept in it a child; and he puzzled himself again in a childish way, trying to give significance to the vague shapes traced by the lines in the cracked ceiling.

Breakfast awaited him when he went down, and he chatted and gossiped with the farmer's wife as he ate. She told him who were gone west, and who were married, and who were dead. She had been an old playmate of his, and the one whom he most delighted to draw to school upon his sled. They laughed about that now, but it made Geoffrey's heart sad to think of it.

The farmer's wife glanced from Geoffrey's handsome, gentle face to the low front and sordid visage of her husband, and sighed. Poor woman! it made her something discontented; and when the baby put its hand in the butter, she boxed its ears with energy. After that, there was not any more talk.

It is hard to tell with just what thoughts a young man goes back to the

home of his childhood. With that tender sentiment and yearning for old things which he feels, is mixed a half-contempt for them. He sees nothing there but a skeleton of the past, which his own life had once animated. He comes to despise the past, and his own former self. The events of that time, like the houses and distances of the place, are all shrunken and dwarfed.

Geoffrey walked from the old farm into the village, and passed up the long street, under the dark maples. These shade-trees were the only things that had grown in the last seven years. Duldale was scarcely larger; the buildings that he once thought great, looked mean; and the people whom he recognized had an indefinable air of having fallen away from some former grandeur. No one knew him, and he was at no pains to make himself known.

He was full of a vain and selfish melancholy, and he chose to 'guard his strangeness.' There is something flattering to the vanity of youth in the consciousness of one that he is greatly changed, however much the show of it in others may pain him.

Geoffrey would hardly acknowledge to himself the reason which had brought him to Duldale. That event which he had believed to desolate his life had more than once been a theme of laughter with him. Once he had delighted to think, with the droll earnestness of youth, that the autumn of his soul was at hand; that he was a barren tree, from which the blasts of fate had stripped the leaves. Men who are not fools think such preposterous things with less cause than he. Afterward, he found that this was only a mock-autumn; that no winter, but a summer, followed it. He was a tree, from the tender blossoms of which a chill spring-breeze had merely shaken the petals.

It had not been without emotion that he received the announcement of her marriage. Though he recalled with a smile the time when he thought it must break his heart if she wedded that man, it was with a sigh of relief that he laid away the interesting paragraph in a package of her letters. He believed that a painful passage in his life was thus closed forever. Had she remained unmarried, he felt that his heart must ever have had its secret yearnings toward her. As it was, these were now impossible. The self-deception was natural.

When, afterward, her husband died, he reasoned with himself, and persuaded himself that he was really indifferent. And indeed it was true that he thought less of her than of himself in relation to the old passion. He occupied himself with affairs, and strove to forget it wholly, with tolerable success; but in his hours of solitude, some incident of those dear days would haunt him. Sometimes he awoke in the middle of the night, and thought of her. A feeling of curiosity usurped desire. The wish to see her again, and judge her by his manhood's standard, took possession of him by degrees, and by degrees he yielded to it.

He was therefore in Duldale.

It was a day of June, and the winds came across the meadows with fragrant whispers; their voices, in gossip with the leaves of the maples, and the sweet smell of the roses and honeysuckles in the door-yards, charmed and deepened his melancholy.

He did not observe that he had walked so far, till he stood with his hand upon the well-known gate. Here, too, was little change. There had been a new lattice made for the honeysuckle to clamber upon, and the house had been repainted. That was all. The flower-beds, on either side the walk to the door, were gay with pinks and tulips and flags, as of yore, and the old house-dog, asleep on the stone step, seemed not to have moved for seven years. His aunt sat at the window sewing, for in small places the ladies are economical of passers, and prefer to work in rooms commanding views of the street. The old lady glanced at him through her glasses, but failed to recognize him.

At the sound of his foot upon the walk, the dog sprang up with a fierce challenge, and the old lady came to the door to silence him. Scanning Geoffrey more closely, she knew him, and greeted him as kindly as she could. She was a cold woman, of few words; and after brief inquiries, she told him that she had taken him for a peddler at first.

Geoffrey smiled, remembering his aunt's virtuous loathing of peddlers, in the past.

'But you don't look like a peddler, near by,' she added. 'It is my eyes were at fault. Sit here, and I will call your cousin. She will be glad to see you.'

The old place. The tables with their books — the Bible, Mrs. Hemans' poems, and 'The Course of Time' — the bureau, with its glass knobs — the picture of General Washington over the chimney-piece, with vases of impossible tomatoes in plaster, on either side.

There are those who, without having mingled with the world, have that ease and self-possession which familiarity with it bestows. In certain foolish moments, Geoffrey had thought to surprise and confound his cousin, when he should meet her, by his superior manner and courtly reticence. He revelled in the anticipated enjoyment of her abasement and regret, when she should come to see what sort of man she had trifled with — a man not only of excellent mind and conversation, but of elegant presence. He invented scenes and dialogues, in which he played the forgiving but dignified and inaccessible patron, and she the frightened, fluttering, embarrassed recipient of his polite attentions.

Ah! well, are we to be judged by our foolish thoughts? Thank heaven, no! but by how much or how little restraint we put upon them.

When his cousin entered the room, it was without the least awkwardness or hesitation. Perhaps she had an intuitive perception of his feeling, and cared to defeat him a second time. Women know so many things by instinct.

Geoffrey arose with a burning face and a tumultuous heart. She gave her hand with promptness and kindness, and made him feel very boyish again, as she used to do. The victory was with her only for a moment. Geoffrey recovered himself, and while she talked, he regarded her face and her words closely.

She was very beautiful. Her ripe womanhood was lovelier than her girlish grace, which was, indeed, not lost, but was grown into that, as the tenderness and grace of the bud is glorified in the perfect flower.

She was very beautiful; and yet to her cousin's eye the old light was no longer in the comely face. Fair and blooming as ever, it was yet indescribably faded. It was as if the soul within was faded. Geoffrey could not consider then that there had never been any light such as he looked for there, but only the reflection of the glow in his own heart. Afterward he remembered this.

Clara wore her widow's weeds, and played at times with her child. She bade it go to him, and when it would not, she said daringly that the gentleman was an old flame of mamma's. 'Do you know what *flame* is, darling?' Then kisses, and caresses, and baby-talk. 'Come,' she said, and took the little one in her arms, and went and sat beside Geoffrey: 'Is n't she pretty? Do you think she has my eyes?' and she turned those eyes upon him, full.

All this, and more, displeased the old lover: why, he could not tell. He had expected to be bored by tender reminiscences and last dying speeches of the dear, departed one, but his cousin said nothing of her husband, and he did not like it. 'She would have forgotten me as soon,' he thought.

When she turned her great eyes upon him, he met their glances unabashed. His cheek was wont to flood if she looked at him. It was pale and cool now.

They talked together of their old love-affair in a laughing way — he with that ease that the world had given him, she with the nonchalance natural to her. She was very good-natured and witty, and she made him laugh. He admired her beauty and sprightliness, and he loved her less than ever. The whole interview was of so different a nature from that he had intended, he was quite bewildered. His cousin had evoked a false and mocking spirit from him, and he answered her talk with bitter badinage, till he grew to doubt the reality of the scene. At last, baffled, disappointed, and vexed, he arose to go.

How long was he going to stay in the village? she asked.

He went away to-morrow.

Would he come and spend the evening with her?

No, he had business.

She had glided toward him, and stood looking in his face without the doubt that he would accept her invitation. Her manner till then had been of cousinly familiarity. At his harsh, curt refusal, it changed instantly. It was as if his coldness had frozen her.

'Good-by, then,' she said briefly, while she watched him narrowly, but did not offer her hand.

Geoffrey exulted; but the whole scene seemed more like an illusion than ever.

'What! cousin,' he cried. 'You won't give me your hand, at parting? You were kinder once.' He took her hand, that hung listless at her side, and drew her toward him. As in his dream, she raised her arm, and held him away, regarding him with sad, passionate eyes for an instant. Then the tears came, and she permitted and returned his embrace, clasping his neck with her arms, while her heart beat wildly against his breast. He kissed her lips; but even then a sense of the unreality filled his thoughts. 'Good-by,' he said, and went.

That was the end of his dream.

Like one who reasons in his sleep, and struggles to be awake, he had struggled; and now he was awake, never again in any sleep to dream that dream. The golden charm was broken forever; the beautiful illusion was dispelled.

His lonely life was lonelier for the loss. It made the past hateful, and the future full of doubt.

THE LEGEND OF COUNT ERNEST OF KLETTENBURG.

BY EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, JR.

I.

Ho! whither rides Count Ernest,
In the gray of the Sabbath morn,
Ere the morning-star is setting,
Or the sun's first rays are born?

II.

And why, ere the early twilight,
Does he leave his bed of ease,
To spur his steed o'er the gullied road,
'Gainst the frosty autumn breeze?

III.

In the good old town of Elrich,
The knights a revel keep,
And many are there from far and near,
To drink both long and deep.

IV.

For bright on the wall before them,
Hangs a chain of burnished gold;
With cunning hand have its links been wrought,
And they sparkle with gems untold:

V.

And this the prize to be worn by him
Who the bowl can oftenest drain—
Who, when all shall bow to the god of wine,
Victorious shall remain.

VI.

Oh! many and deep were the bumpers poured,
And the laugh and jest went round,

Till the sturdy revellers, one by one,
Lay senseless on the ground.

VII.

Till at last but four of the jovial crew
Were left to dispute the prize,
And three could only gaze around
With vacant and listless eyes.

VIII.

Then rose the Count, and with scornful laugh,
Raised high the brimming bowl :
With steady hand and unfaltering eye,
He boldly quaffed the whole—

IX.

Placed on the board the inverted bowl,
Then waved it high in air,
And twined the links of the jeweled chain
'Mid his locks of auburn hair.

X.

And forth he went, though with tottering step,
And called for his well-tried steed :
Four trusty squires the call obey,
And mount the knight with speed.

XI.

Oh ! long and well had the feast been kept,
And the day was near its close ;
The holy hours had sped away,
But little he recks or knows.

XII.

As, 'mid the shouting crowd, he rode
With speed on his homeward way,
Unheeded the sound of the vesper-bell—
As it called to the church to pray.

XIII.

In Elrich suburbs a chapel stands,
With carvings old and quaint,
And the peasants had met for vespers there,
To pray to the patron saint.

XIV.

Count Ernest heard the anthem peal,
And checked his steed awhile,
Then spurring on with headlong speed,
Rode up the centre aisle.

XV.

The song of praise grew loud, and then
In a cry of horror merged,
As up to the very altar-steps
His foaming steed he urged.

●
XVI.

O wonder ! as the horse's feet
On the holy altar tread,
A cold sweat starts from every pore,
And his hair stands up with dread.

XVII.

The shoes drop off the horse's feet,
As he trembles in affright !
The chancel yawns—rider and horse
Sink slowly out of sight.

XVIII.

The gulf is closed, the altar-stones
Stand firmly as before ;
Count Ernest from the sight of men
Has passed for evermore.

XIX.

The awe-struck peasants gather round,
While priests, with book and bell,
Take up the shoes, with muttered prayers,
To guard from Satan's spell.

XX.

And for a memory of the crime
To ages yet to be,
They nail them on the old church-doors,
Where all who pass may see.

XXI.

And even now, though years have fled,
Whene'er at call to prayer,
The peasants see them on the door,
They cross themselves with care :

XXII.

And often round the cottage-hearth
The aged matrons tell
Of the village-church of Elrich,
And all that there befell.

HAVE WE A PRINCIPLE AMONG US?

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE Shek'h Abdullah once sent to his neighbor, Hassan Alla'd Deen, to borrow a rope.

'He cannot have it,' replied Hassan; 'I have taken the rope to tie up a measure of sand.'

'What! tie up sand with a rope!' replied Abdullah.

'O friend!' retorted Hassan, 'it is easy to find a reason for using a rope *when one does not wish to lend it.*'

Long, long after this Oriental proverb had been acted out by the two Shek'hs, it came to pass that Brother Jonathan was for years reviled by John Bull, on account of his tolerating slavery.

On account of the bowie-knife.

On account of tobacco-chewing.

On account of Lynch law.

On account of repudiation.

On account of nullification.

On account of Congressional rowdyism.

On account of violent, vulgar, and ignorant diplomatic representatives in Europe.

On account of all sorts of social offences — nearly every one of which originated in and flourished in rich luxuriance in that part of Yankee Doodle-land which was not 'Yankee' at all — in that South which fiercely repudiated having any thing in common with three-fourths of the American Republic, and which, in fact, practically negated all republicanism, and all rights of the majority, with a bitterness unknown any where in the Old World.

It was because Jonathan's 'Sunny South' did these things, that John Bull reviled the American idea, snubbing it sorely, yes, treating it contemptuously, as though it were 'so very Irish,' or, 'foreign, you know.'

But finally, Jonathan found that his Sonny South was becoming altogether unbearable. Riotous, disorderly, ferocious. Needed a good licking. Required coercion. So he GAVE IT TO HIM, right and left — and, while giving, looked to John Bull for a little natural sympathy.

Foolish Jonathan! weak brother! to believe that a selfish, snarling, over-fed, bilious, grumbling, fault-finding, ever-detracting, unreasoning, one-eyed, savage old gentleman, ever *means* any thing by what he says — except fault-finding. So it came out, after years of ridicule — after thousands on thousands of British books and newspapers had attacked Jonathan — after the Nigger and the Bowie-knife had been made our national emblems — that John Bull had simply been gabbling, hissing, slandering. He had said to Jonathan for years:

'Why don't you do this? Shame on you!'

Jonathan began to do it. John grumbled worse than ever:

'You're scamps both of you. I don't care who is beaten. In fact, I had rather see Cotton uppermost. Can't do without HIM, any way.'

But a reason must be found — even the most tyrannical old gentlemen are expected to do something more than merely abuse — and so John Bull found one after the fashion of the Shek'h Hassan.

'Other nations,' said John Bull; 'have gone to war for a PRINCIPLE. But you haven't got any principle, you know. You aren't fighting to liberate the negro. That would be a different affair, you know. You're fighting from cruel, bloody, selfish, tariffic notions, you know. You are humbugs.'

In the whole history of dirt-eating, from the time when Saturn swallowed earth and stones, down to Humboldt's record of the clay banquets of Orinoco, there is nothing so completely — nothing so absolutely, entirely, and perfectly mean — as this devouring his own words, as shown by John Bull, in his representative press. Nor is there in all the records of shabby, crawling, sneaking, puling, evasive falsehood, any thing more elaborately contemptible than that forlorn, beggarly whine:

'You are not contending for a Principle.'

The truth is, that not merely one, but several Principles, each of a very high order, are involved in this struggle. Some see the whole from one point, as a lapidary looks into a diamond, viewing its crystalline depths and glittering angles from a single facet. Thus from one point we may say — as we have already said — that 'the life of the Republic,' the principle of CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY is at stake. To the statesman this is the proper formula for enunciating the problem. The 'Rule or Ruin' theory, as acted out by the South, and indignantly opposed by the North, is a plain, common-sense principle, which with many covers the whole ground. Free soil in the territories was once held to be an intelligible explanation of the feud, but we have gone beyond that into higher issues. And to the student of social development, as set forth by domestic and politico-economical causes, there is yet another, which is probably apparent enough already to every analyst of Industrial progress — that of Labor.

We're not contending for a principle! Aren't we, indeed!

Search the annals of noble deeds, then, and find me, if you can, a strife wherein the great principle of all principles — the holy maxim of the greatest good for the greatest number — was ever so rigidly and severely formulised, ever so carefully separated from petty or selfish side issues, ever so distinctly opposed and confronted to the antique, devil-doctrine of the subordination of the many to the few. Never yet — and God witnesses the truth — was the great principle of human progress so clearly and intelligently and knowingly opposed to the principle of Caste, of Aristocracy, of Immobility, as it now is in this battle. To those in this country who have for years past been reading Richmond sociologies, and New-Orleans editorials — who have seen Hammond's white Mud-Sill theory practically and theoretically endorsed as the true basis

of society, and who know what 'Our First Families' and 'Our Aristocracy' really *mean* in the South, this accusation of a want of a definite principle is ineffably ridiculous. All Americans, of all parties, know better. Even the bitterest enemies of the Union understand that FREE LABOR represents the continued struggle of the many upward into their rights — from subordination to capital, into a harmony of interests with capital. They understand that it is virtually a strife between the endless, restless, 'working and weaving in endless motion' of manufactures, and the never-moving condition of old-fashioned agriculture — and of slave agriculture at that. All of this has been more than felt or understood: it has been *expressed* — philosophically expressed — and accepted as formulising the doctrines of the North — those doctrines which Secession now repudiates and fights.

It was in the works of Henry Carey, of Philadelphia, that the doctrine of Labor, as a definition of Wealth, was first formally enunciated as the basis of a political economy. And it was during the Fremont campaign that these labor or free-labor doctrines, as correlative with the universal rights of man, and as opposed to the professed opposers of greasy mechanics, were first scattered broadcast among the people of America. That presidential campaign was, in all respects, the most important one which had ever taken place, for it witnessed a struggle based on a great and glorious idea — on an abstract principle — on the clearest and most distinct enunciation which the world has ever witnessed of the world's grandest and latest idea: 'The greatest good for the greatest number.' Hitherto, democracy had taken the crude form so popular with demagogues, of simply abusing capital — of talking as John Randolph did of old, of its oppressing labor, of a war to come between starving operatives and purse-proud factory nabobs. We have changed all that — changed it very much indeed. Capital, as it gradually learns its own interests, finds that it makes more by taking labor into partnership, than by 'enslaving' it. The American world has learned that the action of Capital is democratic — science is democratic — art is democratic — in short, in this age we live in, all activity or labor, all inventiveness and novelty, tend inevitably to benefit the masses. Little by little, all hopes of human progress, all delicate air-castles and tender and beautiful dreams of happiness, theories of improved education, reforms in law and advances in social life, all world-bettering and poetic aspirations, have, of late years, insensibly sunk into and based themselves on Free Labor and the action of Capital, as a synonym for active science and active intellect. 'Romance' is giving way to facts and nature; or rather, the imaginative have found a deeper and more glorious romance in the stupendous, growing realm of labor and of science, than ever Oriental bard or Western Trouveur word-painted for his auditors. This is the spirit and movement of the age; and it is in this spirit that the North lives, moves, and has its being.

Let us understand it, once and for all, clearly, that the principle or idea for which the North is contending, is that of the rights and dignity of Free Labor as contrasted to unprogressive aristocracy, or that inert respectability which, falling back on 'blood,' hereditary gifts, and mere possession, proclaims the

Mud-Sill doctrine as an immutable law of human nature. It is popularly said that the negro is the real subject of contention. But it is not the negro. It was the question of the social standing and rights of the poor *white* man which really built up the Republican party, and which now inspires the whole body of Union men. It was the taunt of Mud-Sills and of Greasy Mechanics, coupled with the practical assertion of the right of a high-blooded 'gentleman' to gutta-percha a 'lubberly, base-blooded Yankee' which gave the North its political majority. The country has *talked* 'negro' in this matter when it meant 'white man;' for it was the stinging vitriol of sneers at the operatives and 'bondsmen' of the North, far more than any sympathy for the black, which stirred those operatives up to opposition. It was unwisely done of the South, to say the least, this sneering at men with votes, for being what they could not help, and who, as a general thing, were quite willing to leave negro slavery untouched. The warmest friends of the South were indeed among this 'fierce democracy' of our Northern cities, among the mechanics whose labor supplied Tobacco-and-Cotton-dom with all manner of manufactured goods. These men, even in New-England, were only rarely and exceptionally abolitionists. Through the Middle States they were zealous pro-slaveryites. How could they be otherwise, arguing from their interests? they knew very well that cotton indirectly fed them. But the insults came, and they were angered. It has been said that every man has his price; it is quite as true that every man has his point of honor, and on this *point d'honneur* the Greasy Mechanics rebelled. Politicians and others waved the Abolition banner over their heads, but the majority never heeded it; the rights of free *white* labor were uppermost in their mind; and now they have gone forth strong of arm and brave of heart to vindicate them. If any man is so ill-informed as to doubt this, if he has been so dazzled or led astray by side issues as to doubt that the interest, dignity, and social progress of free white labor form the active Principle of the present struggle, let him turn back and study the popular influences which have been at work for the past half-dozen years. Let him look even at the changed character of political songs:

'The great F. F's of old Virginny, I envy them every day;
For making a dough-faced President to them is only play,
But I'm a wretched Northern serf, and cannot do any more
Than envy the lords of Old Virginny, of Old Virginia's shore.'

The proud sarcasm of these lines, and of many other lyrics like them, indicate a very different spirit from what many in Europe probably suspect to be the motive power of the present struggle—the spirit of Free Labor allied to a consciousness of strength which must eventually drive all before it. Why not? What is history but the record of the gradual progress of LABOR—the highest, holiest, most glorious attribute of humanity, through long centuries of oppression and torture, inflicted by laziness. Ay, *Laziness*, though it bore lance and mail, and fought fiercely, and preached earnestly, and wrote heavy books, rich with illumined gold, of the divine right of kings, and swept its armies to the field or the grave, in order to quell labor, or so limit it that labor should work for its lord only and not for itself.

Every fresh strife between Conservatism and Progress has been a battle between Free Labor and Laziness, and every century has seen the fight assuming more distinctly this form. But never yet did it assume so clearly such a form as it has done in the contest between the United and Confederate States of North-America. It is the real issue at stake; that which vitalizes the whole, giving it energy and strength. If John Bull, as set forth by his *Times*, believes us wanting in a principle, it must be because he is ignorant of our history.

'COTTON IS KING.'

Oh! have you heard that 'Cotton is King?'

And have you heard the song they sing

Down there in old Car'lina?

How Cotton reigns from shore to shore,

From Charleston round to Singapore,

By help of Cuff and Dinah?

How Cotton rules with iron hand

This famous Northern Yankee land,

Down there in old Car'lina?

And how John Bull, a surly dog,

Must reverence him, the great Magog,

As Hebrews the Shekinah?

But have you heard of toiling slaves

Whom he has sent to wretched graves,

Down there in old Car'lina?

And how, to cram his bloated purse,

He tortures soul and body worse

Than heathen do in China?

And have you heard the deeds of shame,

The deeds of blood without a name,

He does in old Car'lina?

Such deeds as make the pulses cold,

Such deeds as woke in wrath, of old,

The thunders of Mount Sinai?

Away with such a monstrous thing!

Away with such a wretched king!

Drive him from old Car'lina:

Break up his rule o'er market, bank,

With thaler, guilder, ruble, franc,

Ducat, and dime, and mina.

And if John Bull so thirsts for gain,

As still to hug the galling chain

He's worn in old Car'lina,

Then let him raise his idol there,

Where he can grab the lion's share,

Far-off in Pagan China.

CAVALRY SONG.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

WEAPONED well to war we ride,
 With sabres ringing by our side —
 The warning knell of death to all
 Who hold the holiest cause in thrall :
 The sacred Right
 Which grows to Might,
 The day which dawns in blood-red light.

Weaponed well to war we ride,
 To conquer, tide what may betide,
 For never yet beneath the sun
 Was battle by the devil won ;
 For what to thee
 Defeat may be,
 Time makes a glorious victory.

Weaponed well to war we ride —
 Who braves the battle wins the bride ;
 Who dies the death for truth shall be
 Alive in love eternally :
 Though dead he lies,
 Soft, starry eyes
 Smile hope to him from purple skies.

Weaponed well to war we ride —
 Hurrah ! for the surging thunder-tide,
 When the cannon's roar makes all seem large,
 And the war-horse screams in the crashing charge,
 And the rider strong
 Whom he bears along
 Is a death-dart shot at the yielding throng.

Weaponed well to war we ride :
 The ball is open, the hall is wide —
 The sabre, as it quits the sheath,
 And beams with the lurid light of death,
 And the deadly glance
 Of the glittering lance,
 Are the taper-lights of the battle-dance.

Weaponed well to war we ride —
 Find your foemen on either side,
 But wo to those who miss the time,
 Where one false step is a deadly crime :
 Who loses breath
 In the dance of death,
 Wins nor wears nor wants the wreath.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
 Our swords are keen, our cause is tried ;
 When the keen edge cuts and the blood runs free,
 May we die in the hour of victory !
 We feel no dread ;
 The battle-bed,
 Where'er it be, has heaven o'erhead.

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mielike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

II.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Those who, attracted by the title of these papers, have taken them up with the expectation of reading 'startling developments,' 'wonderful disclosures,' 'remarkable confessions,' or fancied in the various descriptions they would be able to see through the gauze-covering which should lightly mask a battery of satire upon certain notabilities of various grades, have ere this laid the 'Revelations' aside, disappointed, and probably in disgust. For, in presenting a narrative of some periods of my life, I have no animosity to gratify, no wounded pride to revenge, no shaft of ridicule to launch, and indeed nothing but the simple truth to record. Whoever shall recognize me through the name I have assumed, and happen to recall any of the incidents I now publish, will bear witness that I write with no malice and without exaggeration. We are all jogging along together. The various circumstances which now serve for daily excitement will soon pass and be forgotten ; but the relations of one man to another, and of one set of men to another set of men, extend through generations, affecting our whole social life. What we want now, it seems to me, is to be introduced to the actual. What lies as substratum ? What is the original necessity, and what the conventional ? The various classes of mankind are all occupied. What are they about ? To find out is the present fascination. One man drives to his office in Wall-street in a handsome carriage. How did he get that carriage, or rather, how was the money acquired that paid for it ? He spends a few hours there, signs his name to several bits of paper, which put in motion various pieces of machinery, which produce for him certain valuable results. Satisfied with these results, and very

complacent with the day's operation, he goes back to his house, dines sumptuously, drinks his wine, smokes his cigars, attends the opera; and this is the history of that man's life, from one year to another, and the man himself is one of a species. Another trudges to Wall-street a poor, unfortunate wretch with a family, in circumstances the most straitened. He is a better-educated man than the first, has a more cultivated taste, is honester — worth more for soul and brain anywhere. Standing side by side before God, this is so. Looking at both, away from so dread a tribunal, we see one clad in garments originally expensive, but carefully brushed till they are thread-bare. We behold a face exhibiting traces of much mental suffering. We observe in the lines which mark it evidences of the struggles of the man as he resisted, step by step, the fate which was in store for him. We all remember the story of the prisoner who fancied one morning, as he awoke, that the walls of the lofty apartment in which he was confined did not seem as high as usual. Regarding the number of apertures in his grated window, he discovered the next morning one less. Another had disappeared the following day, and while he was reflecting on the singular circumstance, the terrible truth burst on him, that by the slow but sure action of the machinery which controlled the movable iron ceiling, he was to meet his death. Day by day it descended nearer and nearer. There was no escape — no hope of an escape. The man we are looking at is in the same sort of prison-house. His fate is just as certain, the machinery which is to crush him just as effectual. And he knows it. That is the meaning of those lines over the countenance and that despairing expression.

But the other man? The man who signs bits of papers, who moves fortunes by the employment of his name; whose face, without any lines of care or disappointment, shows that he is at ease in Bank as well as in Zion? This person, by a long and successful career of good fortune, is so well grounded in his own esteem, that his self-complacency is at times painful to witness. How patronizing he is, how jocose, how pleasingly familiar, how hard and overbearing, as by turns he comes in contact with different classes and conditions! What does such a man understand about the great objects and purposes of life? What have his operations in the stock-market, his transactions in bills of exchange, his advances on good security taught him about the first question in the catechism: 'What is the chief end of man?' By the light he lives and works by, how would he answer it?

Now let us have an introduction to these people with fortunes and habits so different. Put the novelists and romance-writers aside. We do not want any hot-house developments, any big, horrid villains, any sweet, charming bread-and-butter saints. Away with caricatures and exaggerations! Let us look at Harris and Williams and Brown and Johnson and Jones and Smith, and see what they do; how, as types of their class, they get a living. For the fellow who works with those aforesaid pieces of paper claims in a sense to get a living, to make money, whereby he lives and pays for houses and horses and operaboxes, and his — pleasures. These investigations will serve to bring the fortunate

and the unfortunate nearer each other ; as it is, there is a great abyss between them. If we could bridge it over and mix them up a little, it would not do any harm. It might do some good. After these 'Revelations' of mine are concluded, I propose to present a volume to several of our well-known philanthropists : that class of philanthropists who, born with a silver spoon in their mouth, and without much masculinity, and having been educated by good pious parents and left with large fortunes, are persuaded they have a mission to perform here below before they are translated into heaven. These distinguished persons are life-members of the Bible Society, the Home Missionary Society, the Foreign Missionary Society, the Tract Society, and the Colonization Society. They preside at meetings, they head subscription-lists, they occupy prominent positions in the church ; and, notwithstanding these important engagements, they do not know what to do with their time or their money. They are moral, and won't spend either in the pleasures of this life, for these sort of things don't suit their temperament. So they take to courses more sedate, and which will give them an enviable prominence before the world. Now, as I have just said, I intend to attempt to interest these worthy people in the situation of Wall-street. I am persuaded they can do more there than with the Five Points Mission. Why will they not try ? Perhaps they will. Again, a very genuine philanthropist as I believe, Mr. Horace Greeley, has made public his plan, and a good one it is, for the relief of the over-crowded streets of New-York. 'Flee from the city,' he exclaims. 'Go to the country. Return to first principles. Cultivate the soil.' But how to do it ? Grant that it was an unwise step that fixed the individual *in* the city, how is he to escape now ? Of what use to tell the sufferer, who has a family dependent on him, and who barely manages to keep them alive : 'Friend, leave this place ; you are not working out your proper destiny here. Go into the rural districts ; to the far West, if you prefer, where lands are cheap, and begin anew.' Why, this man can by no possibility get five dollars ahead. His furniture would not bring at auction two hundred, and it is mortgaged beside to some kind friend who lent him money in a pressing emergency. I repeat, this man is chained down, held fast ; he can't escape, and Mr. Greeley's plan don't help him. We once read of a banker's safe so cunningly contrived, that when a burglar attempts the lock, he disturbs a secret spring, and suddenly iron arms are protruded, which clutch the terrified wretch, and hold him in a fatal embrace. It is so with the wretched man who ventures to tamper with that great money-safe — Wall-street. He is seized and held secure, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, with hard labor, in the service of the proprietors. Will not Mr. Greeley aid in getting up a society for the relief of those unfortunate persons who want to quit the spot and cannot ? For my part, had I a hundred thousand dollars to dispose of to-day, I would select twenty or thirty sufferers, whom I have known in the street for twenty-five years, and make them happy. Some theoretical individuals would object to this because the proposed course lacks 'plan and system,' and is not grounded on 'principle.' It would only do a few people a great good, but would confirm no favorite

theory, and would be carried out without the aid of the complicated machinery of any society!

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

AFTER a while I began to get reconciled to the peculiarities of my Wall-street life! Indeed the excitement of it was not without its charm. The sharp necessity of realizing a certain sum, disappointment in one quarter, success in another, the hour's uncertainty, the petty crisis (to me not petty) repeated day after day, not only accustomed me to these fluctuations, but they became in some sort agreeable; that is, in the sense that all stirring sensations are so. This was, however, while I was achieving a species of success. And I was thus taught that there is no occupation disagreeable to man by which he makes money. My desires were very humble. I wanted only to earn a living. After a few weeks, by much industry and painstaking, I learned the condition of the note-market; and by the aid of my reputation for strict integrity, I acquired the confidence of various parties, and was thus enabled frequently to exceed the moderate sum necessary for our support. Meantime I looked with feelings of pity on the poor wretches wandering about the street, eager to seize on some chance to make a few dollars.

Since the operation with the four-thousand-dollar note, I endeavored quietly to avoid Downer. I cannot say he made any effort to prevent it. At any rate, he never came again to my office. One Saturday, I had been more than usually successful; I stood in the door of one of the banks, with a roll of bills in my hands; turning around, I saw Downer looking at me from the corner. He started off immediately on seeing that I noticed him. My heart smote me, I know not why, and I took a few steps in his direction, with a view to offer him a part of my store if he stood in need of it; but a selfish prudence overcame the benevolent intent, and I stopped short, none the better at heart certainly for not keeping on.

About this time I made a new acquaintance. I had laid by, over and above the sum set apart for our support, two hundred and fifty dollars. This I gave to Alice, who kept it carefully in a private drawer. The possession of this sum made me feel like a different creature. Never in my palmiest days did the heaviest balance in bank so exhilarate me as this two hundred and fifty dollars. Five hundred dollars in the Savings Bank for Alice; two hundred and fifty dollars in her escritoire; business good, and new channels opening. Beside, that law-suit with Bulldog is sure to go in our favor. Norwood says so. Well, well, the world is not so bad, after all. People who *will* make mistakes must suffer accordingly, but the prudent — I was saying, about this time I made a new acquaintance. It happened in this wise. One afternoon, about two o'clock, while I was seated in my office, after having made one or two very good negotiations, a gentleman entered, and exhibited a note for nearly a thousand dollars, which he asked if I could get discounted. I recollect the figures now. They were all odd numbers — 979 $\frac{7}{10}$, three months to run. I never fancied odd numbers, and the appearance of the note did not please me.*

* THERE is a great difference in the appearance of commercial paper. It is frequently remarked of a man, that he makes a 'good signature'; that is, a signature which inspires confidence. There are

Seeing me hesitate, the person remarked: 'Excuse me, I perceive I am not known to you. My name is Harley. Our mutual friend Alworthy (one of the makers of the note) advised me to come directly to you, and gave me permission to use his name. 'Since the note is in the market,' he said, 'I recommend you to my friend Mr. Parkinson, who will get it done for you without hawking it about the street.'

I tried to call to mind how intimate my acquaintance was with Mr. Alworthy. I knew him as the senior partner in an extensive commission house, whose transactions were generally large, and whose operations were very bold. There was no intimacy between us, and his sending to me seemed a little apocryphal. Still the paper would sell, and why should I trouble my head further about it? I had two places where I thought I could dispose of it. I paused a moment to consider which I should first try, and then innocently enough asked: 'Have you any more of this?' My visitor colored, and for an instant appeared to lose the tranquil and imperturbable manner which had hitherto distinguished him. It was for an instant. He recovered with so much ingenuousness, and put himself at once so confidentially in relation with me, that I was charmed with him.

'I will be truthful with you, Sir,' he exclaimed. 'The fact, is I have a pretty large amount of this paper. I did not intend to offer you any more, however. But since you have inquired, I shall tell you precisely. You will perceive that this note is indorsed by Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company. Perhaps you know the house?'

I confessed I did not.

'Well, that is not to be wondered at, since it was established only last May. They are old personal friends of mine. Very enterprising, ample capital, and will do a very large commission business. By the way, I should like you to know them; the acquaintance might prove mutually beneficial. Such a house is always taking a large amount of marketable paper, and it would be well to have them as customers; for you know the banks will only do about so much.'

While Mr. Harley was laying this benevolent plan for my advantage, I had leisure to observe him more carefully. He was apparently thirty years old, of medium height, possibly a little below, stout but not corpulent, handsomely dressed, yet not in a manner indicating any special attention. He had clear, intelligent blue eyes, a pleasing face, open and ingenuous, without any of that affectation of sincerity which one could detect in Mr. Tremaine. In fact, I was insensibly drawn toward the man, and the suggestions he was making for my benefit seemed so natural, that I forgot I had never seen him before, and now for only ten minutes.

'But,' continued Mr. Harley, as if recollecting himself, 'we were talking of how much paper I could offer you of this description. I have about nine thousand dollars, and really I do not see why you cannot manage the whole of it — quietly, you know, so as not to hurt the credit of the parties.'

some who really judge a good deal by the "looks" of a note or appearance. "An old man," he said, "got up," said an experienced note-shaver once in the presence of a price of paper. I noticed him. This might have been mere caprice, but it was not an opposing one. Again I saw many who do light in "odd numbers," who think there is "luck" in them, and others whose "saw" from the other side.

Just then the question occurred to me: 'What interest or agency have you, Mr. Harley, in this business?' I had scarcely thought thus much, when I found my new friend was about to give me an opportunity to touch the point. 'Yes, I am sure it is best to do these things through one person; and, as I was saying, Alworthy knowing of course that a portion of the notes must go in the market, said: 'Call on my friend Parkinson.' And since I am quite out of the way of such transactions, I shall only be too glad to put it all in your hands.'

'Are you not in business here?' I asked.

'Oh! yes. I call New-York my home; my family resides here; but I am engaged in some important enterprises which take me frequently to Europe, so I am obliged to be absent a good deal. Since the first of May I have kept my office at Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company's.'

He handed me his card — James Algernon Harley — with his business address at the aforesaid firm in Water-street. Soon we entered into general conversation. I found Mr. Harley knew many of my old friends abroad, and could give late intelligence of several. After a while we came to speak of ourselves. Before I knew it I was telling him something of my life, and then I listened to a short history from him. He was from Boston; he knew all about my own family in Providence. He was unfortunate in business a few years before, but had paid all up — a hundred cents on the dollar and interest — but this had swept him clean. He came to New-York with his family, a wife and one child, and was now living at the — Hotel. In this way the rest of the business day was spent. Hr. Harley suddenly started, looked at his watch, exclaimed: 'I declare I do n't know what has become of the time; but it is pleasant to forget affairs once in a while, especially if we make a friend, and I cannot but feel I have done so. I will call to-morrow, and we will then talk further about the negotiation of these notes.' Mr. Harley took leave of me, and I proceeded on my customary route toward home. The interview with Harley produced a happy effect on me. Since I lost sight of my old associates, I had become very solitary in my habits, confining myself entirely to the society of my children. I know it may seem strange to many, that at my age — past fifty — having spent nearly my whole life in New-York, having made a great many acquaintances, and I may say friends, and enjoying intercourse with a large social circle, that I should not have secured some who were proof against adversity, that I should find myself so entirely forsaken, left to one side — high and dry.

Well, it may appear strange, but such was the fact. And now it strikes me that I might refer to still stranger cases: instances in the same family. [Stop and think a moment, reader, and say if you are not yourself familiar with some.] One sister marries a rich man, another a poor one. They live both in this very city. The rich man is a banker, and resides in one of the finest avenues. The poor man is a clerk in the Custom-House, and lives somewhere above Fiftieth-street. I cannot say those sisters do n't love each other; but they are so separated by circumstances that there is no room for any exhibition of affection. Their daily associations and habits and necessities are so different, that there seems to be no longer any sympathy between them. So, they exchange visits three or four times a year: the rich sister sends presents some-

times to the children of the poor sister, and perhaps to the sister herself. And so living different lives — ah! how different — the offspring of the same parents who sat around the same table at home, attended the same schools, played the same plays, and shared the same bed, became absolutely like strangers, except that a sense of duty sometimes compels a certain recognition too often sparingly bestowed. And, after all, we must not be too severe with such cases. Circumstances have generally more influence than principle or natural affection, and there are few who do not yield to their force. I declare I never indulged in any bitterness of feeling, because when I lost my property I lost the society of those who still kept theirs. It was only when I was treated with contumely or contempt that my spirit rebelled. I never resisted nor questioned the truth of the announcement: 'Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor.' Yes, the poor is separated from his (former) neighbor, but the poor soon erect a new neighborhood among themselves. They go to each other for sympathy, and they find it.

I was remarking, that having confined myself entirely to the society of my children, this pleasant conversation with a person who manifested so much interest in me had an agreeable influence, and served to bring back my feelings into their natural channel.

CHAPTER NINTH.

I THOUGHT a good deal about my affair with Mr. Harley. The next morning my enthusiasm was somewhat cooled. It occurred to me it would not be an unwise precaution to make some inquiry about him. I did so quietly of persons I thought most apt to be informed, but nobody could give me any information. I then asked as to Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company, and could learn little or nothing about them. The firm was not composed of well-known business men. It had suddenly sprung into existence. No one appeared to know any thing against them, nor for that matter, in their favor. Finally I strolled leisurely past their place in Water-street. It was a fine large store, running through to Front-street, with an immense gilt sign extending across the entire front. On the stone columns, at each side of the door, the several names of the firm were neatly inscribed. Evidently all was above-board.

To be sure, the appearance of things struck one as a little too new and fresh to be substantial; yet it was a very fair and shining outside, and it was the outside only I could see that morning.

As I turned back into Wall-street, I met Mr. Harley. 'I have just come from your place,' he remarked as he most cordially shook my hand; 'and will go back with you, if you please.'

'Certainly,' was my reply.

'Perhaps you have been to call on me?'

'Oh! no, I expected you by appointment.'

'I suppose,' continued Mr. Harley, 'you have hardly had time to ascertain what you can do with the Alworthy paper.'

'I did not think best to make any attempt till we had conferred about it.'

'Very judicious — very judicious,' was the reply, as we mounted the steps to my office.

'How soon is the money wanted?' I asked.

'Oh! there is no pressing haste. I would like a couple of thousand negotiated in a day or two, and the balance as opportunity serves.

'And the rate?'

'Well, as to that, it must depend on what you can do,' said Harley, with candor. 'I will not at the very commencement of our acquaintance say any thing which even by implication is not frank and above-board; and I may as well tell you, and if you do not now know it, you will discover it on inquiry, that Alworthy's paper will not always sell at the best rates. You can dispose of it, but it will very likely be at some sacrifice. No doubt you will do the best you can. I will leave you the whole batch, and will only say, manage the affair after your own judgment, so as to make the best sales with least injury to the parties. I will look in at two o'clock. Good morning. By the way,' looking back, 'it is best not to offer too much in one place, you know.'

This was charming. Such a constituent did not turn up every day. I turned over the paper. There were eleven notes all told, carefully divided so as not to fall due too near together, averaging not quite a thousand dollars a piece. I selected the notes, which I would offer to Loomis and those to Finch. One I would take to the bank; two I would try at Brest and Company's. The first man I called on was Finch. I said: 'I have some of Alworthy's paper. Will you take it?'

'Do n't want it.'

'Nothing wrong, I hope?'

'Oh! no, only I have got enough of it; rather sell than buy.'

'At what rate will you sell; perhaps I can find a customer?'

'At one per cent; and if he do n't like that, I won't say I won't take one and a half.'

So much for gruff old Finch. I went next to Loomis. I had better luck there. He was just as well 'up' with regard to Alworthy as Finch; but he had more confidence in him than the other.

'Well, I have bought a great deal of their paper,' he said, 'and have a great deal of it, perhaps more than will pay. How much have you got, Mr. Parkinson, to offer? Perhaps I will make one transaction of it.'

I hesitated slightly. I had at first determined to offer him three of the notes—should I say four? However, I stuck to my original decision and answered, 'Not quite three thousand dollars,' and laid the notes before him.

He looked them over, then at the indorsement. 'Who the devil,' he exclaimed, 'are Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company,' drawing out the names—'whew!'

'You are behind the age,' said I, 'and have not made the acquaintance of a new but very extensive commission-house in Water-street.'

'Mr. Parkinson,' said Loomis, turning quickly on me, 'is there any more paper out with this indorsement?'

'Not that I am aware of.'

I had uttered a deliberate falsehood, uttered it almost before I knew what

I was saying. Some keen devil instinct whispered to me that even the twenty-nine hundred dollars was rather more than Loomis wanted, and quite as much as he would regard as a legitimate transaction for Alworthy to make with this new house. Yes, the falsehood was uttered, and there I stood with a life-long reputation for honesty and truth—a liar! Loomis supposed me incapable of deceiving him, and so he put the question, and I had answered it.

My reply was satisfactory, for after a short pause he said: 'I will take the whole at one and a half.'

I endeavored to lower his terms. He only replied: 'The best I will do; all I will do. I know it's a high rate, but it is not saleable paper. To be sure, I think it good, but there are more who don't.'

The affair was closed, and I received a check for the money. A little after two Mr. Harley came in. I reported the transaction, and showed him a statement in which I had charged him a quarter per cent commission.

He drew his pen across it. 'This will never do. Leave the matter of commissions to me. By the way, you may give me two thousand dollars net; it is all we want at present; it won't hurt your bank account to let the rest lay. If you can employ it for a few days, do so and welcome.'

'I was overpowered with so much kindness, and could not but show I was sensibly affected by it.

'Arrange your deposit,' said Mr. Harley, 'and let us lunch together.'

I did not decline, and after a little we proceeded to Delmonico's, and partook of a nice steak and a bottle of excellent claret. As we came out, my new friend asked me to step with him one moment to his office. It was directly over the counting-room of Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company; and as we entered, I was introduced to Mr. Hollis, one of the firm. I was any thing but favorably impressed with him. He was a very young man, and exhibited neither wit nor intelligence; he spoke in monosyllables and only in answer to some observations of mine. Indeed I thought his countenance very stolid. I saw Mr. Harley, meanwhile, giving the porter some special directions; then returning, we went up-stairs for a few moments, when he seemed inclined to apologize for the appearance of Hollis. 'A mere youth, but his father puts in a large capital for him, and really he is an excellent book-keeper.' I could appreciate this, and so I said; and after some pleasant chat, I took leave. Glancing through the lofty store, I discovered very few goods. Some baskets of champagne were piled up in the centre, and several hogshheads and quarter-casks were on one side, and a good many cases of wine opposite, but no other merchandise. However, I was not in a scrutinizing mood, and I did not think twice of the matter.

At the usual hour I reached home for dinner. A carman was just leaving my house. Alice stood at the door directing the stout Irish girl. There I saw a basket of champagne, a case of claret, another of Madeira, and a demijohn of old brandy, each with a card attached—'C. E. Parkinson, Esq. From Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company.'

When Alice perceived me, she exclaimed, 'O dear Papa! this seems like old times,' and she threw her arms about my neck in very joy. 'But you do n't look happy yourself, papa; are you ill?'

A NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

 BY RALPH RANDOM.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town,
 To view 'the situation,'
 And found the world all upside down,
 A rumpus in the nation;
 He heard all Europe laugh in scorn,
 And call him but a noodle;
 'Laugh on,' he cried, 'as sure's you're born,
 I still am YANKEE DOODLE.'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

He found the ragged Southern loons
 A-training like tarnation,
 They'd stolen all his silver spoons,
 And rifled his plantation;
 'I'll wait awhile,' he quietly said,
 'They may restore the plunder;
 But if they do n't, I'll go ahead,
 And thrash them well, by thunder!'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

And then the lovely Queen of Spain
 Told him in honeyed lingo,
 That she had courted — not in vain —
 A darkey in Domingo:
 'My dear,' said he, 'if you will roam
 With all the male creation,
 Pray, do n't come here — I can't, at home,
 Allow amalgamation.'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

The British lion slyly eyed
 His bales of Southern cotton —
 'Dear YANKEE DOODLE,' soft he cried,
 'That stuff is slave-begotten:
 A brother's tears have bleached it white,
 It speaks your degradation,

But I must have it wrong or right,
To keep away starvation.'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

'Hands off! hands off! good cousin John,'
Said quiet YANKEE DOODLE,
'I am no braggart cotton Don,
Who'll bear the system feudal;
I've heard you prate in Exeter Hall,
Of sin and slave pollution,
But now I see 'twas blarney all,
You *love* 'the Institution!'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

'False words and deeds, to high and low
Bring righteous retribution;
And cousin John, *mayhap* you know
The frigate Constitution!
She now is but a rotten boat,
But I have half a notion,
To set her once again afloat,
And drive you from the ocean.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

'And if, in league with her of Spain,
With all the past forgotten,
You dare to lift the hand of Cain
In aid of old King Cotton,
Be sure you guard those costly toys
You call your 'broad dominions,'
For I have lots of Yankee *boys*
Can flog your hiring minions.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

'I trust in God, and in the right,
And in this mighty nation;
And in this cause would freely fight
The whole combined creation;
For when, in Time's impartial gaze,
The nations are reviewed all,
I know the meed of honest praise
Will rest on YANKEE DOODLE.'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

MANUAL OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK. 1861. D. T. VALENTINE.

THIS casket of jewels, replete with the glory of our municipal wealth, is by far the most attractive feature on the drawing-room table. Heretofore, the **MANUAL** has been considered only a book fit for reference, a standard to consult for data and to replace immediately upon the library-shelf; but the present requires more, and as if to kindly anticipate our wants, VALENTINE, the antiquarian and historian, has compiled the poesy of the past with the memorable incidents of the present, and given us one of the most readable books of the season. To have done this, required talents of a peculiar order, and the very soul of the man is enshrined in the work before us. The present comprises the twentieth volume issuing from his pen. With what pious care he cherishes every souvenir of the glorious past, nor does he allow the less sublimated present to escape him! In hours like these the mythical annals of romance pall upon the taste; the present has a penchant for reality, and reality in its most exalted form. Politics, seasons may change, yet VALENTINE is at his post, the true Knickerbocker, the incorruptible patriot, the conscientious historian. He has done his duty in removing the dust and smoke of mammon from our national escutcheon, and now in this dark political hour it is glittering like an immortal segis. We were never quite so proud of our country and of the goodly city of Manhattan. Rife with a hitherto untold wealth of national and local incident, carefully compiled, honestly digested, and profusely illustrated, we regard the **MANUAL** of 1861 with mingled pride and wonder; pride that we have an antiquity; something to fall back upon; something to prove that Americans have a rank among the nations of the earth; that they are not the mere mushroom growth of to-day; and wonder, that the ever-busy Clerk of the Common Council, whose very personality has become incorporated with the marble walls of the City Hall; whose very soul is seemingly monopolized by his daily duties, has found time to enshrine the fleeting memories of the past, and lay them in such attractive guise on the shrine of the present. The **MANUAL**, regally bound in purple and gold, is a priceless album, in which are preserved those souvenirs at this hour of all others most dear to us. Knickerbockers cannot prize it too highly.

THE SEA, (LA MER.) Translated from the French Edition just published in Paris. By M. J. MICHELET, Author of 'L'Amour,' 'La Femme,' etc. etc. RUDD AND CARLTON.

A BLENDING of the philosophy, the poesy, and the utility of the sea. A profound investigation of the world of waters, a glance at the currents, tides, and tempests, and a brief digest of the inhabitants of the 'vasty deep.' The work is preëminently à la MICHELET. He finds a rhythm, a melody in the ocean, chime, a poesy on the heaving sea — when it is not too terrible — and a novel and charming sympathy among its inhabitants. He takes the SEA to his heart — *fons omnium viventium* — as our great primeval mother, and worships it as an almost human creation. While revelling in the poesy, he delves deeply into the philosophy, and as a financier and patriot, expatiates loudly on the decrease of the whale, and the deserted fisheries on the coast of France; while as a physician, he benevolently regards THE SEA as the great restorer of health — the cure for the scrofulous, the wholesome tonic for the debilitated and weakened constitution; and pleads pathetically for the establishment of economical batheries, which shall come within the reach of the industrious mechanic, and the invalid of limited income, where genial health instead of imperious fashion shall be the *genus loci*. A readable book, rife with suggestions.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Volume Five. From the Press of HARPER AND BROTHERS. Franklin-Square and Pearl-Street. Second Notice.

WE commend the history of *Patterson's Scottish Bubble*, in this book, as one equal, if not surpassing in interest, WASHINGTON IRVING'S 'Mississippi Bubble,' written for these pages. There is occasionally a dash of humor in the description, which serves to heighten the picture. The *first* colonists were received on landing by one of the greatest princes of the country: 'The courtiers who attended him, ten or twelve in number, were stark naked; but *he* was distinguished by a red coat, a pair of cotton drawers, and an old hat. He was propitiated by a present of a new hat, blazing with gold lace.' The *second* corps of colonists 'found the site marked out for the proud capital which was to have been the Tyre, the Venice, the Amsterdam of the eighteenth century overgrown with jungle, and inhabited only by the sloth and the baboon: ' while the sufferings of the 'middle-passage' were as nothing compared with those encountered by the victims on the long voyage to this Mecca of their hopes. PATTERSON, however, had a precedent, which is thus graphically described:

'On a desolate marsh, overhung by fogs and exhaling diseases, a marsh where there was neither wood nor stone, neither firm earth nor drinkable water, a marsh from which the ocean on one side and the Rhine on the other were with difficulty kept out by art, was to be found the most prosperous community in Europe. The wealth which was collected within five miles of the Stadthouse of Amsterdam would purchase the fee-simple of Scotland. And why should this be? Was there any reason to believe that nature had bestowed on the Phœnician, on the Venetian, or on the Hollander, a larger measure of activity, of ingenuity, of forethought, of self-command, than on the citizen of Edinburgh or Glasgow? The truth was that, in all those qualities which conduce to success in life, and especially in commercial life, the Scot had never been surpassed; perhaps he had never been equalled. All that was necessary was that his energy should take a proper direction, and a proper direction PATTERSON undertook to give.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Notes from *cis-Atlantic Egypt*.

THE OCCUPATION OF CAIRO.

'FALL IN!' — A roll of drums, a rattling of guns and accoutrements, a hasty adjustment of refractory blankets, and we are in line.

At the word, we move forward, leaving the camp at Springfield, and march to the railroad-dépôt. It is nine o'clock at night, and we have been under marching orders since four. No one knows whither we are going, and the air of mystery that hangs over the movement brings very forcibly to our minds the reality that we are now acting under the orders of Uncle Sam, and are no longer our own masters. Many are the conjectures as to our destination. We are going to Cairo, to Jefferson Barracks, to Texas — any how, we are going South, and that is what we want. Arriving at the dépôt of the Great Western Railroad, we halt, take a hasty leave of our friends, and fall into line again. No further order coming, we take another hasty leave of our friends, and then another, and again. Finally, the order comes, we board the cars and are — *not* off. The train is very much attached to that station; can't tear itself away. Our friends come aboard and take a hasty leave of us, and then we try to sleep away the time. But having two or three men's feet and a gun or two in your lap, and another man's head nodding against your shoulder, does not materially assist nature in her sweetly restorative process. One or two very domestic men venture to warble 'Sweet Home,' and are rewarded with numerous 'Dry up,' and other expressive but inelegant remarks. At last the whistle sounds: we hear the approaching '*thud!*' as each car is started, and now we are off, this time positively without reserve. The fresh air and the motion revive me, and I give up trying to sleep, and wander off into a reverie. I am thinking of the dear ones so lately left, and of the wise counsel and the cheering words of encouragement they gave me, the promises I made them in return, and the many things left unsaid for want of power of utterance, when the train stops at Decatur, and we leave it. As the train that is to bear us southward does not start for several hours, we spread ourselves miscellaneously upon the platform, in search of the comfort that is to be found on the soft side of a plank. As the sun rises, we scatter ourselves through the city to forage for breakfast.

The search is pursued for an hour with more or less success. Some procure loaves of bread of adamantine solidity; others capture pies of uncertain age and dubious flavor; a few ingratiate themselves with the divinities of the hotel-kitchen, and are supplied with substantial favors from the back-window; while others, 'mis'able cusses,' are obliged to stand back, with cavernous stomachs, and irrigated mouths, and ruminate—a very unsatisfactory way of taking breakfast.

At seven o'clock, we take the cars on the Illinois Central road, and are off for Cairo—for it has leaked out that that is our destination; and it is intimated that we are to be set to work throwing up fortifications. We don't like this news pretty well, but we console ourselves with the reflection that at any rate we will make our mark in the world, even if we have to do it with a spade. At some of the stations on the route, water is distributed, which disappears with amazing rapidity. One of the boys in his haste pushes his head into the bucket, a tin one of the truncated cone pattern, and it sticks there. In his efforts to extricate it, he spills the water; whereupon his comrades give their vocabulary of maledictions a thorough ventilation. At Centralia, we hear it reported that the sympathizers with secession at Carbondale, sixty miles below, have burnt a bridge and intend to attack us when we come down. This looks like business, and we proceed with caution; for we are entering Egypt, a land whose loyalty has been questioned. As we approach the suspected bridge, we see a number of men on the bank: the train is stopped, and we are ordered to fix our bayonets but keep our seats. At this juncture a white flag is waved in the crowd on the bank, and an officer goes forward to learn the meaning of it. He returns with the intelligence that it is a company of Chicago boys, guarding the bridge. We move on, and giving the brave fellows three hearty cheers, enter the town of Carbondale singing the Star-Spangled Banner with all our might. [That treason should exist in so loyal a State as Illinois may seem strange; but—with shame I confess it—it is true that before our arrival, the Union men were intimidated, and open threats of violence to the Federal troops were made by citizens of our own State. Our presence here has had a very salutary effect, and now there are only a few sporadic cases of treason.]

Carbondale is the only place on the road where the rebels have any power, and after leaving it we breathe freely. Darkness comes on as we are winding through the woods and bluffs that tell of the proximity of the rivers, and at about eight o'clock we enter Cairo in the midst of a drenching rain, and the roar and flash of heaving artillery. In the hurry of leaving Springfield we have brought with us no camp equipage, and no shelter has been provided for us; so we are obliged to accommodate ourselves in the cars. Small rations of bread and water having been distributed, we curl ourselves up on the seats, and, weary and back-achey, set out for the land of Nod. We snatch a little slumber, but it is not the

'Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,'

but an unsatisfactory doze, a dreamy continuation of the jolting and rumbling day's ride. It is a perfect luxury to stand guard out in the rain, and be able to breathe freely, and get the twists out of one's legs.

The next morning we leave the cars and encamp on the flat ground between the levees. Thus was Cairo occupied by a battalion of Illinois volunteers, on

the morning of the twenty-fourth of April, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

OUR FIRST BREAKFAST.

RATIONS have been received and distributed, and we proceed to prepare our first breakfast in camp, a matter in which we are all decidedly verdant. That slim fellow there, chopping wood with much more vigor than dexterity, has just left the counter, changing the yard-stick for the musket, deserting the calico for the sake of the bunting. The axe comes down just where it pleases, utterly regardless of the wishes of its manager, (?) and the chips fly about promiscuously, coming nearer one's head than is pleasant. That young student, whose sun-burnt face was lately so pale and scholarly, slices the unctuous bacon in a manner that suggests that he may have acquired his skill by hastily carving chickens — bought when the owner was not there. Jim B. sweats and weeps over the smoky fire, alternately burning and sucking his fingers, and keeping up a running accompaniment of commentaries, not at all complimentary in their nature, upon the contents of the pan. At length, however, after several futile attempts, the coffee is made, the bacon fried, the side-dishes — bread, molasses, salt, and such little extras — brought on, and we fall to with an excellent appetite, which is said to be the best sauce: it certainly is in this case, for it is the only one.

THE CITY.

CAIRO probably has improved somewhat since Mark Tapley was here, but still it is a place in which it is quite creditable to be jolly.

It is not an attractive place to look at, and situated on flat ground about twenty-five feet below the top of the levee, the prospect from within is enlivening only so far as a dull background of dirt, dotted with houses one or two shades lighter, can make it. There is nothing fresh about the place. The houses, even the newest of them, have an old and time-worn appearance, the flowers seem to linger through a sickly existence, and die prematurely, and the men have that listless, apathetic appearance that suggests the *dry rot* as portrayed by Dickens. If we except the bibulous indulgence sometimes known by that name, I have not seen a man smile since I have been here. The venders of potables seem to be the only ones that are doing a thriving business; and while dry goods and groceries are perfectly stagnant, 'dog's nose' and gin are staple commodities with the gay and festive Cairoites. The present appearance of this place is in great part owing to the unhappy times on which we have fallen, and I am told that usually there is a great deal of business done here. But I give my impression of the place from a two months' stay in it, and I must say that I have had plenty, thank you, and wouldn't choose any more; and not the least of my reasons is, because the news-dépôts don't keep the KNICKERBOCKER.

THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

THAT means all of us as we were at first. Having been enlisted only one week, our first experience in drill was a very trying one, but amusing

enough — to the initiated. It is a hazardous undertaking for a raw recruit to attempt to order arms ; the butt of the piece falls clumsily upon the ground, or his own or his neighbor's toes, just as chance directs it. About-face involves a serious risk of a downfall. Gentlemen with large feet and weak ankles get them tangled, and having a very hazy idea which is which, are unable to untangle them without the aid of the drill-master. After some stupid blunder, the command is given : 'As you were!' whereupon some of us take positions that we never were in before, and which it would be impossible for us to take of our own volition ; and others, lacking confidence in themselves, and afraid of being laughed at, stand like wooden men, waiting to be moved. But the most terrible experience is in attempting the Double-quick. The man behind me uses my heels and the calves of my legs to wipe his feet on, the man beside me keeps time on my ribs with his elbows, and the gun of the short man in front knocks off my cap, narrowly missing my head. If I stop for the cap, a dozen or more men will run over me ; so I keep on, minus the cap, out of wind, and damaged as to my temper. At this juncture, the man in the rear stumbles, and as he falls, a gleaming sabre bayonet comes down, and I gain a fundamental knowledge of its efficiency as a weapon. It does n't tear my coat-tail, for our economical Uncle Samuel has not furnished us with that appendage to our raiment ; but it makes an unsightly wound in the basement of my trowers. I am pronounced unfit for duty, and seclude myself from public gaze till I have repaired the fissured garment. But the mysteries of the manual and evolutions become plain in time, and the awkward squad becomes efficient and well-drilled.

THE ARMY OF NURSES.

I MUST close this article, already too long, with a tribute to the patriotic ladies who have volunteered to accompany the army and take care of the sick and wounded. God bless the women of our country ! is the prayer that has been and still is daily offered up by those who have left their homes to do their humble part in this war for the glorious Stars and Stripes. Not only have they given us to our country's service willingly, sending us away with smiles of encouragement, with the parting kiss bidding us God speed, and urging us to come back with honor and victory on our banners or not come back at all, but they have done more. Leaving relatives and friends and homes of ease and luxury, they have, with the earnest enthusiasm that ever animates them and urges them to good deeds, come among us, and, wherever untimely disease has found its victim, entered upon their labor of love. I shall never forget the scenes that I have witnessed in the hospitals here. I have seen rough-bearded, hard-featured men, in whom the finer feelings seemed dead, melted to tears by the kind ministrations of these noble sisters of charity. Let the arrogant lords of creation prate no more about woman's shallow and heartless frivolity. No feats of arms will add more lustre to the American name than the silent, unostentatious labors of the American women ; and when the history of this war is written, there will be no brighter pages in it than those that tell of the noble self-denial, and the quiet but untiring energy of the Army of Nurses.

R. WOLCOTT.

LETTER FROM THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT. — We think we are not mistaken in inferring, that the following familiar letter from a young friend and patriot in the Seventy-First Regiment, whose head-quarters are at Washington when the troops are not wanted elsewhere, will have the same interest for our readers which it had for ourself. Off-hand, unpremeditated epistles like the subjoined, convey a much more vivid impression of a volunteer's every-day life and duties, than *prepared* letters designed for publication :

'DEAR UNCLE LOUIS: The last letter you received from me was written, I believe, in the midshipman's mess, on board a man-of-war. May I hope that one from the 'Bar-racks' may prove as acceptable, if not as interesting? Landsmen, or land-lubbers, as they term 'shore-people,' in the Navy, know very little concerning the 'Salt;' while they do of the soldier: any thing, therefore, from the former, is of greater interest than from the latter. As I once gave you a description of the life and duties of a sailor, I will attempt the same with that of a soldier. In the first place, I have not been a member of this regiment but a short time, having been transferred, at my father's request, from the Ninth to the Seventy-First, by Major-General SANDFORD. The reasons for doing so were many: the Ninth has turned out badly: poor officers, poor men, poor rations; in fact, poor every thing. I am now in a regiment which will eventually prove to be the finest in this country. They have already seen service, and rendered considerable aid to the Government. Our duties are arduous, though promptly performed; our men willing, and physically able to endure them; our officers gentlemen, though strict disciplinarians; our quarters comfortable, and food clean. We rise from our 'bunks' at five A.M., wash ourselves, in true democratic style, at the pump, and 'fall-in' for roll-call. Wo be to him who fails to answer when his name is called! An extra twenty-four hours' guard-duty is his lot. From six to seven we drill, in marchings, wheelings, etc. etc., without arms; at seven we sit down, with our *elegant* tin goblet, and magnificent ditto plate, to enjoy the very splendid morning repast, supplied to us by Uncle SAMUEL, which consists of meat — I would n't dare say what kind positively, but it is supposed to be bull-beef — accompanied with plain biscuit, minus butter, and coffee without milk: the latter article is thought to be unhealthy for the weak stomach of a soldier. Though our breakfast will not compare, I assure you, with the like meal at a first-class hotel; yet it is relished, and we feel much better after it than does your Fifth-Avenue swell, with his highly-seasoned *dejeuner*. At half-past eight the guard-mounting begins; the band (an excellent one, with HARVEY DODWORTH as leader) playing delightful airs for three-quarters of an hour. From nine until eleven we smoke our pipes, write our letters, or lounge around in true Oriental magnificence; at eleven, those who are fortunate enough to be off guard, (which occurs with us every other day, and with other regiments here nearly every day,) go target-shooting, with rifles, firing at a distance of one hundred yards, each one of the company having the privilege of firing two rounds. At one P.M. our dinner is served up — a meal similar to breakfast; in fact it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to prove the difference: one description suffices for both: it is done in order to save the soldiers the trouble of writing descriptions home of two meals. At three P.M. we drill with rifles in the manual of arms until five. At six is the dress-parade of the entire regiment: it lasts about one-and-a-half hours, and is witnessed by some hundreds of the fair sex of Washington. Ours is their favorite regiment, on account of their soldier (!)-like bearing and gentlemanly manners. (Ahem!) At half-past seven we take tea: this meal differs in *one* respect; for the others we have

cheese instead of *meat*; which is very acceptable, and 'quite the cheese,' though it does n't seem to admire our society much, evidently evincing a desire to leave. From eight to nine the band plays in front of the Colonel's quarters, and we gather around, with well-filled pipes, to listen to its delightful strains, and think of the dear ones at home. 'Music *hath* charms,' and 'no mistake!'

'At the hour of ten '*taps*' are beat, lights put out, and the weary soldier rests until the morrow. It is rather a monotonous life, yet we have our little fun. In my company, the famous Light-Guard of New-York, there are some noble voices, and their owners are not afraid of using them. It does not require quite as much urging as it generally does an accomplished young lady, to get them a-going. We are also favored with some excellent wits: one of them I presume you know — Mr. H ——— McM ———: his extemporaneous poetical speeches are celebrated throughout New-York for their wit and eloquence. We have also Mr. M ———, the composer of some fine music; '*Viva l'America*' being one of his best efforts. So you see we are not entirely destitute of literary and musical society, if we are soldiers.

'Captain DAHLGREN, the Naval Commander of the Yard, will not hear of any other regiment taking our place. He compliments us highly, and has entire confidence in our ability to protect the vast amount of valuable property in the Yard. We therefore shall in all probability remain here until our time is up; and if we go away it will be only temporarily.

'I WAS much amused a day or so ago by a little incident that occurred on the 'Long Bridge' with a detachment of our regiment guards. The bridge is a long one, and connects Washington with the Maryland shore. Our sentinels have strict orders to allow no one of a suspicious character to pass without rendering a good account of himself: and as they are posted within hailing distance of each other, there are some twenty of them on guard at a time. If any one approaches, it is the duty of sentry number one to cry out: 'Who goes there?' If in the day-time, when no countersign is required, and the answers are satisfactory, the guard passes the friend to post number two, by singing out loudly: 'Advance, friend on foot,' or 'Advance, friend with wagon,' as the case may be; and number two passes him to number three; and so on, until he arrives at the opposite end. On this occasion, a one-horse wagon and driver made their appearance, on the Maryland side, and desired to cross: sentry number one gave the usual challenge: 'Who goes there?' Answer: 'Friend, with load of shad;' at which the sentry gave the order boldly: '*Advance, Load of Shad, and drop three!*' which the said affrighted friend immediately did, much to the surprise and delight of sentry number one, who thought it was a good joke, as we *all* did that night at supper, when we came to devour 'said shad.' This is only *one* of the tricks which we have 'played upon travellers.' When a sentinel is relieved, (which occurs every two hours,) he imparts to his successor the orders given to him by the officer of the guard. In the day-time these orders are a mere matter of form; but you are compelled to say something. The following were *my* orders a few days ago, and were given to me in a deep-toned, solemn voice: 'Allow no fish to flop his tail out of water, on penalty of death.' A sentry should be very dignified; but this was so extremely ridiculous that I lost my gravity, and burst out with roars of laughter. If you had been present, you would have done the same. Of course I was obliged to give it to my successor.'

'Knowing that you are generally very busy, and feeling that I have already written too much, I close, remaining your affectionate nephew,

L. G. CLARK, Esq., Ed. KNICK MAG.

F. B. C——.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — 'Forewarned is forearmed,' they say; and as our National Government must keep all Southern and South-western ports intact, at the risk of having old JOHNNY BULL impudently interfering with our free action as a nation, we wish to advise our port-keepers to have always a 'bright look-out ahead,' so as not to be surprised with a '*Run upon the Blockade*,' so cunningly and so successfully performed on one occasion in the last war. Lieutenant JUDSON, then in the United States Navy, took the narrative down from the lips of a warm-hearted, hard-faced, jolly old fellow, who in the last war with England commanded a privateer-schooner, named the '*Hope*,' a beautiful clipper, of about one hundred and fifty tons, and two thirty-two pounder pivot-guns:

'We were lying in New-York Harbor, just betwixt Governor's Island and the Battery, when the fleet that chased the old Constitution so hard was blockading the channels at both ends of Long Island, keeping such a sharp look-out along shore with their frigates and tenders that not a craft dare stir out of her anchorage. This made me as cross as an English man-o-war's-man on short rations; for I was lying in port, feeding a crew, keeping my craft on expenses, and all that; and it did n't suit my free-born nature to be cooped up like a stray pig in a strange pen, when I knew that money was to be made on blue water, if I could only reach it. So one day I mustered the crew aft, and spun them off a bit of a speech; told 'em that it was all humbug for us to lie there doing nothing, and asked 'em if they would stand by me to the last if I would try and run the blockade; telling 'em at the same time that I intended to let the craft sink before she should be captured; that the stars and stripes should never come down from the schooner's truck while *she* floated above water.

'The crew gave me three cheers, and that was all the answer that I wanted; so I gave orders to re-stow the hold, clean up the arms, and get every thing ready for sea. I intended to take the first nor'-west wind and dark night, and try the run.

'I did n't have long to wait before the night and nor'-wester came. It was indeed a fine night for my work. The wind came fitfully off the land in squalls; the heavy black clouds that tumbled along between the stars and the earth made every thing as dark as the middle of a tar-bucket, and the rain came down as if the caulking of the sky had all fell out.

'Soon after the darkness had got fairly settled, I called all hands and reefed our sails down snug, then roused up the anchor and got under way. I set the main-sail, close-reefed fore-top-sail and jib, and with the wind on my starboard quarter, stood down the bay, steering by compass and soundings.

'It was uncommonly dark, and once in a while the squalls would sweep down the bay, bellying out our scant sails, and bending the creaking spars over the bows, while the craft quivered like a dry leaf in the autumnal blast.

'We showed no light, and kept as quiet as a mouse when the cat is in its vicinity, as we neared Sandy Hook, for we knew that the tenders of the fleet would lie close in under the land, so as to make a lee, as also to keep a look-out for coasters, or the like of us, who might take the advantage of the weather, and try to give them the slip.

'We kept on very well till we were clear of the point of the Hook, and were stretching out over the middle ground in a little under three-fathom soundings, when I, who was standing for'ard by the heel of the bowsprit, with a night-glass in my hand, trying to send my eye ahead into the darkness, suddenly caught a glimpse of a dark object,

close aboard and directly ahead of us. I had scarcely sung out, 'Hard-a-port your helm!' to the steersman, when luffing up in the wind a little, we passed close alongside of a large schooner, which was lying-to on the off-shore tack, with her close-reefed foresail set. As we swept past her, I saw at once that she was a man-o'-war, and at the same time her officer of the deck hailed us:

'Schooner ahoy! Who are you? Heave to, or I'll fire into you.'

'I was so completely thrown aback by this sudden meeting, that I forgot to answer him, and on we swiftly swept in the darkness, without even giving him a light to show where we were. But he was pretty good at guessing, for within four or five minutes a shot came whizzing along, not more than forty or fifty fathoms to leeward of us, and then we could see the lights glancing about her decks, as all hands were called, and we knew that he was making sail in chase.

'Light ho!' sung out a man from aloft, and then in an instant added: 'Lights ahead, and on both bows, Sir!'

'Then before the words were out of the topman's mouth, my first lieutenant sung out from the quarter-deck, 'Lights on the weather quarter and beam, Captain Bowline!'

'I clambered aloft, and took a look with my glass, and saw that we were completely hemmed in. A circle of lights surrounded us, all of which I knew came from the enemy's shipping, and to crown the whole, and make a bad fix worse, the rascal whom I had passed but a moment before, commenced throwing up signal-rockets to show where our schooner was.

'As my glass swept around that circle of lights, I thought that I'd got myself in a bad scrape, and wished from the lowermost locker of my heart that my little craft was back at her old anchorage, for the prospect of hard knocks and no prize money was not particularly brilliant just at that moment. But I determined to get clear if I could; and hurrying down to the deck, made the crew set the to'-gallant sail and square-sail. Then I had a light run up at each masthead, as the schooner astern of me had already done, so as to deceive the ships ahead of me, which lay in such a position that I must pass close by them. The fellow astern now knew me by my bearings, and he soon showed, by the change in his bearings and the motion of his lights, as they swung to-and-fro from his bending spars, that he was following in my wake under a press of sail. He kept continually sending up rockets and blue-lights, and I imitated as nearly as possible each signal that he made, for I knew that if the heavy ships outside of me once smelt the rat, and found out who I was, a single broadside would be dose enough for my poor little schooner.

'Apparently exasperated at our good imitations, the craft astern yawed from her course and fired a couple of shots at us, but as we paid no attention to her harmless shots, and she only lost ground by firing, she stopped it and pressed on in chase. We too cracked on every thread of canvas which our craft would bear, knowing that every thing depended on passing the ships outside without receiving a fire from them.

'Once more I took my glass and went forward to pick the best spot to pass their line. Just ahead of us were two lights pretty close together, which I thought, from the heights at which they hung, might be suspended from the gaffs of frigates or corvettes, and I made up my mind to run boldly under the stern of the rearmost of them, and try to pass myself off as one of their tenders, knowing that nothing but a stratagem could save me. So, still showing similar signals to those of the schooner astern, I held my course. In a few minutes we neared the sternmost ship, and then I saw by her lighted ports that she was a three-decker line-o'-battle ship. I reckon I was a *leetle* skeered, just then, but I did n't tell my men so, and they seemed to be as cool as white bears on an iceberg.

'As we came within hail of the seventy-four, a gruff English voice shouted through a trumpet:

'Schooner ahoy! Is that the Nereide?'

'Thank God, for *that* hint!' thought I, as I answered:

'Ay, ay, Sir!'

'What's in the wind?' he again hailed. 'Your signal-officer must be drunk; we can't understand you. Explain yourself!'

'I'm in chase of a bloody villain of a Yankee, that's trying to run the blockade!' shouted I.

'Oh! very well!' he answered; 'I hope you'll catch the sneaking scullion!'

'So do I, and keep him after he is caught; but 'hopes' are slippery things, as the old woman said of the eels which she was skinning, when she lost them overboard!'

'Another moment and we were beyond his hail, and outside of the line of ships, bowling off at the rate of eleven or twelve knots. In a few minutes we doused every light, then altered our course four points to the southward, and were in a few moments hidden from the enemy by the darkness.

'I soon saw the pursuing schooner run under the stern of the seventy-four, and then, by the new signals made, knew at once that my stratagem had been detected. The seventy-four fired guns, and at once the lights of the whole line commenced changing their bearings, and I saw that a general chase had been ordered. I didn't care now, however, for I knew that my little craft had the heels of 'em, and with the darkness to aid me, I felt assured of escape.

'Before day broke, I was away down off the Capes of the Delaware, with every thing astern of me hull-down, and as I shaped my course for the West-Indies, I laughed to think that the Englishman's 'Hoxe' had proved so slippery!'

FROM OUR FRIEND OF 'THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.'—Thanks to our auspicious star, the hint which we gave in a late number, to the author of '*The First Locomotive*,' (which has been re-produced by our friends of the Press from distant Maine to far-off Oregon,) has suggested to that entertaining and slyly-sarcastic writer the propriety of responding to our call; and the result is the admirable article which we subjoin. Notice especially, please, the sententious, quiet hit at the absence of all *curiosity* in North-Carolina and Virginia, (save the mark!) and the allusion to the extraordinary curiosity of the deaf lady in Connecticut; a fact which was told to the author, word for word, by Mrs. H —, of Connecticut, the wife of the then Post-master General, at Washington:

The Dead-Letter Office.

'This is an appendage to a part of the General Post-Office at Washington, and must necessarily exist in all countries where a Post-Office Department exists. The management of, and duties performed in, this office, are of the most delicate and confidential character, as may be readily inferred; because to this office are returned all the letters that have failed to be received by the parties to whom they were directed. Every post-office throughout our wide-spread Union, at regular periods, returns all such uncalled-for letters to this Dead-Letter Office, and here, in due course, they are, by law, opened and examined, and if found to contain any thing of value, the same is carefully returned to the source whence it was received, and every care taken to see it through another effort to reach its destination.

'In the first place, the letters uncalled for, at all the various offices about the coun-

try, are accompanied by a list, when sent to this Dead-Letter Office; these lists are carefully compared with the letters, and if found correct, are all carefully entered in a book, and filed away; the letters then pass into the *Opening-Room*, where the seals are broken, and if any thing of value is found in any letter, due entry is made of it, and, as before said, it is carefully put in train for another effort to reach its destination. All the letters here opened, and found to contain nothing of value, are stuffed into bags, and at convenient periods, are taken to a fire prepared for the purpose, in an open field, and burnt. It was formerly the practice to sell these bags and bales of opened letters to the paper-makers; but as this was found liable to abuse, by allowing a morbid or mischievous curiosity to indulge itself in a re-examination, before grinding the mass into new paper, the burning system is now adopted.

'Of the millions of letters thus annually returned to the Dead-Letter Office, to be opened and examined, the amount of *money* found in them reaches about forty thousand dollars, besides other matters of value — bills of exchange, certificates of deposit, bonds, mortgages, deeds, etc. etc. — all which, with the letters covering them, are disposed of as stated — that is, first carefully recorded in a book, and sent again and again on renewed tours to find their rightful owners. It frequently occurs that some of these *valuables* make three and four additional journeys through the mail-routes to find their lawful owners. In a word, in all the *business* arrangements of this Dead-Letter Office, the system is as accurate and honest and just and as carefully conducted as human wisdom and integrity can devise. On this point I took care to inform myself by actual personal examination; being allowed to do so by the officers and clerks in charge, who all seemed to be and were as strictly checked and counter-checked as skill in arrangement to this end could devise.

'But my curiosity was especially awakened to the process of *opening and reading and examining* the letters, and to this room I will now conduct my readers. It is a locked room, and only entered 'by authority,' and by that authority I entered it. At each side of a table sat, facing each other, two sedate-looking 'fellow-citizens,' with piles of sealed letters between them, and list of same at hand; and at their feet lay piles of *opened* letters, and around in the corners, and against the walls of the room, stood stuffed bags of opened letters, awaiting their turn to be carried to the stake and burned. Here, in this locked room, sit, from morning till night, two or more persons, who alone, in all this country beside, are allowed, 'by law,' to break the sacred seal of letters addressed to others. Letters sealed with wafers — letters sealed with wax — black wax, the emblem of mourning; blue wax, the emblem of love; red wax, which may mean any thing; impressions of 'death's head and hour-glass;' impressions of 'billing doves,' or 'double hearts pierced by an arrow;' mottoes of 'mourn not as those without hope;' 'forget me not;' 'remember me;' 'adieu;' 'God bless you;' impressed on black wax, blue wax, red wax, and holding together the folds of black-edged paper, blue-edged paper, gilt-edged paper, green paper, yellow paper, and all kinds and colors of paper; here, after a fruitless journey, they are all brought together, as it were to await a judgment-day; having been *uncalled for* where they were sent, they came here to be opened by other hands than those who it was fondly but vainly hoped would open them. Here, after *examination*, brief but sure, a few, very few are found worthy to be *saved*, while the many go — down below — thus incontestably proving that 'many are called, but few chosen.'

'And here let us pause a moment; and attempt to measure, if we can, the numerous instances of disappointed hopes, defeated schemes, and crushed wishes, which these masses of uncalled-for letters naturally suggest. Here is one containing a three-dollar bank-bill, sent by a poor mother to her poorer daughter; it is evidently all that could be spared by the parent to a tender offspring who was seriously ill; it contains, also, a

promise of sending a like sum 'next month.' It contains, also, that which, no doubt, to a sick-bed was more precious than money — a parent's blessing! a parent's heart affection! a parent's prayer! Who can say how much of consolation that letter would have furnished to that dying daughter! I say *dying*, because deep apprehension is evidenced by the writer; and as the letter was never *called for*, the inference is that she to whom it was addressed had passed to that world where sickness and sorrow and poverty and suffering are unknown. It is carefully restored to its folds, entered and numbered in a book, and laid aside for a new journey: *it is saved*.

'Here comes one marked, 'most confidential,' and addressed to a newspaper editor. It is signed: 'One who Knows.' What amount of scandal it contains; whose private character is assailed; what schemes, what plots, it dilates on, and develops, 'One who Knows' only knows: it is not 'pre-paid,' and, *of course*, has remained *uncalled for*, and would till dooms-day. Away with it — and down it goes on the floor, at the feet of old broad-brim. And to the next: but why enlarge? they follow in rapid succession: and while contemplating the scene before me, I could not arrest the natural current of the mind, which irresistibly led to the 'seeing herein the hopes of immortality;' for *thus* — measurably — shall we all come, like sealed letters, to the great and final *Dead-Letter Office*, there to be opened and examined, (for there all seals and all hearts will be opened,) and those of us who are found to contain any thing *valuable*, will be carefully recorded in a book, and sent, perhaps, upon a new and more certain mail-route to reach our desired destination; while those of us who are found to contain *nothing valuable*, are stuffed promiscuously in bags with like 'unprofitable things,' and 'by law,' consigned to the flames which burn forever and ever. Amen!

'But to return to our subject: there sat our two trusty fellow-citizens, face to face, opening, for the first time since they were closed, the seals of letters. One of these worthies was rather an aged-looking person: how old, or how young, it is difficult to say; for daily office-labor is apt to make the young look old, and *sometimes* the old look young; and at any rate, many never grow too old to quit office; but there he sat, with a lightish-brown broad-brimmed hat on — a quick, sharp eye under a protecting eye-brow; the fore-finger of his right hand seemed worn to a point — a sharp point, too — with a marvellously crooked nail-joint, giving it the appearance of a designed hook — like Captain CUTLER's hook, so convenient and so *handy*, that one is left in doubt whether it was born so, or been artificially so ordered; at any rate, say what we may of the ability of Captain CUTLER's hook, there never was a finger so admirably and naturally 'adapted to the purpose:' no matter how sealed — by wafer, or wax, or both — that finger, or the sharpened point — that finger *was there*, and, in a twinkling the letter was open, and that quick eye was, in an instant, from 'My dearest,' or 'Sir,' or 'Madam,' down to 'Yours, for ever,' or, 'Your obedient servant.'

'Now let us diverge again awhile. You, my dear Sir, who may have written a letter, marked 'most confidential,' and filled its pages with matter you desired no other mortal to see but the one to whom it is addressed; and you, sweet lady, who may have poured your whole heart and soul out upon gilt-edged paper, to be opened and read by one cherished one alone, and would not, for the world, it should be seen by any other mortal eye; for at its close you may have said, 'Burn this, after reading it, I charge you,' (be sure that this last injunction is *the only one* that will be followed;) let me tell you that, with my own eyes, within a brief period, I saw hundreds of letters, which might contain all your secrets, here opened by that sharp, crooked finger, and that sharper and quicker eye glance through and through its foldings. You naturally suppose his curiosity is keenly awakened: he surely can't throw aside without reading that which was of such deep interest to yourself or the party addressed. His object and duty avowedly are, to see if it contains any thing valuable. Well, surely to your mind every

line of that letter is valuable. But calm your fears: nothing contained in any letter, unless it be money, or papers of value, or supposed value, arrests that quick eye for a moment. There is no more curiosity in that man's mind to read and scan what you may have written, than there is in that finger which has opened its seal. He will sit and open and glance at and throw at his feet more letters in one hour than you could read in a week; and when I inquiringly said, 'Why, Sir, you do n't seem to trouble yourself to read much,' his answer was: 'No, Sir, that is not my business; I am only looking for valuables.' And I noticed that whenever a letter contained any inclosure, there was a momentary cessation of movement in that fore-finger; and if the inclosure proved not valuable, away went that finger at the seals again, and the mind, with all its curiosity, relapsed to the one single object of looking sharp for 'valuables,' and nothing more. While gazing at this singular process, I thought to myself what a boundless source of joy and delight it would be to my good cousin, Miss DEBORAH SIKKINS, whose curiosity is so intense she will go through hail and snow, and on a pinch would even risk fire; for she was known once to enter the house of a neighbor, after the flames had driven the firemen out, to see if she could not save (for her own gratification) a bundle of old letters left in a closet in the third story. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but there may be something curious in some of them?' How she would rejoice over the privilege of opening seals in this Dead-Letter Office! and would n't she find on every page, and in every line, something sufficiently valuable to authorize her ('by law,' too) to look closely to it, especially when she came to the list of dead letters returned uncalled for, from the — post-office, Connecticut!

'O my dear cousin! when I think of your laudable curiosity; how you pursue your inquiries of and into your neighbors' affairs through life unto death; and if by accident you have not been 'in at the death,' how you have gone, even unbidden, to the funeral, and crowding into the mourners' room, you have, in consequence of your deafness, inquired in a louder tone than you otherwise would have done, (because you are mild and courteous naturally, and would not harm a sparrow,) 'What in nature killed her so quick? Was it fits, or only cramps? Did you try them patent perpendicular powders? They are mighty good in fits, and cramps, too.' I say, O my dear Cousin DEBORAH! would n't you be up to your knees in clover, if you could only get an appointment to this quiet locked-up room in the Dead-Letter Office? To be sure you would! But on hinting this to my old friend with the broad-brimmed brown hat, sharp finger and sharper eye, he turned up the corner of one eye-brow, and looking at me, with a shake of his head, quaintly remarked: 'I reckon your Cousin DEBORAH would soon find her match in this work.' I am told — but I omitted to inquire into its accuracy, therefore do not entirely rely on my information — that ever since the post-office was established, and under all changes of administration, this particular business of opening letters has been confined to native-born citizens of North-Carolina and Virginia, who were never known to ask questions, or show the slightest curiosity in other people's affairs. They attend to their own, look well to the Constitution and the resolutions of '98, and of late years to 'State rights,' and never ask a white man where he comes from, what he is worth, or where bound; look out for valuables, if they fall in their way; but will not go out of their way to look for them. They believe there is gold in both those States, and are content to let it remain where PROVIDENCE kindly put it. It is as safe there as any where — but this is a digression from the Dead-Letter Office — and here I stop. My design was to quiet my own fears regarding some letters which never came to hand, and to quiet the fears of others who may be similarly situated. Letters, however, which contained nothing valuable — all such containing valuables, I can vouch for, may be found, if they ever reach this Dead-Letter Office; but in regard to all others, be they on subjects of love, politics, state secrets, or family secrets, or any other matter, that sharp

finger has opened them, that sharp eye has simply glanced at them, and never read a word; and, like JOHN ROGERS, (with his nine or ten children and wife as spectators,) they have gone to the stake, and been burned.'

A 'live' letter, from a live source. - - - MRS. S. C. HALL, whose new London Magazine, '*The St. James*,' is fast rising in public favor, has been so fortunate as to secure the following hitherto unpublished lines by the loved and lamented THOMAS HOOD. We sincerely hope his children may have 'more of the same sort' left in their honored father's poetical port-folio. This '*Song of the Lark in the City*' beautifully illustrates the cheerful, loving heart of the writer, and its sweet susceptibility to the influences of nature:

'The rainy mist was hanging low,
Creeping slow —
Creeping along the crowded street,
Dulling the echo of busy feet,
As the throngs passed by in a ceaseless flow,
Hastening, hurrying to-and-fro.

'Overhead was a sky of lead,
Never a glimpse of blue to be seen —
Never a gleam the clouds between —
And my heart sank low with doubt and dread;
And thoughts of the morrow,
Its care and sorrow,
And the toil for daily bread,
Filled my heart with a wild misgiving:
'Without a friend to love or pity,
All alone in this crowded city —
Where is the use of living?

'Trill — trill — trill!
The song of a lark
Scattered the visions dreary and dark,
And woke my heart with a thrill!
Poor little lark, in its tiny prison,
It chanted its sweet song over and over,
As if it were only newly risen
From the fields of emerald wheat and clover;
And the notes came pouring,
Heavenward soaring —
Up — up — up;
As if the cup
Of its happiness were overflowing,
Out on the hills, with a fresh breeze blowing,
And the sky to eastward redly glowing,
In the bright green country far away,
At the morn of a sunny summer day.

'Sorrow vanished — gloom was banished —
Forgotten the dreary misty weather;
And long leagues off, where the corn was green,
Up in the sun-light's golden sheen,
My heart and the lark were mounting together,
High — high — high
In the bright blue sky!

'Trill — trill — trill!
And cheerily still
The lark, in the midst of the busy city,
Over and over sang its ditty;
Raising my soul like a holy beatitude:
So, with all gratitude,
Cheered and chastened,
Onward I hastened,
Blessing the bird for its merry song,
That haunted my heart the whole day long.'

OUR friend G —, of Chicago, who sends us some '*Unpublished Clerical Anecdotes*,' includes therein the following. We first heard it several years ago. 'As we do *guess*,' the place referred to was not *more* than a thousand miles from the city of Rochester, in this State :

'TWENTY-FIVE years ago a flourishing Western (then) city was thrown into a great commotion by the discovery, in digging the foundation of a house, of the bones of a revolutionary patriot whom tradition had buried on or near that spot. The excitement was intense. Hundreds of people rushed to the spot. The bones were carefully taken up and put into a box. A public meeting was called to deliberate as to the proper course of proceeding in this important crisis. It was decided that a great public funeral and interment must take place, in order properly to do honor to the ashes of the valiant dead. The Rev. Dr. —, who wielded 'the pen of a ready writer,' and who was not indisposed to appearance before the people, volunteered to prepare a suitable eulogy. The arrangements were all made; the solemn day arrived; the public schools had holiday; the stores and offices were closed; flags hung with crape stretched across the main street—it was a day long to be remembered. The procession, headed by the city military, marched, by the music of muffled drum, to the large Court-House. An immense audience filled every corner of the building. Brave soldiers, equipped and bayoneted, stood guard around the sacred bones which had been handsomely coffined. The Rev. Doctor stepped forth, and for a whole hour spoke touching words of eulogy over the remains of the honored dead, ending by a striking apostrophe to 'the holy relics of patriotism,' which drew tears to many an eye.

'After the eulogy had been finished, the coffin-lid was partially removed, so that the crowd passing out might see the 'holy relics of patriotism.' They gazed, wiped away their tears, and were satisfied. But by-and-by a plain backwoods-man came along, and looking cautiously and carefully at the bones in the coffin, was apparently disconcerted about something: at last, after examining a bone or two, spoke out as follows: 'A Revolutionary hero: why them's the bones of a bear!' 'Put him out,' 'put him out,' the crowd cried nervously. 'Wa'll,' said he, 'you may put him out or not, as you like; but I say them is bear's bones and nothing else.' A committee of physicians were assembled, and they decided, upon examination, that the bones were those of a bear!'

Ask Bishop WHITEHOUSE, of Illinois, (somebody,) if he knows any thing about that 'Eulogy,' that 'Bear,' and that 'Revolutionary Hero,' and note his reply. - - - We are indebted to our esteemed friend and correspondent, J. B. S., of Memphis, Tenn., where we are glad to perceive the good old Union spirit still lives, for the following lines. We think our readers will agree with us that he has done *justice* to his subject:

'He Wore a Pair of Goggles.

'He wore a pair of goggles the night when first we met,
His dark-grey eye was glowing beneath a wig of jet;
His tones were madly eloquent—he seemed to me a trump,
The grandest patriot I had heard haranguing from a stump:
He swore he loved the UNION—ah! methinks I see him now,
As he trod the shaky platform, with the sweat upon his brow.

'A bandit's garb and trooper's boots when next we met he wore,
And he claimed supreme dominion on the 'Ole Virginny shore':
He said he loved the UNION with patriotic zeal,
So long as she had dollars, and he a chance to steal;
But then he went SECESSION—methinks I see him now,
A-straddle of his war-horse, grim death upon his brow.

'No bandit's garb or trooper's boots when next we met he wore,
No war-horse pawing in the vale made hill and valleys roar;

But gone his proud dominion, and gone his fair renown,
The leader of secession had 'set his Union down.'
He looked so sad and seedy, such grief was on his brow,
That I loaned him half-a-dollar—I wish I had it now.

'And once again we met—no rebel chief was there,
But in his guise a figure strange was dancing on the air!
It wore his wig and goggles—it *was* great JEFF himself—
He had at last SADDEN, was 'laid upon the shelf.'
I gazed for but a moment, yet methinks I see him now,
The hempen collar on his neck, the black cap on his brow.'

If there are six more men in Memphis with the grit of J. B. S., the city is safe.

IN September, 1856, a body of 'Border Ruffians' from Missouri, variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to three thousand, came up toward Lawrence, having taken an oath to burn it to the ground. 'At about four o'clock in the afternoon,' says an actor and an eye-witness, 'we were compelled to give credence to these rumors, for we saw the smoke of Franklin, a little town five miles south-east of Lawrence, curling up toward heaven and mingling with the clouds. Lawrence had not forty armed men to defend it.' How they defended it, one of the defenders has described in these trumpet-tones. They were written by RICHARD REALF:

'The Defence of Lawrence.'

'ALL night, upon the guarded hill,
Until the stars were low,
Wrapped round as with JEHOVAH's will,
We waited for the foe.
All night the silent sentinels
Moved by like gliding ghosts;
All night the fancied warning-bells
Held all men to their posts.

'We heard the sleeping prairies breathe,
The forest's human moans,
The hungry gnashing of the teeth
Of wolves on bleaching bones;
We marked the roar of rushing fires,
The neigh of frightened steeds,
• And voices as of far-off lyres
• Among the river-reeds.

'We were but thirty-nine who lay
Beside our rifles then;
We were but thirty-nine, and they
Were twenty hundred men.
Our lean limbs shook and reeled about,
Our feet were gashed and bare,
And all the breezes shredded out
Our garments in the air.

'Sick, sick at all the woes which spring
Where falls the Southron's rod,
Our very souls had learned to cling
To Freedom as to God:
And so we never thought of fear
In all those stormy hours,
For every mother's son stood near
The awful, unseen powers.

'And twenty hundred men had met,
And sworn an oath of hell,
That ere the morrow's sun had set
Our smoking homes should tell
A tale of ruin and of wrath,
And damning hate in store,
To bar the freeman's western path
Against him evermore.

'They came: the blessed Sabbath-day,
That soothed our swollen veins,
Like God's sweet benediction lay
On all the singing plains:
The valleys shouted to the sun,
The great woods clapped their hands,
And joy and glory seemed to run
Like rivers through the lands.

'They came: our daughters and our wives,
And men whose heads were white,
Rose sudden into kingly lives,
And walked forth to the fight.
And we drew aim along our guns,
And calmed our quickening breath;
Then, as is meet for Freedom's sons,
Shook loving hands with Death.

'And when three hundred of the foe
Rode up in scorn and pride,
Whoso had watched us then might know
That God was on our side;
For all at once a mighty thrill
Of grandeur through us swept,
And strong and swiftly down the hill
Like Gideons we leapt.

'And all throughout that Sabbath-day
A wall of fire we stood,
And held the baffled foe at bay,
And streaked the ground with blood;
And when the sun was very low,
They wheeled their stricken ranks,
And passed on wearily and slow,
Beyond the river-banks.

'Beneath the everlasting stars
We bended child-like knees,
And thanked God for the shining scars
Of his large victories:
And some who lingered said they heard
Such wondrous music pass,
As though a seraph's voice had stirred
The pulses of the grass.'

UNDER the head of '*Shakspeariana*,' our old correspondent, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of the Philadelphia '*Daily Press*,' has been giving some entertaining sketches. Speaking of the celebrated SHAKSPEARE Mulberry-Tree, he says :

'THE executor of his last will, Sir HUGH CLOPTON, sold New Place (SHAKSPEARE'S) to a clergyman named GASTRELL, a man of odd temper, who, disgusted with the authorities of Stratford for what he considered a demand for an excessive borough rate, and annoyed at the number of visitors to the place and the tree, pulled down the house, and cut down the famous mulberry. The *Annual Register*, for 1760, says that the trunk was sold to a silversmith, 'who made many odd things of it for the curious.' It is scarcely too much to say that there are (said to be) in existence as many portions of SHAKSPEARE'S famous mulberry as would suffice, in their unfragmental state, to build a man-of-war. We have seen them in England, Ireland and Scotland ; in France, Belgium and Germany. In the recent BURTON sale, (at New-York, October, 1860,) there were two such relics : namely, two Goblets carved from the mulberry-tree. GARRICK'S cup, from the same material, sold for one hundred pounds sterling, and now belongs, we believe, to the GARRICK Club, London. Major SIRR, the police magistrate of Dublin, also had a mulberry goblet, which sold for seventeen pounds ; and Mr. BRANDON, box-office keeper of Drury-Lane Theatre, possessed one, which brought ten pounds at auction. There is now a pretty large-sized block of SHAKSPEARE mulberry in the British Museum, presented to that institution by the Rev. THOMAS RACKET, one of GARRICK'S executors. The late Mr. BURTON possessed a smaller portion, said to have been lopped from the same block. It is stated, in DAVIES' '*Life of GARRICK*,' that the Reverend Mr. GASTRELL cut down the mulberry-tree, 'because it overshadowed his window, and rendered the house, as he thought, subject to damps and moisture.' The people of Stratford were so offended that they threatened personal vengeance on the offender, who had to hide himself from their wrath, and finally to quit the town forever, the inhabitants vowing that they would never suffer any person of his name to live in Stratford.

'MR. DAVIES records that a carpenter purchased the tree, and cut it into various shapes : such as small trunks, snuff-boxes, tea-caddies, standishes, tobacco-stoppers, etc. The Corporation of Stratford, in admiration of GARRICK, as a histrionic illustrator of SHAKSPEARE, presented him with the freedom of their borough, inclosed in a handsomely-carved box, made out of this sacred wood. Out of this compliment arose the famous SHAKSPEARE Jubilee in 1769, which set Stratford out of its wits with joy and enthusiasm. GARRICK, who had a keen eye to business, reproduced the Jubilee at Stratford upon the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, and the representation had a profitable run of one hundred nights.'

SPEAKING of BURTON'S specimens of the celebrated SHAKSPEARE mulberry-tree always reminds us of the gentleman who brought to the 'Mulberry Festival,' on one occasion, some of the bark of the famous relic. 'Are you *sure* that this is authentic?' asked the late JOHN KEESW, holding the fragment reverently in his hand. '*Sure* of it?—certainly, Sir.' 'Ah!' said JOHN: 'I did n't know that you might not have '*barked*' up the wrong tree!' - - - On Rainsford Island, in Boston Harbor, is a State Hospital, where those who cannot help themselves through sickness are provided for by the Government. A little burial-yard is thick with unhonored dead ; no stone, no written word to recall their memories. But one quaint and queer old fellow is 'noticed' by a friend, who has cut in the solid rock the following simple tale :

'In a box,
By these gray rocks,
Lies PETER COX,
Dead of small-pox.'

'*A Picture of Life*' has melody and merit, but we do not altogether like the sentiment: it is too gloomy, too down-hearted. The world, to be sure, is not all flowers and sunshine, yet it is a very good world, after all. The tone and manner of this sad, almost sobbing, effusion, may be gathered from the ensuing stanzas:

'Nor a ray of sunshine, stealing
O'er life's way,
Sheds its warm and genial healing
Through the day.

'Night and sleep bring only sorrow,
No sunbeams:
*Living through the dark to-morrow,
In my dreams.*

'Can it be, because I'm weary
That I weep?
Oh! this world has been so dreary,
Let me sleep!

'Hark! I hear sweet, gentle voices,
Strangely clear;
Hush! my spirit now rejoices —
They are near.'

There is, to our conception, a very beautiful thought embodied in the lines which we have italicised. - - - '*The Little Birdie*,' written by TENNYSON, for our friend Mr. DEMPSTER, the eminent Scottish vocalist, is one of those little gems of feeling and fancy, for which his graceful Muse is so remarkable: and when we add, that Mr. DEMPSTER has placed this gem in a musical 'setting' which is every way worthy of it, we have said all that need be said in its praise:

'WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

'What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
'If she rests a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.'

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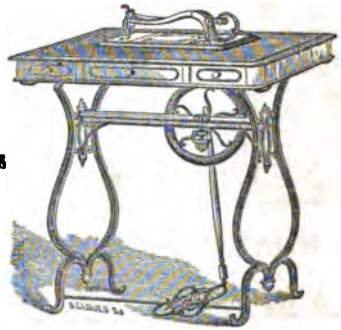
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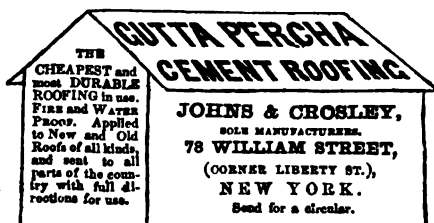
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BOSTON: A. WILLIAMS & CO., J. J. DYER & CO.

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1864, Mar. 4,
Duplicate citation.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

No. 3.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SOUTH?

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Of all humbugs there are none greater than so-called Unanswerable Arguments. Whenever you hear a man allude to such logical fortresses, reader, as being under his command, depend upon it that they have never been attacked by a vigorous foe, and that they have been occupied by a very vain and vapory garrison. No old campaigner in the wars of Truth believes in the existence of Unanswerable Arguments.

Our Southern foes have always been celebrated for unanswerable arguments, and we have, like good-natured ninnies generally conceded all and every thing to them. For instance, we say, 'Yes; oh! certainly,' when told that slavery *must* always exist 'down-South,' because only the negro can work there. 'Only the negro can endure the climate, you know.' Now treat this specimen of the Unanswerable with a vigorous denial and see how it comes out. The experience of the whole world shows it to be a flat lie. You cannot point me out any thing within the whole range of human efforts which a negro can do but that a white man can do it better. Cotton can be better cultivated by white men than slaves; if a black only lives till thirty on a rice plantation, a white can labor there till thirty-five; or if Indo-Germanic lives be too expensive, the Cooley, who *is* a white man, may serve at a pinch. But this everlasting pestilential rice-field business has really nothing to do with the question. It is not Rice but Cotton for which Cuffy is kept; and cotton is just as susceptible of small farm culture as any other plant; witness the German cotton-farms of Texas. As for the intolerable heat, it is briefly an intolerable humbug. There are very few points in the South where there is as much suffering during the summer months from heat as in Philadelphia, or where the nights are not cooler from being relieved either by sea or mountain-breezes. Yet, there is probably more hard work done in Philadelphia and the vicinity during the summer than in any other city of the same population at the same time in the world. So much

for an Unanswerable Argument. Perhaps there are facts modifying my own rebutter. Yes, 'and perhaps again.' But the Argument is not Unanswerable.

Another of these precious Impregnable positions is the one so often advanced by my Secession friends in a modified form of What will he do with it? 'Sir,' exclaims a secessionist, (it is remarkable, by the way, that secessionists, like all Southerners, are given to what poor Winthrop happily described as wearing black clothes and saying Sir,) 'what do you propose to do with the South, even granting that you *can* conquer her? Do you expect, Sir, to hold her as a conquered province. And if not — what then, Sir? Just at present this particular Unanswerable is in high favor with the Doughfaces, Compromisers, and all other varieties of that Moral Mulatto animal who flits bat-like between the contending armies of the Birds and Beasts. Suppose we conquer it, what shall we do with our South?

Before attacking this fresh Unanswerable, let us turn it well over. The fact is, that the WAR, in all its relations, is as yet far from being understood. It takes longer to learn a war than to learn a language. Nay, to fully comprehend one, it is perhaps necessary to be born in a war and grow up to it. A war does not seriously paralyze manufactures, disorganize exchanges and reverse all the conditions of business when people are familiar with and *comprehend* it. The great wealthy towns of Europe which flourished along the old line of Oriental trade — Augsburg, Nuremberg, Bruges, Ghent and the rest, grew up in war. The weaver sat sword-girt at his loom, and the Fugger drew his little bill on London as he did his cross-bow on the enemy. They comprehended war.

Let us, then, to understand this war of ours, begin by observing that no people can be said to *realize* it, who intuitively avoid all consideration of extreme measures of hostility. To win, one must be prepared to go as far at least as the adversary. Moderately if we can, fiercely if we must, is the rule popularly formulised by the exhortation to some dallier of ancient days by the expression, 'Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun!' Here the South have an advantage over us; they know their guilt, and knowing *dare* more than we do. They have consequently had no scruple in adopting extremely severe measures from the beginning. They have struck twelve to begin with. The C. S. A. had scarcely entered on their bastard life ere Jefferson Davis promptly proclaimed the adoption of privateering. Privateering is in reality very nearly an anagram for a synonym. Call it Pirateering, and you have what it amounts to, in reality, since there was never yet a prize privateered in which some injury was not inflicted in some way on *neutral* parties. We, however, do not endure the sending of vessels to 'skin' the Southern coast and plunder the sea-side plantations. We have not got so far yet as to retaliate. Full retaliation is as yet only a future possibility. Stick a pin there, reader, and remember that from the refusing to abide by the election in which they had taken chances, down to date, the Southrons have in every instance *led* in aggression, in impropriety, in dishonorable and irritating outrage.

Since long-time, Northern men have been frequently hung, robbed, tarred and feathered, or forcibly enlisted in the South. In a few perfectly authentic

instances, women — ladies — have been imprisoned and most infamously treated both by Southern mobs and Southern magistrates, the offence in some cases being that of expressing Union sentiments, but more frequently the mere accident of Northern birth. Here with us secessionists flaunt about in society, act openly as spies, nay, as in Breckinridge's case, utter their insolent treason in Congress, and are paid by us for so doing without the slightest danger. Here also we have not got so far as the genial and fiery Southrons. They are again in this, decidedly ahead. Observe, reader, I find no fault with the North. I simply say that we have all these things as yet off our consciences. We have not swindled the South — millions of Southern dollars now lie in New-York banks — we might 'nip' the foe in a thousand ways, were we as nippingly inclined as he.

Again, how proper has been our conduct as regards the negro? On this subject the Southern alarm-clock long since struck twelve in its loudest and most portentous tones. I have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of perusing in editorial sanctums a fair share of such Southern journals as have of late reached the North, and can testify that on this subject they have done their utmost to goad their readers to madness. The main object of the whole campaign, they say, is simply to excite black revolt, and urge them to make of the South another San Domingo! Our white troops have, they assert, been stimulated by official assurances of unlimited ravishing and plunder, among the first families, but the negro is to be the great agent in all this hell-work. 'Lying,' according to Napoleon I., 'is a power,' and it must be conceded that, from this point of view, our Southern cotemporaries are wonderfully powerful men. They have carried this tremendous and dangerous power to the extreme of extravagance. Now, how is it here in the North? The United States Government — very properly, of course — is nervously anxious not to offend any body concerned, by indorsing in any way negro emancipation. General Butler is even very generally and popularly praised, because he, with jurispudent shrewdness, solves the difficulty by pronouncing the negro a contraband. As a contraband, Cuffy is allowed, in very limited numbers, to sweep up the camp, and is 'returned' to any negro-thief from over the border, who chooses to swear a custom-house oath as to the property. Great pains are taken to prevent the contraband from escaping North with Yankee regiments; every thing is done, in fact, to establish a delicate regard for pro-slavery feeling. 'Nothing is allowed in this exhibition to offend the feelings of the most fastidious!' So that it is not to be much wondered at, that John Bull, who has heard so much of the d——d Abolitionists, is amazed that since we have the name so thoroughly and completely, we have not the pluck to secure a little of the game. John don't understand us, of course! Meanwhile, our Christian forbearance is richly rewarded by the most stupendous, overwhelming, crushing and tearing slander, and lies conceivable. That is what we get for it.

So far so good. But the war is a terrible and stupendous *truth*, which must come to a head. Sooner or later it will get to extremes. It is a great pity, a very great pity, but extremes is the word. I am sorry to say it, but no man who has had his eyes open here among us since the war begun can doubt

that the fever of Abolitionism has advanced with tremendous strides since the South has plunged into the headlong career of falsehood, oppression and fury, which characterized her conduct in the war. Our leaders and diplomatists and parlor politicians may proceed as gingerly as they please, but the MULTITUDE are taking a short-cut at the difficulty. We may regret it, but there is no fooling with facts. The crevasse is cracking, deny it or not, just as you please; but *unless the South yields, the days of slavery are numbered*. And not such a very long number either!

Now we are coming to the preliminary question: 'What shall we do with our South?' If it refuses to conform to the Constitution, if it will *not* live amicably with us under the mild and easy bond which is essential to our very existence, why, the war must go on. On, on, on, as far as you please. The most terrible defeat shall not daunt us, and we can *bear* far more than our fiery foe. There is no Waterloo for a Yankee. But every step as we go on sees all the delicate scruples of which I have spoken vanish; while at the end of all rises the terrible spectre of complete, unanimous Abolition.

You men of the South, who have yelled, gasped, and howled 'Abolition' for so many years at every fluttering Northern rag, do you know *what* that wolf will look like when he really comes? You have cried, 'Wolf, wolf!' and the dough-faces, ay, and true Northern shepherds, too, have run time and again to help you, and found that it was all naught. God help you *when* he comes, for you will see him like the wolf Fenris of Northern fable, whose hell-flaming jaws are to swallow a world. Keep quiet, there has been no abolitionism as yet. I do not think that even in the *Tribune* office there is a thorough out-and-out abolitionist; that is to say, one of those intermediate links between a Red Jacobin and the Devil, who would literally San Domingo your whole country with blood and fire. But, *gare le loup!* beware the wolf! Put fire to gun-powder and it *will* explode, though all the holy ones of earth were worshipping about it. And the gun-powder is all here.

An abolitionized North would be a belt of ruin to a slave-holding South, though the latter had ten times its present power. As I said of the war, nobody has as yet learned it in all its fulness. When a man becomes an out-and-out abolitionist, he thinks that to free a negro, and if need be kill his master, is to do God service. He becomes a fanatic of the most terrible type. Keep on with your pirate privateering, your intolerable lies, robberies and murders, and you will see these fanatics springing up by millions. You have heard of the late great military rising in the North, of the men who pour in to be enlisted, of the millions subscribed. Let real abolitionism go on at the present rate, and, as the LORD liveth, there will be a rising compared to which this excitement will be as a lucifer match to a powder-mill explosion. For then your last active, fearfully active, foe, will be the last living man of the North.

The not very scrupulous multitude will in time weary of indecisive strife, and begin to look about for means to effectually smash the South. Beware of a man who has a revolver in his hand, while his brain is seeking an argument to let drive at you, for there is great danger that he will speedily find one. When the Abolition revolver begins to spin, look out. There will be little

dread *then* of what we shall do with you if conquered. A South without negro slaves cannot be imagined as existing. You can be reduced to territories, or whatever we please. There is nothing but the negro in you ; he forms your whole character !

When the North *officially* recognizes the^a freedom of the black, the jig will be up. How long will it take for the multitude to be ready for any thing ? There are not many widows and orphans and brotherless brothers and fathers without sons as yet. Only here and there I hear a sad wail. But wait till they are plenty ; wait till Southern falsehood and cruelty and treason have hung crape on ten thousand doors ! God avert that day. But it is not what *I* wish or what *you* wish, but the inevitable Must with which we have here to deal.

When the bereaved multitude clamor for the recognition of general emancipation, there will be very little trouble as to What we Shall Do with Our South !

THE DIRGE OF THE PRIVATEERS.

WHAT craft is that whose flaunting sail

We see along the shore,

The rebel ensign at her peak,

The black flag at her fore ?

Say, dare these brigands of the land,

Beard us upon the seas ?

Then, short the shrift and stout the cord

For braggarts such as these !

The flag that waves above the brave,

And wrestles with the blast,

Now falls before a pirate crew,

Dishonored from the mast !

And shall these carrion vultures prey

Upon our native seas ?

No ! short the shrift and stout the cord

For braggarts such as these !

No spot on Freedom's sacred soil

Should hold the pirate's tomb ;

A nameless grave beneath the wave

Should be the outlaw's doom :

Then hurl them down, unknelled, unwept,

Below the angry seas ;

Short be the shrift and stout the cord

For miscreants such as these !

NOTES OF WOMANKIND ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM L. TIFFANY.

Nor many months ago I was suddenly called for a season to Europe. What I went to see in the transatlantic regions is of no consequence ; suffice it to say, that the most noticeable thing that I *did* see there was the fair sex. Now then, *the why* that the female tribes so arrested my wayfaring attention, springs — to say nothing of the native seductiveness peculiar to this manner of creation — from the fact, proved abundantly by statistics, that women are more plenteous in the old world than with us, and that the part they play in the round of life is more public. This is an all-overpowering feature to a right American as he sojourns in foreign lands ; he never gets over it. Yet, let it here be understood that my 'notes' are of the briefest, crudest sort, as I saw my charmers only on the run.

I landed first in France. Women are decidedly an 'institution' among the Gauls ; that blessed banner the Petticoat is there always gayly flaunting before your eyes, save when you are asleep. Your observation is first drawn to the crowds of (let the weather be as it will) unbonneted work-women speeding to-and-fro through the main town-streets. Many of these wear no head-gear at all beyond their hair, while others tramp, or rather trip along, crowned by a white-ribbed cotton cap, much resembling the American female night-cap. All are of noticeably stout forms and ruddy, ripe complexion, with large feet and hands, and strong, white teeth, and oftener than now and then, with something on their upper lip strongly like unto a light moustache. They are generally a jocular and apparently an efficient crew. You cannot call them exactly polite, though from their jocularly their intercourse is marked with something allied to politeness, after all. Their clothing is of course of substantial texture, yet clean in the main, and sits upon them neatly. Their digestion is far too good, for them as a whole to be possessed of large supplies of 'sentiment ;' still I have seen individuals among them crying like the most stocking-factory girl in America ; yet it was from real grief, as I swiftly learned, and not from 'disappointed hopes,' or 'want of appreciation.' Naturally they are large feeders, devouring bread in great 'chunks,' and drinking that blood-red vinegar (humorously known among them as wine) by the quart. Sometimes they smoke ; but more commonly they snuff. Yet are these practices so managed among them as not to be offensive ; but, O Brother Dickens ! *ci-devant* exhorter to Uncle Sam to repent of sin in general, and of the vice of expectoration in particular, why hast thou not vouchsafed a word touching the latter clause to the fair (not only of low, but also of high degree, if the whole truth must be told) just over the Channel ? Let us dwell on the business no longer : continence, we read, is its own reward. Those women associate with their male mates on terms of

perfect equality, talking to them in brave, deep voices on every topic they can think of, and (which our American women of whatever class do not) actually feeling equal to the masculine nature in every way. Beauty, or what is specially designated by that name, which Mr. Buckle's men and the Transcendental Pundits of New-England (kings of the upper and nether regions smelling at one rose this time) have sufficiently demonstrated to be contingent upon a large bank account, they of course are not gifted with. Still, if you deny them when taken as a body, exceeding wholesomeness and comeliness, you fib grandly. And now, O Pundits! merely tell us how to diffuse the like wholesomeness of visage and form among our American work-women, and your treatises shall so sell that your grandsons shall replenish New-England with sun-gods!

The vocations followed by this class of the French female population are of necessity various. Some of them pursue the ancient and honorable art of agriculture, wending their way out of the towns in the morning to the distant fields to dig and hoe, and pitch manure, with brow as sweaty and hand as nimble as that of any Jean or François of them all. This part of the horde are very brown and tanned of skin, grow old comparatively early, and when old, are, I regret to say, very ugly, which, when you consider that the chief end of a woman is to be as good-looking as she can till the day she dies, clearly proves that some of their hard, out-of-door work could be profitably pretermitted. Another class are venders of small wares, fish — what the people of the middle states call 'truck' — and so forth. These venders of fish are a particularly noticeable breed. 'In boyhood's breezy hour,' to quote from the facetious Micawber, I had often wondered, when reading the story, what manner of women it was that raised such rare old rows during the French Revolution. When I came to man's estate I solved the mystery; for one fine day I fell among a conclave of Gallic fish-wives. There they sat around the market-house — the market hours were over, by-the-by — either singing, gazing about, or elbow to knee chaffing with one another, with an easy, devil-may-care fashion, fit to give any one, as we say, 'properly alive to a sense of decorum,' the horrors for a year and a day. They were all strong, lusty and broad-shouldered, with a sort of fierceness lurking in the eye which you swiftly apprehended was but little if any short of barbaric, and a snapping energy playing about the rest of their dark yet not over-heavy features, which assured you that they could right readily be 'on hand' for a 'spree' of whatsoever kind. Though I have said that all the French work-women are of neat presence, I was glad to see that these were remarkably so; the proprieties of their sex were not so far forgotten (though the nature of their calling may have had something to do with it) but that their frocks were trig and trim, their frilled caps sat saucily (yet wofully out of place, as you may conceive,) over their swart flowing locks, and many of them even condescended to the femininity of wearing proper aprons. Still, under all this conformity to the clothes philosophy, the Mœnad propensity (which is, after all, as I suddenly recollect, to a greater or less extent, and most curiously withal, a characteristic of the fish-wife the wide world over) asserted itself all triumphantly, and you at once recognized a clan who, with a little of the right kind of coaxing, would operate in September

Massacres or any other hell-dance with an unction quite up to the occasion. Adventurous countryman, when voyaging in either Normandie, Bretagne, or Provence, though thou mayst freely, nay creditably — looking at the thing from a gastronomic point of view — disburse thy coin for fish, beware, I pray thee, of the uncommonly stalwart quean who proffereth the same!

But chiefest in number of this petticoated street-troop are the house-maids or child's nurses, for as far as I could discern, both are in reality one. Some of the elder of these show a tendency to a certain sort of strong-mindedness. That is to say, they go about with a 'we know what we know, and if we would speak we could tell' sort of an air. They affect punctuality at mass. They buy their marketing or groceries and do their chores with a pretty well got up guise of responsibility. To make a long story short, they are the hard-heads, the 'old uns' of their party; and it is easy to see that they hold complete authority over the households wherein they are quartered, and in particular rule *Madame* with a rod of iron. Not so are the rank and file of this sisterhood, for they take the field as careless and jolly as beggars. Wherever a bit of red ribbon or other such gear will best become them, they are sure, provided they can only procure it, to affix it all vauntingly. They are the constantly adored and the endlessly pursued of those regiments of little red-legged soldiers which are formed of their countrymen, and hence they have an abundance of flirtation and consequently no end of heavenly delight. This appears to be the most serious part of their vocation, while, when a less preoccupied mood admits, they are fain to make way to the public squares and gardens, carefully leading and bearing multitudes and flocks of the infantile and juvenile world, and there frolic it and romp it so that you, looking on, are forced to laugh and say: 'Yes, the larger the growth the more child-like the child.'

Your next knowledge of the sex is gained in the cafés and shops; the first of these places yielding at least one piece of truly notable experience in this line. Very many are in one way or other called to the café, that is, if it is at all a pretentious establishment; but the Chosen One, the Informing Presence thereof, is the lady who sits at the counter, all reverently known as *Madame*. *Madame* is from thirty to forty years of age. Her person is usually stout as becometh the Jove-like or ruling species, she has the best of health, and a spirit as redoubtable as that of any corporal of Zouaves: though she yet impresses you as all Woman, nothing more or less. Her dress is decidedly of that sort known as the elegant. Fiddle-faddles she leaves, as out-spoken Brooklyn Walt hath it, 'for foo-foos;' for her is the plain but rich *moirée antique* or its congeners, duly selected as to season, etc., cut and fitted with matchless 'style;' and luxuriant hair, nicely smoothed over the most imperious of brows. Whoso that would behold a really 'fine-looking' woman, let him note well this *Madame* — this *Prima Donna* of the Victualing Department! As she sits there in her velvet chair behind her marble counter, which so sparkles with flowers and silver and glass, she has constructed a sort of boudoir unto herself. Her pet newspaper is at hand; her pet lap-dog squats at her foot-stool, regarding her fondly with its tearful eyes; her pet bit of knitting or embroidery waits to be completed; and beside her sits her pet old-maid, (*Madame* is quite too cun-

ning to have any thing like a mere girl, heedlessly inflammable and all that, in a place of such substantial thrift as her own,) to serve as assistant, confidant or targe for little shafts of passing spleen, as the accidents of a mutative world may decide. Do n't fail to recognize that Madame is, as the Yankees say, 'very smart' withal—indeed I never saw a Yankee even from Worcester county, Massachusetts, and I have seen a great many, where they either have, used to have, or ought to have, pork and beans and b'iled cod-fish every day—who was half as 'smart.' As the world (*le monde*) pours into her to be fed, she fires off her sharp eye-glances every where at once, and uses words so swift-winged as to set not only the waiters one and all, but even her very husband, who usually mopeth' about the premises in dubious, or more properly, hen-pecked mood, a-flying! Then, after an interval, she proceeds with the neatest chirography to prepare multitudes of the reckonings of the nimbly disappearing courses—no one figure amiss in all the vast array—and at the same time takes charge of the streams of yellow Napoleons flowing to her counter-till, giving the requisite 'change' with Rhadamantine exactitude. Clearly, a person of some force is Madame! And all this, too, without the slightest fuss, awkwardness, or bad grammar, but with composure perfect and a dignity as of the gods. Did you have half a notion, O slightly suspicious (if no worse) Son of Greenness! that because Madame is according to our nomenclature a Public Character and foreign at that, that she eke betrayeth the coquettish turn? Learn, then, that the lady knowing a thing or two, is not without rare discretion on this head. When for the first time you pass her throne on your passage to your dinner-table, you touch your hat in your peculiarly killing style, to which she responds by meteing out for you one of the daintiest of smiles, backed by an excessively gracious bow. As you take your seat, charmed to the full at such a cordial reception, and with what the novel-writers call 'hopes' speedily rising in your heart, you farther observe that she regards you for a moment with eye of greatest piercingness. But keep cool, O friend! it is all a *role* that we are constantly playing, and at this particular juncture we are merely determining your social status, and the likelihood of your being able to settle your scot; at which business, through long practice, we are great adepts. The scrutiny, indeed, and the all-important opinion formed, (favorably, of course,) you represent so much money to Madame, and sooner or later—provided you prosecute your researches with proper industry—you discover the existence of said little enactment, and comfort yourself as best you may. Briefly, my ordinary friend, you are all very well, but you at least are not the man. Put this in your pipe, and smoke it. So much for Madame and her habitudes.

It is notorious that your Frenchman has but little liking or aptitude for trade. This is not the case with his wife and daughters, however, which fact, combined with their great prominence in their day and generation, ordains that in buying almost every thing, certainly every thing from a shirt to a cigar, in Gallic lands, you deal with them. Believe me, they are 'enterprising business folks,' these merchantesses. Not only are they arrayed with distracting becomingness, but when such a thing is at all possible, they add to this piece of strategy (O divine Madame Julie! Numere —, Gallerie Montpensier, Palais

Royale!) the artful insinuation upon you of ripest busts and tapering waists. In addition to this, they are completely skilled in moving intonations of voice. They improvise the most heart-softening attitudes. They affect to declare that they trade from the heart and not from the intellect. And combined with all this, the truly 'far-sighted,' 'long-headed,' etc., among them, pensively smell pretty bouquets and pet gray-hounds at you, and even with the very slightest provocation proceed to 'take you into their confidence.' Men, or a good share of them, at least, being merely mortal, it is hard to withstand 'bamboozling' and 'honeyfogling' of this kind, and the upshot of your mercantile transactions with our ingenuous fair, is, that when you go home to your hotel and tell your austere cousin from Virginia all about it, and what moneys you exchanged for gloves, collars, and so on, he pronounces your fund of shrewdness so very 'smole'—he means 'small,' the sweet-tongued Southron—that you sit silent and 'mad' for a full hour, inwardly swearing every other minute 'never to tell him any thing again.'

Yes, they are a sleek, smooth-speaking, smooth-mannered, 'nice'-looking tribe, our French shop-keeping dames and damsels, but in many, many instances, not other than a hard tribe; and in many instances a *very* hard tribe. Fearful stories are told in Paris (in particular) of their common openness to corruption, and of the overpowering lust of certain of them for jewels, gay apparel, and other sorts of fleshly pride; and the variety of loose shifts which they adopt to procure the same, no one of which I incline to relate: it being 'too bad' so to do. Still, we cannot give up the party just yet. For in all human probability, that female who for a season (alas! that the time is so short) will prove just 'the nicest' she (mind I don't say angelic, and so forth) that you will encounter throughout the entire length and breadth of France, will be a shop-girl; especially if your occasions should lead you to one of the better kinds of what we denominate 'Gentlemen's Furnishing Stores.' Imagine—I am bringing out, as far as simple externals go, the very flower of the flock—imagine, I say, a slim but perfectly rounded eighteen or twenty-year-old girl, with clean-cut, expressive countenance, standing before you; dressed in flowing black silk, and the most tasteful snow-white collar and contrasting ribbon about her neck, and hair à *la Venus de Milos*. She seems a very emblem of neatness, cleanliness, and whatever else is uncommonly 'taking' in her sex, this creature; and, moreover, has so winning a manner, that many an American woman, of whatsoever grade in life, would do well to go hundreds of leagues to study it. Truly, the heart instinctively rejoices before so fair a type of womanhood, and the strait more than a little menaces your peace. But, as I have already intimated, your gladness in her departs ere long. For in thinking the matter all over, you now remember to have seen Mademoiselle upon one occasion at your *café*, (where from its expensiveness she could never have been legitimately,) all bonneted and braceleted in quite tip-top style, (as is her wont at such times,) and supping it sumptuously, and bowing it lavishly with a swell of grandest get-up possible; while a little closer observation divulges—oh! rudely enough for the tenderness you were beginning to nourish for her—that almost all her 'moral forces' are thoroughly demoralized, nay,

routed to the full, (showing it to your cooler eye, in her face at last,) and that she is on her way to the 'bow-wows,' as fast as she can run.

We will now consider that you have been long enough in some French city — and suppose we say Paris, which truly in a great measure 'is France,' as is said — to have found your way amongst the gay world as it disports itself along the promenades and drives. Here again a great adroitness in the art of personal adornment makes itself speedily manifest. Though rarely, very rarely, does the wide flow of crinoline disclose a face at all nymphaean, yet with what exceeding taste and fitness are the nymphs arrayed! Any approximation to aught like flashiness, or slatternness, you nowhere see even a vestige of; while the highest richness of texture of shawl and gown, the highest skill of shaping and disposing the same, and the highest cunning in the disposition of flower and flounce — and no one knows what can be done with these latter adjuncts till he has seen them used after the Parisian manner — you remark most abundantly on every hand. And though the dears are certainly on the whole of less glaring attire than their American sisters of like walk in life, they have quite as much if not more of what lovers of that creature next unto woman beautiful — namely, 'The Horse,' expressively term 'bloom;' and, moreover, their boots and gloves are gotten up in every individual instance with the distinct aim of making you feel sweetly uneasy, and succeed perfectly in so doing. Those of the ladies that are on foot, you observe, walk with more springiness of step than our Columbian daughters; and as they trip on the end of their toes over the crossings — with their skirts daintily gathered in one hand *tous convives* — you are made aware — the amateur that you are in such matters, you know — that their 'limbs' are fine, very, very fine. They look one and all in good case, as if they made hearty meals — which indeed they do, since not a few of them come in family-groups to your *café*, dining, as you furtively detect, (it is n't polite to scrutinize ladies at meat, you know,) plenteously, and pouring the cool Bourdeaux down their ruby throats in copious bumpers. They chat together as they lounge along, in about the same measure as our ladies do under the same circumstances, but with manner far more gracious as well as demonstrative, and with voices — as you not unfrequently discern — at once richer and more flexibly keyed. They are not an incurious race, but when practicable freely stop to examine and admire what strikes their fancy in passing — now a child driving its tiny team of gayly-harnessed goats, and now a Savoyard urchin with coney and white rat — and, farther, they have the gift of eyeing the men, and at the same time not seeming so to do: a gift I find common to the sex in many countries. They are all or nearly all of middle age; or, at all events, all are out of their 'teens.' You see no rearing, tearing individuals of girlhood among them as you do on our promenades — for girlhood is a 'persuasion' which in France is as far as possible circumscribed to bread and butter, and back-gardens, as it ought to be. But if there are no girls among them, there are plenty of dogs, each lady appearing to believe that for full and perfect consolation, whether in-doors or out, there is nothing like unto the possession of a pet dog, whether a weeping poodle or snake-built grey-hound. They promenade or drive for the most part alone, or certainly

they are but seldom escorted by their husbands. They do not, as a usual thing, set great store by their husbands, these same ladies of France! To be sure they permit the poor souls to dine with them, and sometimes pay their little needs; 'but, good Sir of inquiring mind, the relation existing between ourselves and husbands is most proper; it is that of *amitie*: we meet and part *amie*.' In consequence of which little arrangement — one also discerns — our hearts go roving a good deal, and we have high times in this direction.

Very grand among this throng loom up the 'Queens of Society,' whether princess, duchess, or plain *madame*. For the most part, they go rolling by in carriage-and-four, with postillion and footman all of Cinderella fashion, the lady lolling prominently on a seat arranged in the rearward part of the spectacle. She is a thing worth viewing, this personage, were it never so briefly. She is, or appears to be, of passable shape; has the 'distinguished air' or not, as the case happens to be; has the richest, costliest garb; has the inevitable, wet-eyed blue-ribboned poodle, sitting gracefully opposite her on its ham; has neck and cheek properly painted and powdered; and, besides, (oh! blessings without end on the inventor of the 'dodge!') wears on the nether eye-lid just a tiniest line of jet, which causes our general expression to be one of the most provoking, yet cool, meretriciousness possible to be conceived. 'Yes, we have gone and done it this heat,' the princesses with the painted eye-lids seem to say, 'and the best thing a despairing admirer can do under the circumstances, is to drown himself in the first mud-puddle he can find.' 'Tight papers,' hard conditions these, arn't they? Yet hard as they are, I have nothing to say in the way of meliorating the statement, since I know not the least word farther descriptive of these high and mighty divinities. Neither from observation nor hearsay, could I gain any thing more pertaining to them. In the words of a rural poet, not unknown 'to men of wit and generosity,' and I apply them with duly chastened spirit: 'We sferre was to 'umble.' I was not in that line, you see. To be sure, I tried hard enough to get in, went through all the preliminary motions religiously, but my ancestry (in the old country, I mean) was unlike that of most Americans who travel — utterly ignoble: not a single member of the nameless line had ever been even so much as a colonel of militia. This fatal circumstance had never been forgotten, I find — the Nobs would have nothing to do with me. Why, don't you think that once on a time a lean poverty-stricken count (not a very high kind of an aristocrat, you know) would n't even win my money at 'a little game' of pin-pool, my social rank was so greatly inferior to his. The force of nature could no farther go. Therefore, reader, if you follow my direction, we must e'en make up our minds, and bid the queens of society a final 'dada'; yet, nevertheless, taking the liberty of hoping that, like singed cats, they are better than they look.

Nomadic at their own sweet will, amidst the crowd wherein we watch, are pairs and trios of young females, who whether flaunting it on the pavement, or clattering by on horseback, or serenely trundling about in high-colored cabriolet, ever attract the eye by a certain game-cock manner of carriage, and a

certain 'fastness' of costume. These good friends — and do not, shriek, for they shall do you not the slightest manner of harm — are *lorettes*. Though certainly not exactly 'exclusive,' they are likewise queens. If not of 'good society,' why, then, of 'bad society,' and are this description of queens and not the other, simply, as I suspect, because they have no money or birth-right in their own right. We read that 'money makes the mare go,' my pious Sir! Admitting it to be on the whole the correct thing, though they may have introduced the ideas for aught I know, they have, you observe, the painted eye-lids, the cool meretricious expression, and, when practicable, the dear little dog fast by a string. Also, they are finely costumed, and as well tastefully so, (when you come to look at their garb as a thing by itself,) but still in a 'crack' style, and in one that is evidently later than that sported by the beauties around them. This circumstance is readily explained, however; for learn, O student of humanity, that the *lorettes* have both the gift and habit of originating 'the fashions' for the entire female civilized world; (what do you say to that, respectable and church-going Mesdames Brown, Jones and Robinson?) and as a consequence our American wives and daughters, with their notorious love for fresh attire, are ever donning the uniform which a frail sister has discarded a year or so ago. But this knack of hitting the popular feminine mood with regard to clothes, is but a part of the endowments of these Phrynes. Their manners — I mean simply their modes of address, and the like — are, you have abundant opportunity of observing, unexceptionable; nay, usually surpassingly fine. All that tact and suavity can do for any one, they do for them. Likewise, by taking the proper pains, you learn that they know every thing, and can do every thing, though it is done with such a 'rush,' so to speak, as commonly to keep those milksops known, in feminines' speech, as 'the men' a little in the back-ground. In certain of their resorts — advertised as 'entirely respectable' — you are made aware that they speak two or three tongues, slang and all; that they are versed in various literatures, both creditable and discreditable; that they are jolly companions, emitting all kinds of pungent talk, as water floweth from a fountain; and that they dance every known dance, including the *can-can*. In certain other of their resorts — advertised not only as 'entirely respectable, but perfectly fashionable' — (which last indeed they are, being no other than suburban and other watering-places,) you note that the dears are fain to find diversion in driving fast horses; riding to hounds; shooting flying, (at least I saw one shooting at gulls hovering over the distant sea;) rowing boats; singing ornate melodies; and betting at *rouge et noir*, and other 'little games.' My conscience, do you but sport your money sufficiently free with them, and see how swiftly they will turn from baser joys, and spend the same in travel, *objets of vertu*, the personal decorative kind, and such like quality; and what they are prone to call 'little suppers,' but what are really scarce less than unnamable orgies! Yes, verily have they a weakness for various pleasures, their Gallic fervor, elasticity of nature, and height of animal spirits, proving the incentive thereto, and, what is more, spurring them onward in their chase, defiant of results. As far as personal beauty goes, it must be acknowledged that they have but little, as a class,

though you often remark tolerably well-developed figures among them. But their true charm (?) is entirely spiritual ; they work, as philosophers say, by 'genius.' Indeed, to scrutinize them physically very closely, and when they are for a moment off their guard—a thing which even they with all their sharpness cannot sometimes prevent—they appear the exact reverse of beautiful. For then it is that hidden and repulsive lines in their faces come to light, lines wonderfully like those on the faces of gamblers and blacklegs, telling that a devil lurks somewhere in the depths of their nature, and that they are without tenderness and true generosity, their gayety and open-handedness notwithstanding. As might be expected, our earthly kingdom is theirs but briefly, but for the burst of one short riotous summer. 'T is the old story of folly and unwisdom consummating a perfect work. While they have youth and freshness, they thrive, or seem so to do. When these wane, the spectres neglect, want, and the rest, begin to harry them, and ere long the depths of the Seine or the lazar-house claim all that is left of the poor *lorette* : mercy on her soul !

As we are just now dealing with Parisian women, and as one seldom or never visits Paris without seeing the famous Empress Eugénie with more or less frequency, it is perhaps not amiss to say a word—just the briefest one—respecting her. The Empress, then, is really a most beautiful woman : the first time we have seen such in all her dominions. Tall, lithe, and of exquisite mould, she has also the loveliest face : one whose features are not only faultless, but one whereon rare nobleness of expression sits enthroned. Moreover, she is a woman to command lasting homage, this Empress—to be honored and prayed for : for while her presence is thus fair, her acts are (and most notoriously so now-a-days) of a piece with it ; as the queenly heart feeleth, the queenly hand performs. It is to be noticed of late that she has a melancholy look withal. The reason of this ? Well—the reason is not one, but many. But, to sum up the matter in a single phrase, the world and its state hath become as 'a fleeting show' to this mighty Princess ; that deep, true, woman's heart just finding it all out. Let us most respectfully return her genial but sad salute, as clad in plainest sables she drives along that shady avenue traversing 'The Elysian Fields,' attended by prancing equerries and guardsmen, at the same time wishing in our hearts, truly royal lady, peace be unto you !

THE DEATH OF COLONEL THOUREAU.

I am a Northern man by birth; a lawyer by profession; and reside and have a tolerable practice in a Southern city, which must be nameless here, but which is not more than a thousand miles from Charleston, S. C.

So much of myself I have thought it proper to state, by way of introduction to the singular story I am about to relate.

Three years ago the present month of August, I found time to make a visit to the home of my childhood in Massachusetts. Sojourning some days in Boston, I was one day in the office of an old school-mate and fellow-graduate—Mr. Richards let us call him—a lawyer already of some note as a counsellor, and occupying the responsible position of confidential adviser to the most solid Life-Insurance Company in New-England's capital.

'You are just here in time,' said R. to me; 'I have a matter submitted to me, in which you can, perhaps, give me some information.'

Thereupon he proceeded to tell me that the Volcano Life-Insurance Company had but that morning received a proposal for effecting an insurance upon the life of a Colonel Thoreau resident in the city of which I also was an inhabitant. The proposition had come directly to the Company in Boston, not, as usual, through their local agent. It was accompanied with the necessary medical and other certificates as to health, habits, etc.; and so far, was perfectly regular. The amount desired to be insured alone caused hesitation on the part of the Directors. Colonel T., who was already forty years of age, desired to secure to his legal heirs the sum of \$25,000.

The Company, R. informed me in confidence, had recently sustained some severe losses by the unexpected demise of persons insured to considerable amounts. At least one of these deaths had excited suspicion of foul play on the part of claimants; and it was determined, while investigating the causes of past losses, to be extremely guarded in the future.

'Now, our correspondent is a townsman of yours: can you not give me some information concerning him?'

I knew Colonel T. by sight. He boarded at a hotel where I lived; and I had noticed him there chiefly on account of his partiality for a game of chess, and his generally quiet and unobtrusive manners. He was a moderately stout, hale-looking man, with slightly gray hair, erect carriage, and good complexion. This was all I could say of him; and this—so far as it went—looked quite favorable.

'When you return, I wish you would ascertain something of this gentleman for me. We shall hold his proposal under consideration for some weeks. The risk is too large to act precipitately.'

Two weeks thereafter I was back in my office. I lost no time in making such quiet inquiries among my friends concerning Colonel T. as I thought would elicit the information desired by R. I could learn, however, but very little. In fact, there seemed but little to be known. The Colonel—so I was

told—was a Louisianian, of French descent. He had been a planter, but had some years before, for what reason no one knew, sold out his plantation and negroes, and removed to New-York, where he spent a winter, and then removed to his present place of residence. He had brought his wife with him; but during the first year of their residence here, they had disagreed, and separated in a very quiet way. For the last three and a half years the Colonel had lived alone in a quiet but pleasant part of the city, occupying the first floor of a small house, having but one hired servant, an old negro woman, who was lodged in the attic; and taking his meals, as I before mentioned, at an hotel in the neighborhood. In his habits he was reputed simple and regular. He made much use of cold and shower-baths; played at chess more or less every day, and was somewhat curiously given to mathematical studies. He had no regular employment, but was a gentleman of leisure. As for his means of subsistence, no one could give me any information. Only, that his income was sure and sufficient, seemed certain from the fact that his wife lived handsomely, at the other extreme of the town, and there appeared to be no debts. I ought to have mentioned before that they had no children.

All this seemed satisfactory, and I lost no time in communicating these details to my friend R. in Boston.

To my surprise, the Directory did not find them so full as I had thought. Their local agent, a young legal friend of mine, received directions to communicate with me on the subject, with the request that I lend my aid to its farther elucidation. It was thought especially desirable to ascertain something about the actual pecuniary circumstances, and the family affairs of the Colonel.

I counselled Millard, the agent, to put these remaining questions frankly at once to Colonel T. himself. He did so, and received for reply that his wife was his only heir, that though unfortunately separated from her, he desired to provide for her in case of his sudden death; that his property was so tied up, that though it would keep him and her while he lived, it might not serve her after death. All this was communicated to Willard with such an air of frankness and honesty, that he was induced to counsel the Directory to close with the proposal; and when the resident-physician of the Company, Dr. Evarts, had again instituted a most careful examination of the Colonel's physical condition, and pronounced also a favorable opinion, the Directory in Boston no longer hesitated, but sent on the necessary documents; and on presentation of the insurance policy, Colonel T. at once handed over the amount of the premium and other charges.

It was quite natural that, having had so much to do with this affair, Colonel T., the chief party in it, should have henceforth more interest in my eyes than hitherto. In fact, my curiosity had been excited—as much by what had not been ascertained concerning the man, as by what had—and when we met, as we did daily, either after dinner in the reading-room of our hotel, or in the evening on the promenade, I looked curiously at the somewhat inscrutable face, and sought—but vainly—to cast some momentary glance into the soul which I was soon convinced used these features to conceal rather than to display

the emotions by which it was stirred. I approached him with regular habits myself—a bachelor—and Colonel T. soon became a regular part of my daily life. I looked for him in his usual haunts. I saw him every day, and I could rest if he were there—or felt uneasy if, perchance, my eyes did not rest upon his manly figure during my evening walk; or if his quiet presence on the hotel verandah was without him.

As for the Colonel himself, he exchanged but few words with any one. Every body knew him—by sight, that is—and so he passed current in our society. He seemed essentially a solitary man. Not misanthropic, but simply solitary. And this, at least, was so plainly written upon his face, that he was not troubled by social appeals on the part of those among whom he moved, but was left to pursue his pleasures unmolested.

To be sure, once in a while some new-comer among us would ask, 'Who is Colonel T.?' and we, shrugging our shoulders, would repeat the question, by way of answer, and ourselves wonder who he was. But then, he dressed well, was civil to every body, and was evidently a man of the world; and one soon loses curiosity about people who have no striking peculiarity to distinguish them from the mass.

Yet I could not help watching the Colonel. And so much did my interest in him increase, by reason of his taciturnity, I suppose, that I finally determined at all hazards to approach him and seek his acquaintance. It was already late in autumn, when I proceeded one afternoon, as usual, on my daily promenade, thinking that when I met the object of my speculations, I would make some occasion for addressing him. But he was not there.

In vain I walked and looked. I walked on, and had already continued my promenade much farther along the sea-shore than I had intended, when I was suddenly made aware, by a few big premonitory drops, that a rain-cloud was about to burst over-head. I had on light summer clothing; and, fearful of taking cold, looked hastily about for a shelter. At a little distance, I saw an unfinished house, and within its walls I found shelter from the rain, which soon began to pour down in right earnest. The clouds had shortened the twilight, and it was now quite dark.

Presently I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the shelter. I heard voices, seemingly at but little distance. I was enabled to distinguish two; both base, but one evidently belonging to a young man, the other, the deeper and energetic tones of an older man.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun. As I was preparing to step forth from my place of shelter, the owners of the voices approached. I stepped back involuntarily, when the tones of the elder struck my ear familiarly.

'You have all, now?' asked he.

'Yes, all,' was the answer of the younger, in a somewhat excited tone.

'And you recollect your oath?'

'Yes, Sir; you may depend upon me.'

'Neither sooner nor later; let nothing prevent you. You know the house. You will surely go?'

'Punctually, Sir.'

'Well, you French desc~~end~~ me pass on in advance. Remember your reward.

'Till to-night; ~~you~~ ^{your} air.'

The steps approached the ~~way~~ ^{place} near which I had taken shelter. I stepped back silently, and ~~passed~~ ^{went} out at the speaker, who walked swiftly by. As he passed, the sky brightened a little and I beheld — certainly, and beyond the shadow of a doubt — my mysterious friend, the Colonel. He walked at speed; and ere I had recovered from my surprise, was lost to sight in the gloom.

Singular, thought I, as I walked along homeward. It was certainly the Colonel. But what was he doing here? And who was the young person whom he adjured to 'remember his oath?' And what about to-night?

The next morning I was sitting in my private office, busily studying up an important case, for which I had to prepare the papers, when I heard my copyist denying admittance to some one who evidently desired to see me. I recognized the voice of my friend W., the insurance-agent, and willing to be excused from even him, listened to hear him go down-stairs again.

'I must see him,' said he. 'It is important to me. Just announce my name; and say I will not stay more than five minutes.'

I flung open my door, and greeted W., saying that business of pressing importance forced me to deny myself to every body for some hours.

'But what is the matter? You look agitated.'

'Why, yes,' said he; 'it is a misfortune, so to speak. You remember Colonel T.?'

'Certainly; what of him,' said I quickly — remembering also the incident of the previous evening.

'He is dead. He was found dead in bed this morning — his throat cut. I have just seen the corpse.'

He continued, after a pause: 'You can see how unpleasant this is for me, when you bear in mind the large risk taken on his life, and that it was at my advice it was taken.'

I still stared him in the face in vacant surprise. The news was so unexpected.

'Tell me,' said I, 'how it was.'

'The negro woman who took care of the Colonel's rooms, had gone as usual about nine o'clock to clear them up for the day. She had found the outer door fastened; had knocked repeatedly, and, not receiving any answer, had informed her master, who lived near by. A lock-smith was called to open the door, and behold a tragedy! In the inner room they had found the Colonel lying upon the bed, dead, and in a pool of blood.'

'In what condition were the rooms?'

'The inner communicating doors were wide open. The windows of the sleeping apartment were open, they opened upon the street. The furniture was in perfect order. The Colonel's gold watch and purse lay upon a toilet-stand near the head of the bed. There was some disarrangement of the bed-clothes, but not much — apparently the result of the struggles of the death-

agony. Aside from this, no article of apparel or furniture in the room seemed in the slightest degree disarranged. Life had evidently fled some hours ago. The corpse of the unhappy man was stiff and cold. A razor lay on the floor, at the bedside, as though it had fallen out of his hands.'

'And no sign of outside violence?' I asked.

'Not the least.' Clearly a case of suicide; and I am not going to let our Company suffer for such a rascally proceeding,' said the irate Willard, who evidently regarded the deceased Colonel as one who had designs upon the coffers of the Volcano Life-Insurance Company.

'Of course the coroner has the matter in hand?'

'Yes.'

'Well, telegraph immediately to Boston,' said I, after momentary consideration. 'In two hours I will meet you at Colonel T.'s rooms.'

When I arrived upon the scene of the tragedy, Dr. Davis, the coroner, had already impanelled a jury, and examined the other residents of the house. My head full of the strange colloquy to which I had been an unwilling listener the previous evening, and mystified by this far more than any of the others, I listened eagerly to the evidence.

The ground-floor of the house was occupied as a dry-goods store. Its owner slept elsewhere. The floor above the Colonel's apartments was rented by an invalid with her servant. The attic was occupied by the negro woman who attended the Colonel's rooms, and by a negro laundress.

The lock of the outer door of the Colonel's apartments had not been tampered with. The key was found under the pillow, in the bed. The window, as before mentioned, was found open; but a close scrutiny of the wall, outside and in, and of the window-sill, revealed no marks of unlawful entrance.

On the floor lay the mystery! From the bed-side, where a little pool of blood had gathered on the floor, to the door, *and one step beyond, on the outside of the room*, there were the tracks of a human foot! *tracked in blood!* Only once was the impression of the whole foot given; the other tracks were as of one walking on his toes. All were of a bare foot.

The dead man's feet were bare; but they were bloodless. Moreover, on comparing, his foot was not quite so large as that which had made the track. So said one of the persons who measured. But the doctor, who examined all very carefully, was of opinion that the Colonel's bare and living foot would have left just such a track.

So far, those present were about equally divided between the two suppositions: *murder* and *suicide*.

'Why should he be murdered? He was not robbed,' said one jury-man to another.

'Why should he commit suicide; and why go out of the door after he had cut his throat; and how get back?' was asked in answer.

Several persons were now examined. A night-watchman deposed to seeing a light in the Colonel's room till about ten o'clock the previous night.

The lady who resided above, had heard, between two and three o'clock in the morning, a noise as of one hastily throwing open a door, in the Colonel's room.

The woman-servant of the invalid lady had seen the Colonel going up-stairs to his room about nine the previous evening. She noticed no change from his usual appearance, but thought he walked slower than in general.

The laundress, being interrogated, stated that she was awakened about three o'clock, by a noise as of a door or window being opened. That, having to go early to work, she presently arose, dressed, and sallied out into the street. That she found the street-door simply latched — not locked — though the key hung up upon its usual hook upon the back of the door. Finally, that as she emerged into the street, she saw a man stooping down, on the other side of the street. Hearing her step, he got up hurriedly, but slowly walked away. Owing to the darkness, she could not distinguish his features; but he was short, stout, and dressed loosely, somewhat like a sailor.

Just at this stage of the proceedings, a carriage stopped before the house. 'Here is Mrs. T.,' said Doctor Davis.

She had been sent for. As she was ushered into the sitting-room, the Doctor advanced to meet her; the rest of us remained in the adjoining room. I looked through the door-crack, and beheld a slender form, a face showing traces of suffering, but also traces of a beauty now in its decline.

After some words of respectful condolence upon the sad occasion which drew her hither, the coroner proceeded to ask her some questions as to the deceased.

'How long is it, Madam, since you last saw your husband?'

Her tears fell fast, and a heavy sob interrupted her as she essayed to answer — at last:

'I have not spoken to him for nearly four years,' said she in a voice still broken with emotion.

'Would you like to see him?'

She was led into the next room, and there left alone with the corpse. She sank upon her knees at the bed-side, yet without touching the corpse, and wept silently, her whole body heaving convulsively with the violence of her grief.

When she returned, the coroner again interrogated her.

'Was your husband given to fits of melancholy, Madam?'

'No, Sir.'

'Were his circumstances embarrassed?'

'So far as I know, they were not, Sir.'

'Did he ever speak of committing suicide, in your hearing?'

She buried her face in her hands, and trembled in silent agony, for a while, ere she could answer, with much hesitation: 'He did, Sir; but only once.'

'I told you so,' whispered the suicidal juryman, to his murderous fellow.

'Will you explain the occasion of that, Madam?'

After consideration, the lady looked up, with a somewhat stern, composed face, and said calmly: 'No, Sir, I would rather not. It has nothing ——' and then stopped abruptly.

There was a little consultation among the lawyers and the coroner, and the latter asked again:

'I am sorry to put the question, but it is necessary, Madam: do you know

any circumstance which would elucidate the mystery of your husband's death ?'

Again she covered her face with her hands, and wept and trembled in that dreadful agony of spirit which seemed to seize her, but when she could speak, answered with a tolerably clear voice, and certainly a truthful look : 'No, Sir, I know nothing.'

'We shall not need you more for the present, Madam,' said the coroner presently.

The lady retired, casting a last and seemingly almost despairing look of sorrow toward the corpse, and even making a step toward the bed, as though she would catch the hand of the deceased in hers. But she refrained.

The waitress was recalled, and asked if she missed any accustomed object about the room. She said no. The fire-place, which was protected by a tight-fitting screen, was exposed. There was no mark of an extraordinary advent or exit in this direction. Finally, I related what had occurred to me the preceding evening. My statement, as may be readily conceived, excited the liveliest attention. But it had no real bearing upon the mystery of the Colonel's death. I could not even depose certainly that it was the Colonel I saw. And if it was he, the circumstance by no means cleared up the case. It rather complicated it. The more we heard the deeper the mystery became. The jury agreed to suspend their verdict ; indeed, they were so divided between suicide and murder, and there were so many floating theories and suppositions, that a verdict was an impossibility. The coroner thought it a case of suicide. Willard, the agent, thought it a complicated case of conspiracy to defraud his company, and desired to have Mrs. T. arrested as a leader in the plot. The jurymen were wise, as all jurymen are. But whatever they guessed, they knew so little that, as I have said, they finally agreed to suspend the verdict and await the possible developments of the day. Meantime, the papers of the deceased were being looked over. Every thing was in apple-pie order, as a fruit-seller on the jury observed. But they shed no light upon the mystery. There was no will found ; of silver, ready money and jewelry, there was absolutely scarce a trace. This was astonishing in one of the Colonel's habits and means. Willard remarked that it strengthened him in the belief that the man had committed suicide with felonious intents upon the Volcano ; while a keen-scented jurymen thought he smelled a robbery, perhaps a murder.

We were about to retire, when entered a gentleman who claimed to be a friend of the deceased, and whom I recognized immediately as a person with whom he sometimes played chess. Captain Snyder, so he gave his name, appeared astonished and grieved at the sudden death, but could give no information. He had just received a note from Mrs. T., asking him to attend on her part to the obsequies, etc., and now offered to take charge of any thing not in the hands of the authorities.

'By the way, Doctor,' he remarked to the coroner, as we were going out, 'I would like very much to have a remembrance of my deceased friend. If the effects are sold, I desire to purchase for myself a set of silver chess-men, with the help of which he and I have passed so many pleasant hours, and also

I would like to have a St. George's sovereign, which my friend used to carry in his pocket as a pocket-piece.'

'You say there was a set of silver chess-men?'

'Yes; you will probably find them in this little table. You see the top is thrown over in this way'—performing the action—'and you have then a chess-board. But the chess-men are not here!'

Nor were they to be found. Nor was the St. George's sovereign any where to be discovered.

Here was evidence of a robbery!

The Captain assured us that he had played at chess with his deceased friend on Tuesday morning, that is, two days preceding the night in which he died.

This discovery gave a new turn to the affair. If robbed, why, then, there was either murder or a most strange coincidence between an accident and a crime. At any rate, there was now something to be traced up, and a prospect of arriving, by the discovery of the lost property, at some clue to the singular complication. A description of the missing articles was at once made out and sent to the police, who were requested to make earnest search in pawnbrokers' shops and other localities for them. The room of the Colonel's waitress was searched, but ineffectually, and the honest negress shed tears at thought that she was suspected of having robbed a master who had always treated her with kindness.

The police gained no clue to the lost articles. It became highly probable that the thief had melted up the valuable silver chess set. As for the sovereign, it might circulate unsuspected, and might possibly have gone through many hands without being remarked. For in so considerable a sea-port, foreign coins excite but little attention; and the only peculiarity of this sovereign was one so far common that a dozen like it might be in circulation in the city at the same time. It was, namely, a coin of the last century, having upon one of its sides a device of St. George and the Dragon, whereas sovereigns of a later date bear a bust of the reigning sovereign instead. The old sovereigns are worth some cents more than the newer ones, and have consequently been nearly all called in or melted up. Yet are they not so scarce that the possession of one of these old coins could be called remarkable.

More than two weeks passed without a clue to the mystery; the matter was already dropped from the papers; and as neither Mrs. T. nor any one else had laid claim to the insurance, Willard was more than ever convinced that the deceased Colonel was a rascal, when one day a new development really promised, or half promised, a denouement. The wife of the chief of police, settling a grocery bill, received in change for a bill an English sovereign. On handing the change to her husband in the evening, he at once perceived that this sovereign was of the identical coinage with that which had so mysteriously disappeared from the Colonel's pocket. He immediately made inquiries of the owner of the grocery-store, and succeeded in tracing the coin to the possession of a small dealer near the water-side. This man stated that he received it some days ago, perhaps ten, perhaps more, of a man whom he did not know, but who was dressed as a common seaman. He had purchased an article of clothing from the general assortment, had re-

ceived his purchase and the required small change, and was gone — whither no one knew. The dealer described his person, but the description was little worth as a clue.

A few days thereafter, however, happening into this small dealer's shop, an individual was pointed out to the chief, quietly, as the one who had paid out the sovereign.

'You are sure?' asked he of the dealer.

'Yes, Sir, I remember him very well.'

The man was about going out. The official approached him, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, said: 'Where did you stow the silver chess-men and the money you stole at Colonel T.'s house?'

The man turned pale, trembled violently, and finally when he had partially recovered his self-possession, vehemently protested entire ignorance of that with which he was charged. He even denied all knowledge of the sovereign he was said to have paid out; but afterward admitted that part of the charge against him, alleging that in his fear at so unexpected an accusation he had been led to deny every thing, and that his embarrassment was the result only of his utter innocence of the evil with which he was charged. He gave himself out to be a ship's carpenter, out of employment; had been in the city but a few weeks, having travelled overland from New-Orleans, where he found it difficult to procure employment; had lived at eating-houses, and slept in different places while in the city, having no regular stopping-place; had no friends to vouch for his character, which he violently maintained to be irreproachable, and begged with tears that he might be let go. Though the suspicions were slight, he was locked up; and it was determined to examine him thoroughly the next day. Pending which, I was curious enough to call and see him, in company with Willard, who wanted to talk to him. The prisoner's voice seemed strangely familiar to me, but I could not remember having ever seen him before. But being informed that I was a lawyer, he insisted upon my 'taking care of him to-morrow,' as he termed it, and begged this so piteously, that, not believing him to have any concern with the Colonel's death, I consented. He assured me of his innocence of the slightest wrong, and repeated the story told already to the Chief.

The examination came on. The lodging-house keeper where George Gordon (this was the name of the prisoner) had slept deposed that he saw him to his room at or about eleven o'clock on the night in question, and that he came down from his room to breakfast about seven the next morning. The prisoner maintained that he had not quitted the room in the intervening period. The testimony of the laundress pointed to the hour of two as that when the robbery most likely took place. The District-Attorney being called upon, was unable to prove even that the suspicious coin which had caused the prisoner's arrest, was the identical one owned by the Colonel. Strangely enough Captain S., the witness whose testimony was most necessary to identify this coin, was missing. When inquiry was made for him, it appeared that he had suddenly left town, for New-Orleans apparently, but even of this no reliable information could be obtained. When the District-Attorney mentioned the unaccountable

absence of Captain S., the prisoner's face brightened up, and he leaned over the dock and whispered to me: 'They will have to clear me now. They can bring no proof against my alibi.'

The lodging-house keeper was recalled. He was sure that it was eleven o'clock, perhaps a little later, when the prisoner came in. He (the prisoner) had originally maintained that he was in bed by ten.

'Where were you before eleven?' the District-Attorney asked. 'It was quite possible that this robbery should be committed at an early hour of the evening.'

'You need not answer this question if it will criminate you,' said I to him, by way of caution.

'Will I certainly be discharged if I can give a satisfactory account of myself for the earlier hours of the evening?' he asked me eagerly.

I said, as matters looked then, it was almost certain.

'Then,' said he, with a sudden resolve, 'I will tell you. I was at Mrs. Thoureau's house!'

'At Mrs. Thoureau's, the widow of the deceased?' said I, looking aghast. The whole court was electrified at the announcement.

'If you will send for the lady she will doubtless bear witness to the fact.'

Mrs. T. was immediately sent for. Meantime, my client, in answer to interrogations from the Court, stated that he had been employed in the house of Mrs. T. to repair and polish some pieces of furniture; that the lady had learned something of his poverty, and had kindly given him good advice and means to supply his most pressing necessities, and that on that evening he had called there to get some money due him, and had remained until his return to his lodgings.

Mrs. T. was announced. She corroborated the story of the prisoner in every particular.

'One more question, Mrs. T.,' said the District-Attorney. 'Have you never perchance, in the prisoner's presence, made any allusion to the circumstances and mode of life of your deceased husband?'

'Never, Sir.'

'Do you know if the prisoner was acquainted with Col. T., and familiar with his location and habits?'

'On the contrary, I know that he did not know Col. T., and I do n't think he ever saw him.'

There was a silence of a minute's duration. The prisoner looked hopeful. The District-Attorney, who had for some minutes been studying first the face of Mrs. T., and then that of the prisoner, turned suddenly upon the former, and asked: 'What relation does George Górdon, the prisoner, bear to you, Madam?'

The face of the witness flushed up for a moment, then grew ashy pale. She essayed to speak, but her lips moved without producing any sound. She grasped the table for support, then sank lifeless to the floor. The fainting woman was quickly borne into the fresh air. A physician was called. He ordered her to be conveyed to her home, and pronounced her to be attacked with paralysis. Her presence in court was therefore impossible.

'It was not certain, even, that the poor lady would survive the night through,' said the physician, hastening away after his patient.

'My mother! my poor mother! I killed you!' cried out the prisoner, wringing his hands with anguish, and losing at last all self-control.

His mother? Here was a new complication.

The session of court was adjourned; the prisoner was remanded to his cell. We who had become interested in the case were more puzzled than ever. Was Mrs. Col. T. concerned in the crime which seemed to have been committed? She looked too honest to be aught else than an honest woman. Beside, had she not denied all claim to the estate of the deceased? And yet —

The first news I heard when I arose the following morning, was that my client, the prisoner, had made his escape the previous night, disguised in the garments of one of the jailer's assistants, whom he had overpowered when he was locking him in for the night. The escape was not known until some hours after, and I may as well mention here that the poor fellow concealed himself on board a vessel just sailing for Curaçoa, and successfully evaded pursuit. He left a note for me, which was slipped under my office-door during the night. In this he promised a full account of his share in the mysterious transaction as soon as possible, making at the same time most solemn asseverations of his entire innocence of the supposed murder, and stating that he never knew Col. T. as such, or by any other name, having only on two occasions accidentally met him, one of these being on the evening of the rain. Hence I recollected his voice.

Two days thereafter we were agreeably surprised at the reappearance of the missing Captain Snyder. From him was now obtained finally an explanation of the mystery which had so long excited the attention of the few who knew of it. I will give the Captain's account in as few words as possible:

Mrs. Thoreau was the daughter of a Louisiana planter. She was educated at a Northern boarding-school. Being of a romantic temperament, at the age of seventeen, she fell in love with an individual who occupied in the institution in which she found a home, the post of instructor in rhetoric. This man was possessed of a showy figure and considerable personal grace, but was at the same time entirely devoid of principle. Seeing the artless young girl's infatuation, he pretended to return her affection. The result of the amour was a child, born but a month before its mother was to leave her school for home. Her shame was known to but three persons — the seducer, who fled when the fruits of his crime became apparent, and the two maiden ladies who owned and carried on the school. Alarmed at the consequences to their establishment should Emily's misfortune become known, they aided her in concealing her shame, and when she was safely delivered of a male child, provided a home for that in a distant farm-house, where its origin would not be inquired into so long as the means for its support were forthcoming. The poor mother asked vainly for her infant. It was only upon her solemn promise never to seek for it in any manner, that the two maiden principals of the academy consented to preserve inviolate the secret of her shame.

When fully recovered, she returned to her Southern home. Here, after five

years spent in quiet repentance and the exemplary performance of the real duties of life—for the young girl had sinned through weakness, not for love of sin—she met Col. Thoureau. There was a mutual attraction. He saw in her quiet, grave but kindly demeanor and the conscientious rectitude of all her actions the embodied ideal of his soul. She found in the frank, noble gentleman all those real qualities whose sham semblance had deceived her young heart to so fatal an error. Fancy her anguish when the Colonel spoke his love, and asked her to return it. Her eyes brightened for a moment, but in the next appeared before her mind's eye her sin and shame, and with tears and sobs she hurried unanswering from the presence of her lover.

‘Could she tell him all? Him who had loved her as a being all purity and innocence. And yet dared she wed herself to any one, keeping to herself that dread secret which drove happiness away from her? What bitter struggles, what vain resolves, what tears and prayers were hers it were vain here to attempt to tell. Suffice it that, submitting to her lover's persistent entreaties, she became his—but without that frank confession of her single error, which might have made her a happy woman, and would certainly have made her an honest one.

The marriage was a happy one. Emily—now Mrs. Col. T.—had been informed that the fruit of her error had disappeared—was probably dead. Her seducer was a wandering profligate, living in a distant part of the country. Was she not safe? She thought so; and ventured to enjoy a few years of truest bliss. Her father died. Her mother was long since dead. Of brothers or sisters she had none. Her husband was all to her, and she devoted herself to his happiness.

Who knows the abyss upon whose brink he stands! Emily's seducer, ever going down-hill on the broad road of vice, was mastered by necessities which must be supplied at all hazards. He applied by letter to his former victim, coolly stating his needs, and desiring relief at her hands. The wretched lady was forced to parley with the villain, and from her own means satisfy his demands, vainly hoping and entreating that she might be left in peace.

Vain hope it was! So good an opportunity for spoils was not to be given up. Again and again she submitted to his demands, enforced by threats of exposure. And when at last, rendered desperate by the growing audacity of the villain, she refused to hold farther communication with him, there came one day, directed to her husband, a package containing old letters and tokens, which proved but too clearly the guilt which the sender alleged.

At this time the unhappy pair were residing in our city, whither Mrs. T. had induced her husband to remove, in the vain hope of eluding the clutches of the villain who was torturing her. The Colonel, who tenderly loved his wife, compromised with the quondam Professor on such terms as were likely to insure his future silence, then made separate provision for his wife, and thus they parted, both unhappy.

Anxious to secure from want the woman whom he still loved, the Colonel had finally hit upon the expedient of insuring his life, determined while he lived to have her comfort looked after, and by securing her a sum after his

death, to place her beyond necessities of any kind. He effected the insurance in good faith. But a month thereafter he was once more made unhappy by a threatening letter from the brute who had destroyed his peace. This affected him much. He wrote to the wretch—who shall be nameless here—and by dint of a considerable sum of money, gained from him a written obligation to leave America, never to return. But to complete the Colonel's distress, the sum he had payed his persecutor was spent at the gambling-table, and the miscreant now refused to depart without an additional subsidy.

Meantime, Emily's son had grown up to be a stout young man. He was apprenticed to a steam-boat builder, on one of the Western rivers. His foster-mother died, and on her death-bed revealed to him the secret of his birth, and the place of residence of his mother. Animated by a desire to see her to whom he owed his life, he raked together his little means and at once proceeded to C—. He called upon Mrs. T., and upon telling the poor lady his story, was received by her with a joy and love which he little expected. Both felt the necessity of preserving secret the bond existing between them; and the poor mother never, even to her son, revealed those particulars of her life, which we have but just glanced at. He thought her a widow; and little suspected that her husband lived in the same city with her.

Now, on his first coming to the city, (he had actually come around by ship from New-Orleans, instead of over-land, as he asserted on his trial,) he had fallen among thieves, and was robbed and nearly murdered by a part of his former ship-mates. Col. T. coming up just as he was about to be overcome by his assailants, had dispersed these and taken the poor lad home to dress his bruises, little suspecting the tragic connection of their fates.

'A few days thereafter,' continued Captain Snyder, who, I must admit, proved himself an acute and courageous man on this occasion, and who had brought all parts of this strange story together, 'Jeremiah Randall, the Professor before mentioned, made another demand upon Colonel Thoureau. He was desperate. So was the poor Colonel. He had seen a considerable part of his fortune slip into this miscreant's hands, to be wasted in all manner of low dissipation. He lived in abject terror of this fellow's indiscretions. Many a time must the poor hunted Colonel have thought longingly of the gallows which was waiting for this 'Professor,' and through all it seems certain that the good gentleman loved with his whole heart his unfortunate wife. If only he had had the wisdom to own this love, to take her to his bosom, and to fly with her out of reach of this defamer! But it was not to be so.

'What I am now about to relate,' continued Captain Snyder, 'I have literally choked out of the infernal rascal whom I caught so snugly in Poydras-street, New-Orleans, and who is now lodged in the tightest cell in our prison. Blast him! I did not want to forestall the hangman, or my hands would have held him till his wind was gone!' And the Captain showed a hand which I should not like to feel at my throat. 'You must know, then, that my poor friend appointed a meeting for that fatal Thursday night, when he and the 'Professor' were to have a final settlement. As the hour was a late one, he sent to the 'Professor' the key of the house and a duplicate night-key, and at

eleven Randall came up silently and found the Colonel waiting for him. He says the Colonel cursed him, which I can believe; and threatened his life, which is a cowardly lie; and that while they talked, suddenly there was a scuffle, in which he got Thoreau down. That then he (Randall) felt that blood was about to be spilled. He looked for a pistol and did not see one. He had only a piece of stout packing-twine in his pocket, and he owned to me, the infernal scoundrel! hissed Snyder in our horrified ear, 'that he tied the Colonel's feet as he held him down, then his arms, gagged him, and then laying him upon the bed, deliberately cut his throat with his own razor! After which he took three hours of moon-light to arrange the room, whose general disposition he well knew, for he had received money there frequently, and then he went out bare-footed. But taking a last look at his victim, now lying upon the bed, his feet got inadvertently into the pool of blood, and hence the tracks, which ceased at the outside of the door, where he first discovered them. And the coward did not dare to return to the room after the door was once closed behind him to erase these fatal tracks.'

'And the negro laundress saw him putting on his shoes on the other side of the street, as she came out of the street-door?' I queried.

'Exactly,' said Snyder. 'Poor Mrs. Thoreau, whom I have known and respected for a long time, called for me after the Colonel's burial, and with many tears, told me not only her own sad story, but also her suspicions as to the author of her husband's death. She put me upon the track to find him, and I scarce slept till I had him before a revolver, with part of a confession upon his cowardly lips. Thank the Devil! they hang people for murder in this State. If they did n't, I should have killed this brute myself.'

And that was the solution of a mystery which had puzzled us all a good deal.

Professor Jeremiah Randall was hanged. I saw him swing. I shall never go to see another man hanged. It is too horrid.

Poor Mrs. Thoreau lingered on for a few weeks, but her system, enfeebled by much mental distress, finally succumbed to paralysis, and she died before Randall was hung. Her ill-fated son I have never seen since. Three days ago I received a note inclosing a hundred dollars, and a few words, saying: 'Once you defended me when I had no friends. Many thanks.' This brought the story to my mind which is told above. Names and dates are somewhat altered, but for the rest, any lawyer of ten years' standing, in our district, will tell you of the remarkable murder of Colonel Thoreau.

A CHAPTER ON THE COCK.

‘High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
 In dents embattled like a castle-wall;
 His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet,
 Blue were his legs, and Orient were his feet:
 White were his nails, like silver to behold,
 His body glittering like the burnished gold.’—OLD GERMAN POEM.

MORE homely is the description in the German nursery riddle: ‘It is a man from *Ægypten*; he has a coat of a thousand patches; he has a horny face; he has a comb, and does not comb himself.’ No bird has been so feared: none so exalted. High on the pinnacle of the lofty church-tower, even above the cross the pious architect places his likeness. Such is his position upon the beautiful marble spire of a magnificent Fifth Avenue church; and wise teachers selected it to ornament the cover of the horn-book, as a warning to you that he who seeks after good must begin betimes. The soldier placed him on the ramparts to regulate his hours when on guard; and this is his fitting place, this is his most honorable position, for the cock is himself a warrior—prudent, enduring, valiant, and watchful of his honor, like no other bird: Let but another invade his territory, forth he marches to meet him, claps his exultant wings, and ‘pitches into him.’ Up go the feathers of his neck like a shield, his eyes darting fire, his comb swells, and with a mighty leap he tries to haul his adversary to the earth, and trample upon him. The fight is obstinate and long. It is merely a pretence when one retreats; and the combat is renewed with greater boldness. Both wings and feet disabled, they resort to their last and most dreadful weapon. As quick as hail, the blows of the sharp beak descend, and, in the scientific term, the ‘claret’ is soon seen dropping from their neck and head. The courage of the foe now forsaking him, he staggers, retreats and flies; he lowers his tail, slinks to some corner, and screams for mercy. But the victor, shaking his wings, makes ready for the pursuit, when the safety of the conquered alone is to be found in the quickest flight. The battle over, chanticleer springing upon the fence, still bleeding, draws himself proudly up, like a herald, and proclaims his victory by loud blast of trumpet. It is not so much to be wondered at, then, if the Chinese, the Indian, the Briton, and ‘fast men’ among the Yankees, should delight in such fierce feathery tournaments; nor that the warlike minds of the ancients delighted and were enkindled by the daring valor of the cock. *Ælian* relates how Themistocles reanimated the sinking courage of his army by pointing out to them two cocks. ‘Look,’ said he, ‘these animals stake their lives for the mere sake of victory, and will not give way; but ye are struggling for your hearths, and for your gods: for the graves of your forefathers, and for the cradles of your children, but above all for freedom—and ye would despair!’ Hereupon the drooping Greeks took courage, and obtained a victory over the barbariana. It was the

cock on board Admiral Berkeley's vessel, in 1793, which recalled victory to the English side. Just as the English were about to retreat, in the middle of a raging fight, the cock flew upon the splintered mast of the Marlborough, the Admiral's ship, boldly flapped his wings, and sent forth his clanging voice. It flew into the sailors' hearts, like an electric spark, when their old, calm valor again awoke, and the victory was won.

But war is not always the ultimate aim of war, and so with our bird; he only battles for the sake of peace and supremacy. He is, indeed, an absolute ruler, and yet rather a peace-loving patriarch than a tyrant. To be sure, he is a sultan in his harem, proud and imperious, yet in the court-yard the picture of a careful spouse. He takes care of all. Rabbi Jochanan says: 'Had the Law never been given us, we might still have learned politeness from the cock, who is fair-spoken with the female. I will buy thee a dress, a dress that shall reach down to the very ground. May my comb perish, if, when I have the means, I do not keep my word!' Selfishness is foreign to his nature. Should he find a dainty morsel, he loudly calls for his whole family to share with them the smallest portion. But let not one of them touch even a grain at her peril, until the master opens the banquet. No one with indiscreet forwardness must begin the table-task. An old popular adage says: 'When the hen crows before the cock, and the wife speaks before her husband has done so, the hen should be eaten and the woman beaten.' In England there is another: 'A crowing hen, a dancing priest, and a woman that talks Latin, never yet came to a good end.' A mere look from this woman-ruler is enough to recal Mrs. Hen to her duty, when about to disobey the commands of her lord. In the olden time, *seven* virtues belonged to the good knight and true, and seven also are possessed by the cock. He is prudent, wise, valiant, honorable, gentle-mannered, full of love, and skilled in governing. The Koran describes the original cock of heaven in a most fantastic style. He is white, his wings, strewed over with emeralds and carbuncles, extending from the rising to the setting of the sun; from his comb to his spur is a journey of five hundred years. Daily at morn he raises his voice, which penetrates all space: every creature hears it, save the deaf race of men, and songs of praise sound in answer from all the cocks on earth. When the end of days is come, Allah speak to him thus: 'Fold thy wings, and let thy voice be silenced, that all creatures may know the day of judgment is come; from man alone let it be hidden.' 'There be three things,' says Solomon, the wise man, 'which go well, yea, four are comely in going: a lion, which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away from any; a cock, and an he-goat also; and a king, against whom there is no rising up.' (Proverbs 30: 30, 31.) We here follow the Septuagint version. Luther has put the '*cock*' instead of the '*greyhound*,' whence this variation.

Verily the cock is every inch of him a king, and is born to govern as the prince of birds. With measured step and slowly, he raises one foot, and then the other, oftentimes pausing in the middle of his step, casting his eyes knowingly around, that nothing may escape his notice. If he goeth under an arch-way, through which an elephant or a camel might pass, he still bends his

head, lest he should spoil the adornment of his proud comb, so sensible is he of inner greatness. Moving on at last, all his manner displays nobility of character. How thoughtful his air when he directs his experienced eye to the storm-covered skies, or to the coming bright morning! But he is most lofty and commanding of all, when preparing to sing after the style and manner of his fathers. Flying to some elevated place, the right foot is advanced, while the left remains half-drawn up. This is the real heroic step, the real rhetorician attitude. Now his whole frame assumes a more exalted expression; the neck and feathers of the tail become erect; the wings clash together; the breast swells, and the eye half-closes in delight. Then, with all the pathos and grace of an enraptured virtuoso, chanticleer lifts up his clear and defiant voice.

In this chant his mission lies, and this song shows his high descent. Herod Agrippa used to send costly gifts to the bird that gayly greeted him on his nightly journeys. The Greeks and Romans imagined that there was something divine in his nature, the former practising a peculiar custom of laying grains of corn on the letters of the alphabet, which a cock was allowed to peck away. Mohammed commanded homage to him, as the sentinel that arouses the hosts of heaven to their service. Well may we ask with the sublime Job: 'Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts, and who hath given understanding to the cock?' His well-known cry soundeth afar. The ancients believed that the evil demons of night fled before it. The bold mariner on the waves hears it, and the wayfarer on his solitary path, when joy enters into their souls, for it brings the sure witness of the cheering neighborhood of man. His clear clarion wakens the student to early diligence, scares the evil-doer, calls the recluse to prayer, announces to the husbandman the gracious rain, and to the sufferer on his bed of sickness the welcome coming of the morning. When Aurora and Orion go forth on their rounds, and the dewy pearl-drops still hang on the wings of other birds, he is on the move already, and his rejoicing notes salute the ears of man. His glad call breaks the fairy and golden deceptions of sleep, and awakes the slothful limbs to labor, the conflict of life, and to victory. Verily, the cock is the messenger of blessings to the world, nor can we praise him too much.

Our bird has been the welcome object of popular tradition. The fire of his eye with his glowing hues, in early times rendered him the object of veneration among the Germans. With them he was the symbol of flame, *Lokis*, the god of fire, or bird of fearful splendor; when he unfolded his wings for flight, flame rose up beneath him. Hence the saying in use to this day, '*Einem den rothen Hahn auf's Dach setzen*,' (to set fire to the house of another;) literally, 'to set the red cock on his roof.' Mindful of his prudence, the Romans dedicated him to Mars, as well as to Minerva, the wise goddess. Among the Grecian heroes before Troy, Idomeus bore him as a symbol upon his shield, as in our day, the cock is the ensign among the most warlike nations of Europe. In 'Reynard the Fox,' our noble bird is seen amid the great dignitaries of the empire; a solemn requiem being held for his murdered daughter in the presence of the whole diet. Indeed, he generally has a prominent part in all the legends of animals.

Having some room left to finish our chapter, the transition to the peacock is very easy — the favorite of Apollo. His magnificent, sparkling, jewelled dress shows at once his Asiatic origin. On no other animal or bird has nature bestowed her hues more lavishly, when wheel-shaped, he unfolds the thousand dyes and intermingled glories of his tail. One old writer says: 'The poor bird is created only for his tail.' The ships of King Solomon sought this magnificent bird in distant Ophir.* Alexander sent him to Greece as a gorgeous trophy of the Indies. The Athenians in crowds thronged to gaze at this bird, which they never before had seen, and whose life Alexander the Great protected by severe penalties. The over-refined luxury of Rome brought the peacock on the table, as an ornamental dish, while delicacies made of his brain feasted the palate. In the reign of Galba, peacocks, cranes of Malta, nightingales, and venison, were considered delicacies. Lucullus indulged in the greatest profusion of luxuries; and when he supped in his Apollo chamber, we read that the expense was fixed at fifty thousand drachmæ, or some four thousand dollars of our money. Vitellius had a large silver platter, called Minerva's buckler, in which he stewed together the livers of silt heads, the melts of lampreys, with the brains of pheasants and peacocks; a royal dish, to be sure, but outdone by more modern times. Neville, brother to the Earl of Warwick, in Edward the Fourth's time, (1470,) entertained the nobility and clergy at his instalment into the archiepiscopal see of York. Among other items on his bill of fare, were three hundred and fifty tuns of ale, one hundred and four of wine, eighty fat oxen, three thousand geese, four thousand pigeons, four thousand ducks, five hundred partridges, two thousand woodcocks, four hundred plovers, one hundred quails, eight seals, four porpoises, six wild bulls, two hundred cranes, one hundred peacocks, *et cetera, ceteranum*: sixty-two cooks, with five hundred menials, were in the kitchen, with one thousand servitors at the costly table. Let old Rome on the Tiber, with her famous emperors, beat this, if she can. But how uncertain is fortune! This English prodigal died at last in the most abject but unpitied poverty!

This custom for peacocks' brains at noble festivals, was maintained throughout the Middle Ages, but associated with a peculiar symbolic meaning. The knights swore by the peacock; and when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, the whole assembled knighthood at the court of Philip the Good, swore by the peacock to set out upon the Crusade.

The vanity of the peacock has become proverbial. If a word of praise catch his ear, or Miss Peacock should make her appearance, the flowery wheel in a moment unfolds itself, and stretching his beautiful, glittering neck, he utters an unpleasant, cat-like cry. He likes to perch, too, on some neighboring roof, or other lofty spot, to show himself and to be admired. Buffon, his eloquent panegyrist, sees grace and majesty in his movements, but our mediæval poetry calls his step 'creeping,' comparing it to the proud gait of the crane. An old German fable says, the birds wanted a king, when their choice fell on the peacock, because of his wonderful beauty, and having already wore a crown upon

* Kings 10: 22.

his head. But Markolf, the jay, perceiving that he loved only pomp and parade, and as their ruler would levy from the poor, to deck himself with pearls, precious stones and costly garments, they reported of their choice, making the eagle their king. The cat-like nature of the peacock shows itself in later years—he becomes ill-humored and quarrelsome—a characteristic, by the by, which is not alone observed in peacocks, but accompanies vanity when growing old. Thus endeth our chapter on cocks and peacocks.

T O T H E F A L L E N .

BY RALPH RANDOM.

Oh! mourn for the vanquished,
 Oh! mourn for the slain,
 Whose blood in deep torrents
 Now reddens the plain!
 See! the legions of darkness
 Are trampling them down,
 On the fields that have echoed
 Their fathers' renown!

Oh! mourn for the vanquished,
 Oh! mourn for the brave,
 Who for God and for freedom
 Have gone to the grave!
 See! they sink all despairing
 On the far-distant plain,
 Where now they are bleeding,
 And bleeding in vain!

Oh! mourn now, my country,
 Thou chosen of earth!
 For the torch of a demon
 Is red on thy hearth;
 And the wail of bereavement,
 The shriek of despair,
 From thy heart-broken daughters,
 Is filling the air!

One prayer for the dying,
 One tear for the dead—
 Then strike, O my brothers!
 For the heroes that bled:
 Arise in your fury,
 Arise in your might,
 And down with the foemen
 Of God and the Right!

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS'S STORY.

'Entertaining angels unawares.'

I WAS born and brought up in this little village of Somertown, from which I have never travelled so far as a hundred miles. When I was a child, we lived on a farm about a mile from the church, but after my father's death, we moved into the little house where I now live. My father was a good man, but he had in some way got into debt, and it worried him until he died of a broken heart.

My mother was at first much cast down, but being naturally of a brave spirit, she soon rallied. She sold the farm, and took a small house at the foot of Stony Hill, and sent my brother Willy to her brother, in Bgston, who had promised to find a situation for him.

Our new home was small, but it had a little garden behind it, and two great elms which stood before the door gave it a pleasant look. It was just on the borders of the village, and an easy walk from the meeting-house.

As we found ourselves quite poor after my father's debts were paid, my mother took in sewing, and we managed to get comfortably through the first winter. In the spring, Miss Colby, the school-teacher, was married, and went away, and my mother urged me to apply for the school. I was only seventeen, but I was a good scholar, and had always liked study, and she thought I could teach as well as Miss Colby, for Willy had not learned half so much from her, as he did when I taught him at home. So mother went to the minister's and spoke to him about it, and he thought it a good plan, and promised to use his influence for me. In a day or two he came to tell me that there was a meeting of the selectmen that morning, and I must be present. I went with him, frightened enough, but he was very kind, and made me feel at ease after a few minutes. 'Squire Lee asked me a great many questions, the others very few, and then they said that they were satisfied that I was competent. So the next Monday morning, I began life as a school-teacher.

At first it was very hard for me, and I would come home tired out. By degrees, I learned to manage the children, and when the minister and 'Squire Lee came to visit the school, they found it much more orderly than in Miss Colby's time, and praised me for my good discipline. If I had not been able to keep the school-room still, I should have given it up in despair, for above all things I loved quiet. I often sat for hours together at home, without saying a word; for I was not talkative, nor very cheerful. Among the girls of my own age I had no friends; when with them I was moody and unsociable, and for this they avoided me. I know now that all this was wrong, and that I cast away some of the sweetest experiences of life in shutting up my heart to those who might have learned to love me. I did not do it consciously, for none of those around attracted me, and I was too unattractive myself, to induce any

of them to make any great effort to gain my good-will, and of *this* I was sometimes painfully conscious. I was not so self-sufficient that I did not long sometimes with a feeling of agony for some sympathizing friend, some one who would understand me intuitively, and love me in spite of my plain, sad face.

The hard work in the school-room was good for me, for it kept me from thinking too much about myself; but soon I became accustomed to it, and it lost its arousing power. After the novelty wore off, and I had a regular routine of duties, I began to sink back into myself again, to do my work mechanically, and to speak and smile less than ever. Life seemed to me a very dreary thing.

Now and then, some rebellious boy or mischievous girl would raise an uproar in the school; this would excite me, and for some time I would feel better, but only to sink into my old lethargy again. The children feared, but did not love me. Not that I was severe, but I repulsed them with my indifference. I did not try to win their love, I only tried to teach them as well as I could, not knowing that love is the best teacher.

I had been teaching about two years when Deacon Brownly died. He was a good old man, who kept the village store, and having no family, had laid by quite a sum of money. My mother felt very badly when the old Deacon died, for he had been very kind to her; often when we were sorely pinched, sending us a present of provisions, 'for his old friend's, my father's, sake. We heard that he had left his store and all his property to his two nephews, to be divided between them as Arthur, the oldest, thought best. If he chose to take the money, Charles must take the store, and carry on the business, for he wished that kept up; but if Arthur chose the store, Charles was to have the money. These two nephews lived in Boston, and we soon heard that Arthur Brownly was to take his uncle's business, and Charles was to have the money. People said that Arthur was very foolish, for he might have established a much more profitable business in Boston with his uncle's legacy; but he had his own reasons, and presently made his appearance in the village. He soon became a great favorite with old and young, and all the girls were delighted with so pleasant an accession to the small number of village beaux, but I neither knew nor cared to know him. Yet there was something so attractive about him, that the impression he made upon me at our first meeting, which was in his own store, has never been removed.

He was rather tall; his pale face would have been handsome if it had not been quite so thin; his eyes were dark gray, and his wavy brown hair was very abundant. But nothing in his face attracted one so much as his happy expression, his ready smile. It was as if he had a fountain of gladness in his heart, which was ever bubbling up to the light. Such was Arthur Brownly. His face has never left my memory, long as it is since it met my sight.

Some time after this, as I walked listlessly home from school, one pleasant afternoon in the late spring, I was startled to see the doctor's gig before our door. Fearing my mother was sick, I hurried forward, but she met me as I came. 'A terrible accident,' she said, 'had happened. Mr. Brownly's horse had run away, coming down Stony Hill, and thrown him, and they had brought

him in there, and the doctor was with him now. Soon Dr. Payne came out and said he hoped he was doing well, but it was a very bad fracture. He could not be moved on any account; so, if my mother pleased, she must keep him there a little while. My mother was glad to be of any use to Deacon Brownly's nephew, and said she would do all she could to keep him comfortable.

For several days I kept away from the sick-room. My mother was an excellent nurse, and was in her element, with some one to care for and tend, and I felt that I could be of no use. But her anxiety infected me, and each day I walked more briskly home from school, to hear how Mr. Brownly was.

At last, one afternoon, my mother asked me to go in and sit with him, for she thought he felt a little lonely, and she had to go down to the village on an errand. So I went in, carrying some fresh flowers in my hand. His bed had been made on a large, old-fashioned lounge, and he lay there looking paler than ever, propped up by pillows. His smile was so bright as he welcomed me in, that the rather gloomy room seemed lit up with a sudden radiance, or was it only that the window was thrown wide open, and the sunset glowed through the lightly-stirred branches of the elm-trees?

'I hoped you would come in and see me some time,' he said, and smiled again.

'I have brought you some flowers,' I said. 'I am very sorry for your accident. Do you suffer much?'

'Sometimes very much, and it is hard for a man to lie so still, but as you came in, I was reading a verse that makes it easier to bear.' And he read from the BIBLE which lay open before him: 'Even so, FATHER, for so it seemeth good in THY sight.'

I was touched at his cheerful patience, and the tears rose in my eyes. He began to admire the flowers. 'What a beautiful rose!' he said, 'and how lovely those violets! You must have found them under the large stone, near the top of the hill. I saw a perfect bed of them there the last time I rode up. The violets will be all gone the next time I go up the hill. I think I never saw them look so lovely as they did that day, so close under the shadow of that beautiful stone, all covered with mosses and creeping vines. And you have some lilies of the valley! How beautiful they are! And now, will you add to the favor by putting them in a glass of water, near me, where I can see and smell them?'

I had never cared a great deal for flowers, and I was surprised to see how much pleasure these few that one of my scholars had brought me, could afford to him. I noticed how constantly he turned toward them, and with what delight.

He talked to me easily and pleasantly as if he had known me for years, and asked me many questions about my little scholars. He seemed to know them all; for he spoke of Annie Robbins's beauty, and Jenny Parsons's sweet disposition, and Lizzy Jones's stately demeanor, and Charlie Swan's unselfishness, and the two Dentons' love for each other, and Sammy Green's handsome, saucy face, until I was ashamed to see how much of interest he found in those children who had seemed so uninteresting to me. He told me little anecdotes

of them, showing that he had had many a chat with them when they came to the store on errands.

'You must be very fond of children,' said I.

'Oh! yes,' he answered, 'are not you?' and looked a little astonished as I said:

'Not very.'

He then drew my attention to the sunset, and its wonderful blending of gorgeous tints, and I wondered that I had been so blind to this daily glory.

I went out from that sick-room aroused from my usual lethargy. I saw the enjoyment this man had in the common things that lay around him, and I felt it was partly my own fault that my life had been so joyless.

As I walked to school the next morning, I thought of Arthur lying on his couch of pain, and knowing that he could see the sky from his window, I looked up to see how it looked to him, and marvelled at the beautiful blue, and the soft white clouds, as I had never done before. At school, the children he had spoken of, drew my attention, and I watched them as they developed, in the course of the day, the little traits he had mentioned, with a new interest.

When noon came, I took my little lunch-basket, and climbed the hill to find the bed of violets of which he spoke, and sitting down there, I thought over all he had said to me. No one but mother had spoken very familiarly to me before, and his kind words had taken me by surprise. I sat there thinking long that noon, not dreary, gloomy thoughts as usual, but wondering questions to myself, of how many things beside children and violets, had grown up so beautifully in my path, while I had been walking with closed eyelids.

I was late at school that afternoon, but teaching was pleasant; and though I walked home quickly, yet the sky and the grass, and the fresh, tender green of the trees were impressed upon my hitherto dull heart, as I went. I took Arthur the violets I had gathered for him, and enjoyed his pleasure, and his cheerful thanks, and could not refuse when he asked me to bring my sewing and sit with him.

'It was such a relief to have some one to talk to,' he said; 'he was tired of keeping still.'

So I came and sat near his couch, and listened while he talked. He told me of the different places he had visited, of rambles on the White Hills, of wild ravine and laughing streams and snowy cascades, describing them with such enthusiasm, that I forgot my usual reserve, and questioned and laughed as I had never done before.

And then he told me of his brother, an artist, now in Italy, and how fortunate for him the good Deacon's legacy had been, coming just as he longed to go abroad, but had not the means, and I, seeing at once the reason why Arthur had chosen the store, honored him for his choice.

The next day was Saturday, and as I was going down the street I stopped to ask if I could do any errand for Mr. Brownly.

'Oh! yes,' he said eagerly, if I would stop at the store and see if any letters had come, and ask Sam Johnson to bring some of his things from Mrs. Johnson's, where he boarded, he would be much obliged. So he wrote a list, and I

took it to the store, and having done my own errands, came cheerfully back, glad that I carried in my hand two letters for Arthur. One had many stamps and marks on it, and I felt sure that it was from the artist-brother, and so it proved. Arthur read me many extracts from it, and I knew the two brothers were much alike, and worthy of each other.

The other was from his only sister, who was a great invalid, and had not been apprised of his accident.

That night Sam Johnson brought the things, and I unpacked them from the basket in which his mother had carefully placed them. There were several books, two pictures, a pretty little white vase—'It was my mother's,' Arthur said, as I took it out, 'and I sent for it to put your flowers in, Miss Margaret'—a writing-desk, and a few articles of clothing. The two pictures I have now, and as I gaze upon them, the happy hours come back in which Arthur and I talked them over. One was a bright sunset, shining in a quiet valley, and touching every tree and rock with tongues of flame. The still river was molten gold, and the dark figures of the cattle grazing on the shore, and drinking a little way down the stream, relieved the dazzling water. The windows of the village glistened back the beams of splendor, and the purple clouds were fringed with gold.

The other was a quiet, peaceful morning scene. The sky was blue, and varied here and there with soft white clouds. There was a beautiful green meadow, with hills swelling up on either side, a few elms in the foreground, over-arching the picture with interlacing boughs, and far back mighty forests and cloud-capped mountains. The artist-brother had painted them for Arthur ere he left home. The first was a view of their native village, the other a fancy; 'The Land of Beulah,' Arthur called it.

How often, after that, I sat gazing on those pictures, and talked of them with Arthur! How I loved them, as he pointed out to me beauties my unaccustomed eye had not at first discovered! How often we read those books together, sometimes one, and sometimes the other, being reader! How he led my soul upward through those books, till my dull heart, fairly aroused, began to seek after the peace which was his anchor in his hours of pain! How much pleasanter was the school while I practised there the lessons of patience and love he indirectly taught me; and how gladly did I hasten home when it was over, to sit with him, and tell him, with an interest which surprised myself, of the events of that little world, of the troubled or peaceful reign, of some touching or amusing incident! The children began to love me, and often brought me tokens of their affection, in flowers and fruit, which I brought, in my turn, to Arthur; and sometimes I took one of the little girls, who had a very sweet voice, home with me, to sing to him, for I, alas! could not sing. How I envied that little one as she stood by his bedside and sang to him the hymns he loved, in her clear, childish voice, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' and 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' while he drank in the sounds with a delight easily read in his rapt countenance. Ah! how swiftly those weeks flew by, while Arthur Brownly staid with us. They are the sunshine of my memory, and all of gladness and of pleasure that has flowed into my life since then had its source in those two months.

I often read to him in the BIBLE, and as he loved to hear a little at a time, and then to talk it over, it became to me a new book. It gained a personal, familiar character, as I saw how eagerly he appropriated it to himself, how it sustained and cheered him. One day, when I had been reading in the fourteenth chapter of John, of the peace which the world can neither give nor take away, he raised his beautiful eyes to mine and said : ' Margaret, have you this peace ? '

I burst into tears ; and when he took my hand in his thin fingers, and spoke tenderly of the peace which had so long been his, and of HIM whom, as he said, he followed, ' feebly and afar off,' I begged him to lead me to those still waters.

From that time, our intercourse was deeper and nearer. We read no more of poetry or travels ; the BIBLE and the Hymn-book were our daily study. He was the teacher, and I the scholar ; and day by day as I drank from these living fountains he became more exalted in my eyes. Out of school-hours I was ever at his side — by turns his scholar and his nurse. In all this time he had many hours of pain, but was always so cheerful, that I do not think of them when I remember the heavenly days in which he sojourned with us. I grew daily more gentle and peaceful, and began to care more for those around me. My mother was astonished at my happy but thoughtful face, and I knew from the pleasant smiles that were returned to my greetings, that my own had been warmer than of old. I now and then went, at Arthur's request, to see some poor people whom he had aided, and carried them his alms, and so I learned to know the very poor, and give them such aid as my scanty purse would allow. And so they passed, those days of happiness, and I said to myself, with a thankful heart : ' My cup runneth over.'

But sorrow was at hand, though my heart did not feel its coming shadow. Love, strong and true, had sprung up in my heart for him, who lay helpless beneath our roof, yet in his helplessness was so much stronger and wiser than I. And no troubling doubts crossed my mind whether he loved me, as might have vexed me had he been well, and mingling in the society of others. Now he was all my own, and I thought not of the days of separation that might come. At last the time came, and we were severed, but not by his altered heart, nor forever.

Gradually the doctor grew graver when he came. Strange symptoms began to show themselves in Arthur. Though his limb healed, he seemed to gain no strength ; his cough, which we had hardly noticed when he first came, grew more alarming, and one morning the fit of coughing resulted in a violent hemorrhage. I was away at the time, and as I had tried to shut my eyes to his daily increasing weakness, which was not hard when the spirit within burned so bright, when the smile was ever ready on his lips, on my return, I was shocked at his pallor and his prostrate condition. For several days he was forbidden to speak, and I sat by him, while at home, with a heavy heart ; though when he smiled his thanks for any little attention, I forced myself to smile too. Once when he raised my hand to his lips, as I handed him a glass of water, I left the room, and in my own chamber gave way to my uncontrol-

able grief. But dreading to lose sight of him, I soon subdued my emotion, and returned again to minister to the patient and gentle sufferer.

For some time after he was allowed to speak, he seemed to have something on his mind that he could not trust himself to say, but would follow me with his eyes around the room, or lay gazing at me as I sat at work, till it seemed as if I must give way myself, and allow the pent-up feelings to burst forth. But I restrained myself for his sake. Only at night, when I should have slept, watering my pillow with tears, I besought God to spare him to me yet a little while.

One afternoon I had thrown open the blinds to let into his room the golden rays of the setting sun, and resumed my place at his side, when he stretched out his hand for mine, and holding it tenderly in his own, he said to me in broken sentences :

'Margaret, my sun is almost set. I am going fast. At first it seemed so hard — Life has been so sweet since I knew you — I had such bright visions. We shall meet in heaven, shall we not, darling? I love you more than you know — but I leave you in God's hands — He knows best — love HIM, and we shall meet, and never part, in heaven.'

I could not answer, but bending down, I kissed him passionately many times, while my fast-flowing tears wet his cheek. He smiled so sweetly, and looked so like an angel as he lay there, that I could not stay. I went to my own room, and prayed in an agony for strength, till strength came. I sat with him all that night, but he seemed to sleep. As morning dawned, he roused again, and stretching out his arms to me, said: 'Good-by, darling!'

For a moment he held me to his heart with supernatural strength, then fell back on his pillow. So he lay for some time, with my hand clasped in his, and then said softly, with a radiant smile :

'I will arise and go to my FATHER! In my FATHER's house are many mansions!' And then all was over.

For a day or two I was very calm, but after the funeral was over, and the house was quiet again, the loneliness seemed intolerable. For many weeks the world seemed very dark, and life a terrible burden, but I repeated over and over to myself Arthur's dear words. I read again and again in the BIBLE the texts and passages he loved, and at last a sweet peace entered my heart, never to depart. I have had many troubles since then, but nothing could shake that abiding sense of rest. All seemed light after that one great sorrow, and life has never been to me the gloomy, weary thing it was before I knew him. In living for others' comfort, I have found happiness myself. He left me in his will (a few words written with difficulty, while he was ill, but which no one disputed) a small sum to carry out some charitable plans he had formed, and this gave me employment for some time, which was very sweet, for it seemed as if his spirit ever hovered over me, while I fulfilled his wishes. My scholars were more interesting to me because he had cared for them, and all life seemed thus brightened with him. How often I repeated to myself the words graven on his headstone: 'He being dead, yet speaketh!'

And now I shall not wait much longer. I am not strong, and age creeps

upon me fast. The children whom Arthur knew, are grown up now, and their children now fill the benches where they sat in my little school-room. With every year that passes, I rejoice that I am nearer heaven. Mother went long ago, and I am only waiting the Lord's will, knowing I shall soon see him I have loved so long. When I look back upon my life I am thankful to God for that great joy which has left its shining through all my days, notwithstanding the dark cloud of sorrow that came with it. The cloud has grown lighter with every passing year, and now, as I come nearer to the brightness of heaven, the two glories meet, and life is a sweet peace, a calm waiting. Thus I dwell in the land of Beulah; feeling every night when I lie down, that ere the morning, may come the summons, and every morning, that the evening may find me lying on my death-bed. Then, then I shall find him waiting for me!

THE KELPIE'S CHORUS.

THE red-lipped summer has ceased to smile,
The birds have forgotten their song;
The skeleton forest is bloomless, while
The north wind cometh along!
'Tis night: and the night is dark and chill,
There's a helmet of sleet on the mountain's crest;
The Kelpie sprites are plotting ill,
And the Nymphs are seeking rest.
Oh! never before has such a night
Descended on Wachuset's height!
The clarion winds, in clamorous notes,
Are answered back from the tongueless throats
Which gape from the cavernous precipice,
That pouts its lips for the stormy kiss.
'Tis the noon of night; and the sentinel pines
Rustle in tune with the forest-vines;
And the moody owl, with solemn eyes,
Has sheltered himself from the turbulent skies,
In the dusky holes of the birchen tree,
And responds, Tu-whoo! to the jubilee.
Each answers the other with right good-will,
From the boisterous air and the groaning hill;
Each answers the other with all his might,
Shrieking and croaking the noon of night!
And there's a darksome, demon clan,
That dwelleth on the bleak hill's brow,
Whose only joy is hate of man,
Whose bliss is to work him woe!
Their eyes are black, and their hearts are chill
As the clouds that brood the reeking hill:

And they are glib and they are glad,
 And have been many a day,
 For a blue-eyed maiden has been sad,
 And the Kelpies kenned her raving mad,
 As she wandered the woodland way!
 And they giggle and grin in mad delight,
 And they harass her soul with all their might,
 And chime and chant to the storm-king's rant,
 In a horrible roundelay!

I.

Hark! hark! the night is dark,
 And the night is chilly and drear;
 Mortals may dream by the fire's red gleam,
 But never may venture here:
 For we are the demons who proudly dare
 To brook the breath of the stormy air!

II.

'Tis a gala night on the mountain's height,
 Old Boreas bellows with right good-will;
 Oh! never before has the choral roar
 Of the Stormy Minstrels been so shrill.
 How the pines careen with their ringlets of green,
 As they bow to the storm with a haughty mien!
 How their long trunks creak a staccatoed shriek,
 To the chorus that comes o'er the mountain peak;
 And the tenor that rolls from their whistling limbs
 Is the lordly night-owl's chordless hymns!

III.

The earth is soaked and the pathways choked,
 And the fountains are seething, but not with heat:
 Caves echo the tones of the forest groans,
 And the tremulous trees are bathed in sleet;
 While down from their tops, how the frozen drops
 Are sifted aslant through the midnight gloom!
 Oh! where is the mortal dares enter the portal
 Of the mountain gorge, to his living tomb?
 The gloom is our cheer, and if mortal is here,
 We will harass his soul with a terrible fear!
 For it is our delight in the gloom of night,
 To torture man with a fancied fright;
 And the visions that pass through his wildering brain
 Shall be dark as the phantoms of Death's domain.

Hark! hark! the night is dark,
 And the night is frantic and woefully drear;
 Mortals may dream by the fire's red gleam,
 But never may venture here:
 For we are the demons who deftly dare
 To buffet the breath of the mountain-air!

BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE :

A DAY AND NIGHT IN 'DIXIE.'

BY G. P. PUTNAM.

'WHAT donkeys you Americans are! How can you be so pertinaciously humbugged by that slow old man! Why is n't Lyon or McClellan in the right place? After all the dilly-dallying, you are going to be thrashed at Manassas!'

Such were the very first greetings I met, as I emerged from Willard's, after breakfast, on Saturday, July 20th. Who *could* they be from but that amiable old sinner, the polyglot philosopher, Count Growlowsski?

'But,' I ventured very mildly to suggest, 'has not the General been waiting for sundry things, such as wagons and ambulances, and for needful drilling of raw recruits?'

'Nonsense. Napoleon did n't wait for wagons when he crossed the Alps, and did n't he whip the Austrians?'

'Oh! of course you know best about these things. I am no warrior. But they say we are to have a battle in earnest to-morrow!'

'Yes.'

I am not used to battles. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that bullets, shells and cannon-balls, whistling about one's ears, would be unpleasant. I have even imagined that if such music should come near me, I might prove to be a coward, and might be tempted to change my position. Then, again, what *right* has a man with personal and other responsibilities to go near the range of such missiles? Further, and especially, the morrow was the Sabbath. If our generals *will* fight battles on that day, of all others, they may monopolize the responsibility. Other suggestions rapidly occurred to me. I knew that good and true men were with our army, in the hope of doing good in the moment when personal aid and sympathy are most needed, namely, *after* a battle, whether of victory or defeat. [The latter word, by the way, I had not noticed in our dictionary.] Well, if *they* are in the right place for usefulness, and I can join them, may I not be useful too? And is it curiosity merely which draws me there?

My motives may or may not be thoroughly scrutinized; but the above and some other considerations satisfied me that, with a suitable opportunity, I should and would be near the battle-field. If our men are to be led prematurely and needlessly to a bloody conflict on that day, there will be suffering, none the less. So I walked up to General Mansfield's office.

'NO PASSES TO VIRGINIA TO-DAY.'

This was the notice to Mr. Public. In my special favor, as I naïvely imagined, a distinguished autograph was presented to me, reading thus:

*'Head-Quarters Military Department,
Washington, July 20, 1861.*

'Pass Mr. — three days over the bridges, and within the original lines of the army. By order of General Mansfield, commanding.

' — — —, Aide-de-Camp.'

'[TURN OVER.]

'It is understood that the within-named and subscriber accepts this pass on his word of honor, that he is, and will be ever, loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union, or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death.

'Signed, — — — of —.'

[It should be added, that the above was given on the special request of a Senator; but whether hundreds and thousands of them are not given on more doubtful credentials, deponent saith not.]

The *battle* was not to be reached by this; and modestly concluding that battles were specially privileged places, I resigned myself without a murmur to a simple inspection of the lines on the Potomac; so, with suitable bows to the white-haired yet energetic-looking General Mansfield, and his busy aids, and after a brief call at the White House, (where the polite private Secretary informed me that the President had just gone to the War Department to meet the Cabinet,) and with a mere glance at the residence of that grand old chief-tain who directs our armies, idly wondering whether he was then preparing a proclamation to be issued from Richmond, on the following Saturday, (for General Mansfield's aide had assured me we should be in the rebel capital in a week;) and so, after a call on Mr. Secretary Chase, with a distinguished introduction, which, being untainted by any claims for a single dime of those five hundred million dollars, was most kindly received, in spite of an impertinent young Cerebus, whose manners need revising, I omnibused down the Avenue. Sensational glimpses of the times began to fall in my way, even here. Sundry talks with Washingtonians, on the 'past and future of the Republic,' brought curious and suggestive remarks; suggestive, as much as any thing else of the sort of half-way Unionism, and yet also of the real and moderate loyalty of the Washingtonians.

'Considering how quickly and suddenly this army has been collected, the widely different classes of men composing it, and the impossibility in so short a time that the chaff could all be sifted out, I say that the behavior of the men has been marvellously creditable so far. The world has never seen a better army thus quickly raised.' Thus spake an intelligent observer, English by birth, but thirty years resident in Washington, and well qualified to speak impartially.

'The world has n't seen a worse. I've been insulted by them repeatedly.'

This growl, and something more, came from a sour-looking visitor in the store, who began to wax angry in the discussion. Here, then, was a live secessionist. I regarded him with curious wonder.

Just then a drum and fife on the Avenue started every body to the doors. A squad of say forty soldiers, a part of them unarmed, were trudging up toward the Capitol. Loyal friend, with a few long steps, reaches the leader, hat-

less, and returns to tell us that they have brought in fifteen Alabama prisoners, who are bound for the old Capitol. Secessionist looks still sourer, and goes off in an uncomfortable frame of mind.

For the purpose of inspecting and revising the proceedings of General Scott, and of our Seventh and Sixty-ninth, and of being able to certify that the Capital is safe, Mr. F. and I passed the afternoon in a visit to our Virginia entrenchments. Our passes were duly respected by all the sentries at the Long Bridge and beyond. A half-hour's drive along the picturesque southern shore of the Potomac, in full view of our straggling metropolis, the glorious dome of the Capitol, still unfinished, rising like a marble Mont Blanc, monarch of all visible structures; the broad Potomac, worthy in its amplitude if not in its depth, of being the national river; the long spider's web of a bridge, narrow and shabby, the only connecting link of the national metropolis with the Old Dominion; the distant heights of Georgetown, studded with dwellings, apparently of West-end aristocracy; and at every turn before us, either a camp or a picket: all this on a magnificent afternoon, with great events probably imminent, suggested more than enough to keep us awake. Fort Corcoran is certainly a monument to the zeal and skill and hard work of the gallant Sixty-ninth. Let them be honored. Whether it will prove a Gibraltar when fully tested, may be a problem. I imagine a strong inducement would be needed to join the assailing columns if they do ever reach its vicinity. The officer of the day being invisible at the moment, the inside of this impromptu fortress was invisible to us, the sentries requiring a special command; but a walk around the outer walls revealed the essential importance of this point in defence of our capital. We retraced our steps down the river, and turned up the road through the grove which surrounds Arlington House. Another camp, with sentries, somewhat free-and-easy in general aspect; but the enemy is out of sight, and why should n't they take their ease in these shady groves while they can? What a superb prospect from the lawn! The amiable gossip of good old Mr. Custis about 'the chief,' might be imagined, as he here gave his guests that glorious sunset (?) view of the nation's capital, which that 'chief' had planned, as it stood spread out on the opposite shores of the 'exulting and abounding river.' Into the mansion itself we could have but a peep through the open windows of the apartments, which had till yesterday been occupied by General Dix, as his head-quarters. Furniture seemed to remain as General Lee had left it, when he abandoned the good fame of his father, the favorite 'light-horse Harry,' whom Washington loved—and deserted also his confidential post near the revered veteran now filling Washington's station, and crossed the Rubicon to join the armies of the nation's enemies. The picture-frames remained on the walls, but the pictures had been removed. Was n't there a moral in this? But what a picture of dilapidated aristocracy does the exterior of the mansion and the out-houses present—stucco crumbling away, rotten wooden steps, big columns, and small ornaments, all 'rather out of repair'—it all seemed to symbolize old Virginia herself, as needing an infusion of Yankee energy and thrift. As we looked at the ambitious Grecian portico of stuccoed columns, hugely disproportioned to the house behind, I could n't

help whispering to my friend: 'In the name of the Prophet, Figs!' But, after all, it was sad to think of all the associations of a place which had been almost classic ground, but which now, carefully preserved by the occupants, as it evidently is, still echoes with the sounds of the camp, and the 'army of occupation.'

Nearer the Long Bridge, we were permitted to join a party accompanying Governor Morgan and staff, mounted and in uniform, just closing an inspection and review of the camp, and the works there erected, commanding the river. For the Governor's edification, the process was enacted of a sudden alarm of the enemy — the garrison springing to arms, the big guns on the ramparts placed in range and rapidly fired, the balls and shells striking the river in a way which *should* be a caution to a hostile approach. The cheering of the garrison for the Governor was ringing in our ears as we re-crossed that shabby old shell of a thing, the Long Bridge, a full moon lighting up the Potomac, and the marble piles and 'tented fields' on either side. Late in the evening, and long after I had dismissed all thoughts of it, a pass was handed me, permitting me in a special capacity to proceed to the 'Head-Quarters of the Grand Army of North-eastern Virginia, by authority of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, by order of General Mansfield, commanding.'

Suffice it to say, that at nine o'clock on that beautiful morning we were quietly moving out of Alexandria toward the scene of the expected conflict. We were in the cars containing the 'De Kalb Regiment,' Colonel Von Gilsa, from New-York City. The officers and men, mostly or all Germans, were evidently in the best condition, and in high spirits; but there was a remarkable aspect of orderly cheerfulness, good feeling, and even politeness among them. Many of this regiment, both officers and men, had seen active service, and hard fighting in Europe; and they had a decidedly martial aspect, the officers especially. As we approached Fairfax Station, they began to sing our national airs, German and English words being oddly mixed by the different voices. My friend started 'My Country,' and in this they all joined with a will. The last verse was interrupted by the stoppage of the train. *Vienna* just occurred to me for a second, but in another second we found the obstruction to be only the dead weight of trees and sand which the rebels had piled on the track in their rapid retreat a day or two before. The cars were quickly evacuated, and the regiment pushed along on foot on the track, picking blackberries by the way, until, half-a-mile farther, we reached Fairfax Station. This is a single wooden house of two stories, situated in a thickly-wooded and picturesque glen, and (as we soon learned) about three miles from Fairfax Court-House. Part of a regiment was here encamped, with pickets extended on all sides. A well of good water was the most essential feature of defence, but traces of the deserted camps of the enemy were visible in several places. The De Kalbs here rested, and soon fraternized with their comrades and predecessors — Michiganders, I believe. It was now about ten A.M.

'Is that cannonading which we hear?' was our first question to an officer of the advance.

'You may say that, and of the heaviest kind.'

'How long have you heard it?'

'Since six this morning. The greatest battle ever fought on this continent is now going on.'

We were probably five miles north-west of the firing. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad continued clear before us to Manassas Junction. Our party of four, pending the stay of the regiment for orders, walked forward on the track to hear the firing more clearly. After walking a mile or so, we found an army lieutenant sitting on the track, where a vista through the wood brought the sounds more distinctly on the ear. 'B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m!' The officer was listening carefully, and taking notes, which he was sending back every half-hour to General Scott. He was anxiously grave, for he thought the firing was gaining our rear.

Two companions pushed on round a curve of the track through the woods.

'How far is it to Manassas Junction?' I asked of one of the lieutenant's squad.

'About five miles.'

'We are nearer the Junction, then, than our army is?'

'Yes.'

Mr. T. agreed with me that discretion seemed to prompt a retrograde movement to our main body, or at least to our gallant regiment. So we turned. The haversack with the rations remained with my discreet companion. It was subsequently useful to more than ourselves.

A fresh sentry at the camp rather doubtfully scrutinized our pass as we entered. Still the distant firing continued, and still the regiment had no orders to move. In a few minutes we formed two of another party escorted by a soldier, who proposed to take a 'Virginia short-cut' through the woods, the nearest way to the battle. Reflection, however, began to offer some doubts of the prudence of a walk through secession woods, so near the enemy's camp; so we decided upon the longer but surer triangle of the main road, *via* Fairfax Court-House and Centreville.

A farm-house, with the useful appendage of a well, was visible on the slope of a hill not very distant; so we diverged toward it. We were very civilly received by the family, who appeared to show a rather strange mixture of colors. The two distinct races of white and black were both represented; the first by a deputation from the Celtic branch, for they did n't seem to claim kinship with the F. F. V; but between the two extremes were picanninies of various shades of burgt umber; and one, a curly-headed cherub nearly white, told me her name was 'Virginia Angelica.' The people of the house, white and black, of all ages, seemed to be on perfectly easy equality, sitting side by side on the door-step, and jointly offering us some pure cold water. 'B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! Therefore, we did not stop to learn their history or politics.

Yet, why did n't I ask them how *they* wanted the battle to end? This county of Fairfax, some twenty-five years ago, received a good many farmers emigrating from Dutchess county, New-York. Is that stock still loyal?

A mile farther and we reach a church, about thirty feet square, built of

brick. It is in a little church-yard, in which were eleven new-made graves. Our soldier said these were filled from the secession camp, the deserted site of which was a few rods off. Inside, the church was dismantled and dilapidated. It had evidently been used as an hospital by the Virginia troops; a large stove, that had served for cooking, was tumbled over in the aisle. The building is probably a century old; and doubtless here, as well as at the noted Powheek church, a few miles off, Washington himself had often sat in those square, high-backed pews, and had knelt before this little altar; for Mount Vernon is not many miles distant. A supplement to the Creed and Commandments over the altar, in gilt letters, reads thus: 'Prayers without attention are like a body without a soul.' Behind the earth-work of the deserted camp, (the tents, by the way, seemed to have been made of bushes, in the absence of canvas,) I picked up some stray cards, letters and notes of 'little use except to the owner.' Walking on, we presently met three or four Michigan Fourths, tramping over from the Court-House battalion to that of Fairfax Station. Any tidings? 'No; but just there on the hill you can see the smoke over the trees.' Here, by the way, the 'Blue Ridge' mountains were plainly visible.

The country continued to be gently undulating, well wooded, and picturesque; but the beauty of the scenery and of the day was almost lost in thoughts of the conflict, and in the rather frequent annoyance of carriage by the wayside. About twelve we reached the little village which bears the sounding name of Fairfax Court-House — so recently noted for the charge of the very 'light brigade' of Tompkins' Cavalry. A small church of wood, an ordinary country tavern, perhaps fifty or sixty houses, and the Court-House itself, make up the village. This latter edifice, very like a New-England village academy, built of brick, and in fair preservation, stands in a green square in the centre of the village.

Our camp (Michigan 4th) was spread on the green, ready to challenge all comers, but the big autograph on our pass seemed to be known. This being on the main road from Washington to Centreville, a vehicle, or a vacant place in one, to head-quarters was among the possibilities; but the road was as quiet as if armies and battles were unheard of.

A glance at the peculiar interior of the Court-House, and of a lawyer's office opposite, where the occupant had decamped so suddenly that some bushels of letters, deeds, etc., lay scattered on the floor in most admired disorder; a brief discussion with a somewhat Yankeeish native, who proposed, for reasonable considerations, to drive us to Centreville; and my friend and I walked on, leaving our Philadelphia companions to overtake us in the proposed vehicle. If that vehicle ever started, will our good friends let us know?

As we walked on up the street which Tompkins so foolishly made famous, the handsome face of one of the captains seemed familiar as he passed, and I turned to say as much. 'Oh! yes. I am 'one of the trade' at A —, Michigan. You always see me at the Trade Sale.' 'Thus,' I moralized slightly, 'thus are we Americans always ready when our country calls.' I hope to learn at the next T. S. how and when Captain — and his command evacuated Fairfax Court-House.

One o'clock and more—so we trudge on—a full hour lost, and the great event of the day before us. Why should we be so slow in reaching it, was the query then as now; but these little incidents, separately of the most trivial kind, together make up a picture of that day in 'Dixie.' Next group on the road: enter two soldiers and a doctorial-looking companion, overtaking us and also 'bound South.' My companion soon elicits their geographical status.

'Second Rhode Island.'

'Ah! from my State! And do you know —, and —, and —, in the Second?'

'Oh! yes; that's Greene,' says the surgeon, nodding toward the gentlemanly-looking soldier ahead of us. 'He was in the hospital at Washington; positive orders not to stir from it; but heard there was to be a battle, tumbled on his uniform, seized his musket, walked twenty miles, and here he is.'

It was a grandson of the great general of our first revolution, and a cousin of our friend the professor and author. The old pluck has n't died out yet. So we plod on, mutually introduced, and with plenty of talk to beguile the way. The day still delightfully cool, bright and airy, the road somewhat dusty, but still deserted and quiet: so up to about three o'clock P.M. The low, rumbling, booming sound of the distant artillery was again distinct, and even the rattling of musketry in platoons could be faintly distinguished. Since ten A.M. we had been going round the battle, now we approached it direct.

It was nearly half-past three when we met the first carriage of visitors returning to Washington in moderate pace.

'How goes the battle?' (eager question.)

'All right. We are beating them and driving them back. The day is ours!'

Another and another returning vehicle—same report. The interest increased, but we were only calmly excited. A doubt about the success of our army had scarcely occurred to either of us, none at least had been uttered. But now we knew that the most fearful struggle this nation had ever known was just being decided, and the victory—how *could* it be otherwise than on our side—the side of justice and freedom and good government—nay, the cause involving our national existence itself and the institutions of our fathers, against wholesale treason and usurpation and groundless rebellion, urged on by unprincipled and ambitious leaders to strike the very heart of the republic? Victory was ours, of course.

Another and another party from the field returning home; reports all the same: the rebels are driven back. Personal friends among these visitors, and some well known in public life: Senator Wilson, Hon. Caleb Lyon, etc. One on horse-back, Mr. S —, said to me about four o'clock: 'I am going to send a dispatch about the victory. If you stay on the field, I will meet you there to-morrow at head-quarters.'

'Man proposes, but God disposes.'

Five minutes after, an army-officer on horse-back, apparently on special business, and riding much faster than those who had passed, whirled by in

such hot haste as would n't stay question. He looked any thing but jubilant, and we just managed to entice from him four muttered words: 'Bad as can be!' Away he galloped. This paper aims at relating facts; the dramatic poetry and mental philosophy are waived in favor of the reader.

We pushed on toward the field. Vehicles still passed moderately, but their occupants appeared unconscious of disaster or of haste. The first indication of disturbed nerves met us in the shape of a soldier, musketless and coatless, clinging to the bare back of a great bony, wagon-horse—*sans* reins, *sans* every thing. Man and beast came panting along, each looking exhausted, and just as they pass us, the horse tumbles down helpless in the road, and his rider tumbles off and hobbles away, leaving the horse to his own care and his own reflections. Still we pushed on.

About half-past four, possibly nearer five, Centreville was still (as it proved) a mile or so ahead of us. We reached the top of a moderate rise in the road, and as we plodded on down its slope, I turned a glance back along the road we had *passed*; a thousand bayonets were gleaming in the sun-light, and a full fresh regiment were overtaking us in double-quick step, having come up (as I soon after learned) from Vienna. They reached the top of the hill just as we began to pick our way across the brook which flooded the road in the little valley below. At this moment, looking up the ascent ahead of us, toward the battle, we saw army-wagons, private vehicles, and some six or eight soldiers on horse-back, rushing down the hill in front of us in exciting confusion, and a thick cloud of dust. The equestrian soldiers, it could be seen at a glance, were only impromptu horsemen, and their steeds were all unused to this melting mode, most of them being bare-backed. Their riders appeared to be in haste, for some reason best known to themselves. Among them, and rather leading the van, was a solitary horseman of different aspect: figure somewhat stout, face round and broad, gentlemanly in aspect, but somewhat flushed and impatient, not to say anxious, in expression. Under a broad-brimmed hat a silk handkerchief screened his neck like a Havelock. He rode a fine horse, still in good condition, and his motto seemed to be 'onward'—whether in personal alarm or not, it would be impertinent to say. His identity was apparent at a glance. As his horse reached the spot where 'we five' stood together, thus suddenly headed off by the stampede, the regiment behind us had reached the foot of the hill, and the Colonel, a large and resolute-looking man, had dashed his horse ahead of his men, until he was face to face with the stampede.

'What are you doing here?' shouted the Colonel in a tone that 'meant something.' 'Halt!' (to his men.) 'Form across the road. Stop every one of them!' Then turning to the white-faced soldiers from the field, and brandishing his sword, 'Back! back! the whole of ye! Back! I say,' and their horses in an instant are making a reverse movement up the hill, while the army-wagons stand *statu quo*: the thousand muskets of the regiment, in obedience rather to the *action* than to the *word* of the Colonel, being all pointed at the group in front, in the midst of which we stand. All this and much more passed in much less time than it takes to tell it.

'But, Sir, if you will look at this paper,' thus spake our distinguished

visitor in the advance to the determined and now excited Colonel, 'you will see that I am a civilian, a spectator merely, and that this is a special pass,' (here I half-imagined a doubt of the character of the regiment flashed in for a second,) 'a pass from General Scott.'

The manner and the tone indicated that the speaker and his errand were entitled to attention.

'Pass this man up,' shouted the Colonel somewhat bluntly and impatient of delay; and on galloped the representative of the *Thunderer* toward Washington.

[*Query*: Will he write us down so many run-aways, or has he seen the true spirit on our side?]

Now, the art of bragging and the habit of exaggeration are vices to which all we Americans are but too much addicted. But if I say that my friend T—— and myself stood in the midst of this *melée* much more impressed with its ludicrous picturesqueness than with any idea of personal danger, my friend at least would agree that this was the simple truth. The brief parley of 'Our Own Correspondent' suggested merely the thought that it was a pity such a stranger should be annoyed by such a crowd; I'd better say: 'Colonel, this is Mr. —— of the London ——; pray do n't detain him.' However, this all passed in a twinkling. Our two soldier-friends and the surgeon had pushed on between the wagons toward the field; the distant firing had ceased; the wagons quietly stood still; so T—— and I passed up through the regiment, which they told us was the First or Second New-Jersey, Col. Montgomery, from the camp at Vienna; and we sat down comfortably near a house at the top of the hill and waited to see 'what next?' In less than twenty minutes the road was cleared and regulated; the army-wagons halted, still in line, on one side of the road; the civilians were permitted to drive on as fast as they pleased toward Washington; the regiment deployed into a field on the opposite hill and formed in line of battle commanding the road; a detachment was sent on to 'clear the track' toward Centreville; and presently the regiment itself marched up the road in the direction of the field of conflict. It was now about half-past five.

If we two were not 'cowards on instinct,' we might still be indifferent to danger through mere ignorance. This is intended to be a simple and truthful narrative *only* of what *we* saw and did, not a philosophical analysis or an imaginative dissertation. The character, cause, extent and duration of that strange panic have already become an historical problem. Therefore, I specially aim to avoid all inferences, guesses and generalities, and to state with entire simplicity just what was done and said where we were. Of what passed on the battle-field, or any where else, *this* witness cannot testify: he can only tell, with reasonable accuracy, what passed before his eyes, or repeat what he heard directly from those who had just come singly from the fight or the panic; *so much* will go for what it is worth and no more. The separate sketches from *all* the different points of view are needed for a complete picture, or for a conclusive answer to the question: 'Did all our army run away?'

For us, two individuals who had not seen the battle or the first of the panic,

but only this tail-end of it, no discussion of the matter at the moment was thought of. We did n't ask each other, or any body else, whether it was safe to stay there, or to go near the main army. But if the question had been asked, our reply, merely echoing our thoughts at the moment, would have been thus :

'We have lost the day ; our army, or a part of it, after a sturdy fight of nine hours against the great odds of a superior force, strongly intrenched behind masked batteries, and after an actual victory, have fallen back at the last moment, and a part of one wing, with the wagons and outsiders, have started from the field in a sudden and unaccountable panic. But so long as we still have forty thousand men between us and the enemy, more than half of them fresh, in reserve, at Centreville ; so long as this, the only main road Potomac-wise from the field, is now quiet and clear, and 'order reigns' at Centreville, where our main body will rest ; what is the use of being in a hurry ? Let us rest awhile here, and then take our time and go on either South or North, as the appearance of things may warrant.' Briefly and distinctly, no worse view of the matter was indicated by any thing we saw or heard while waiting two hours in that very spot in the road where the panic was first stopped.

This view of 'the situation' was scarcely thought out and not uttered, and we were just comforting ourselves with 'an old oaken bucket which hung by a well' near the fence : the rather cross-looking Virginian occupant of the house eyeing us not quite amiably from his passive position on the door-step, when some of the straggling soldiers, who had eluded the Jerseymen probably by leaping the fences, began to show themselves. Many of them were sound in body, but apparently fagged out. Most of them were wholly unarmed ; some in shirt-sleeves, and without coats or hats. Many were more or less wounded : one hit on the forehead, another in the neck, another in the leg, (none badly wounded could have limped so far on foot,) and a few were from the hospital, sick and hardly able to stand up. The first word of all of them was : 'Water ! Is there any water here ?' They all said they had eaten nothing since yesterday, nor tasted a drop of liquid, save only the muddy water of puddles by the road-side ; yet they had been all day long in the hardest of the fight. Doubtful this, perhaps, in some cases, but probably true of the Ellsworth Zouaves, of whom about a dozen were visible, all apparently worn out with work of the hardest kind. (No other New-York men were seen by us during the night.) Their stories of charges in the 'imminent deadly breach' of masked batteries, would have been less credible if they had not been *individual*, just from the field, and with no chance for *mutual* buncombe. 'We've lost half our men,' more than one of them said, perhaps honestly ; but the sequel was 'not so : ' perhaps one hundred were left behind. 'We've been badly cut up,' said one from another quarter ; 'the New-York 71st are half cut to pieces ;' and so they talked, one after the other. Revived with a long tug at our nectar and ambrosia in the old bucket, which was vigorously rolled up and down on its iron chain, they rested, washed, breathed long and well, and trudged on toward Fairfax. One poor fellow, a slender youth of eighteen, too tender altogether for a working army, panted up to the well and seemed too weak to hold himself up. 'I was sick

in the hospital,' said he ; ' they fired into it and killed several there, and I had to run as well as I could.' I omitted to take his name, poor fellow ; it would be comfortable to know he reached home. So we pulled the bucket up and down, thankful that in this easy way we could give aid and comfort to these panting, thirsty, fagged defenders of their country's flag, and never doubting they had honestly done their best.

Meanwhile, an army-wagon had been standing since we first met the panic in the same spot before this house. I note this particular wagon, lettered 'Co. H. 3d Reg., Me.,' because it is noteworthy that it stood in line, in one place all these two hours ; and the driver said, in answer to my question, that he 'should move on as soon as he had orders.' As this is the regiment of Col. Howard of West-Point, whom I (as one of those 'reception committees') had learned to respect and admire in New-York, I talked with the teamster about the doings of the day and of the Colonel, who was reported killed. During the brief panic, he had, like his neighbors, thrown overboard all his cargo, except five bags of oats. So, on these bags we persuaded him to spread six of the wounded soldiers, to be jolted over the road, in the absence of ambulances, which at this place at least were invisible. When he finally started homeward, with the rest of the teams, about seven, or near sunset, the line having been ordered to 'move on,' there was still room for us in a corner ; but soon other wounded soldiers were overtaken, and we boosted them into our places and took to our feet. During the few minutes we were in the wagon a new panic was raised. The stragglers in the road suddenly scampered over the fences to the woods, and the teamsters whipped their horses into a furious run for some five minutes, the dust flying so thickly that we could scarcely see each other. The first idea naturally pointed to the Black Horse Cavalry, who must be cutting us off ! It was now nearly dark. The two muskets still left among our six wounded companions were quickly *in rest* for a shot at the enemy ; but a moment more disclosed a couple of platoons ahead, stopping every thing on the road. These quickly proved to be a detachment of our Michigan 4th from Fairfax Court-House, sent forward to head off all sound-bodied fugitives and send them back to their regiments : hence the scamper over the fences. Only by this manoeuvre could any soldiers pass the two reserves and reach the Potomac. On the road every man was stopped and turned back, excepting the wounded and the teamsters with their wagons. As to the civilians, they had long ago disappeared on the safe side ; we saw but one beside ourselves after sun-set, until we reached the pickets near the Court-House, about nine o'clock P.M. Here again, returning soldiers were still stopped and turned back at this time, and as late, certainly, as ten o'clock, or six hours after the retreat began. Could a couple of platoons turn back a whole army ? The wagons rolled slowly into the village, and for an hour, or more, I noticed the team of our friend of 'Co. H. 3d Regt., Me.,' being in its place in the line, still standing quietly opposite the Court-House.

The contents of my friend's haversack had been nearly exhausted, in bits given to the hungry men from the battle ; so we thought a little supper would not be amiss. The tavern, an average specimen of a fifth-rate village-inn, yet

claiming a higher grade probably, as the hostelry of the County Court, stands right opposite the Court-House, on the main road to Washington. The tea-table was still uncleared, and cold meat yet remained for the wayfarer; so we took seats without question, and a couple of colored servants presently brought us some fresh tea and coffee—such as they were—and even took pains to bake us a warm blackberry-cake. (These trivialities are only recorded as obvious indications of a *deliberate* state of things rather than of a race from an enemy.) While we sipped our tea, a stranger joined us, saying calmly, by way of introduction: 'My son has been wounded in the battle; I've just brought him here—wish I could get him something that would taste like tea.' We left him, sending an earnest message to the landlady: 'Would pay any thing she pleased.' A youth of twenty, civil and gentlemanly in manner, here appeared to represent the house.

'How much is our supper, Sir?'

'Twenty-five cents each.'

This moderate demand thankfully paid, I remarked: 'Probably you have no beds to give us?'

'Yes, Sir, I think I have.'

We could scarcely expect *this* comfort, for the house is small, and strangers rather abounded just now.

'Thank you; we'll look about a little. Pray keep the room for us.'

Among the groups of talkers about the door, we noticed a decisive and emphatic-looking gentleman who was addressed by another as Senator Wade. He was reviewing some of the day's incidents, and I afterward learned he had, with his friends, done excellent service in stopping part of the panic and stampede. Civilians were not all useless. The Senator seemed to be intending a return to Centreville next morning; and meanwhile proposed to his friends to rest comfortably in their carriage. This was about eleven o'clock; wagons still at rest; as many soldiers about the place as I had seen at noon, but here and there a poor fellow would come in from battle-ward inquiring for the hospital. Every thing warranted an off-hand verification of my first impression—that is, that the army had rested and would stay at Centreville, and the wagons and stragglers would stay here. Even this scarcely seemed worth asking: we did not imagine any thing else.

About eleven o'clock our civil young host politely lighted us to a very good room, in which was a nice double-bed and a single cot.

'We shall leave early; we'll pay for the room now, if you please. How much?'

'Twenty-five cents each. But I may have to disturb you, gentlemen, to put some one in that other bed, for you see we are cramped for room.'

'Certainly; we hardly expected a bed ourselves. We'll lock the door, but any one you send shall be admitted.'

'Good-night, gentlemen.'

'Good-night, Sir.'

Much less courteous hosts are to be found in our own Yankee land. By the way, the urgent message of the father of the wounded soldier had finally produced the landlady, a tall, straight specimen of a Virginia dame, lofty-capped,

stately, and somewhat cross; and I could n't blame her, under the circumstances. I hope she produced her best Oolong, if not her Gun-powder.

We undressed, and were soon comfortably stowed in the amply large bed, not omitting our thanks to God for our preservation, yet not very deeply impressed with a sense of escaping any peculiar danger. As we lay talking of the day's events, the expected knock came, and our young host introduced an officer in uniform to occupy the other bed. He proved to be a Pennsylvanian, who had been only a spectator of the conflict. He told us of the death of Col. Cameron and of several incidents of the day. We talked to each other across the room for some twenty minutes, and then 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep' overtook us all. At any rate, when I rose at half-past one, both my companion and the officer were 'as sound as a top.' I had for an hour noticed confused talking of soldiers under our open window, and more arrivals seemed apparent; but the only order I heard was: 'Second Wisconsin, fall in!'

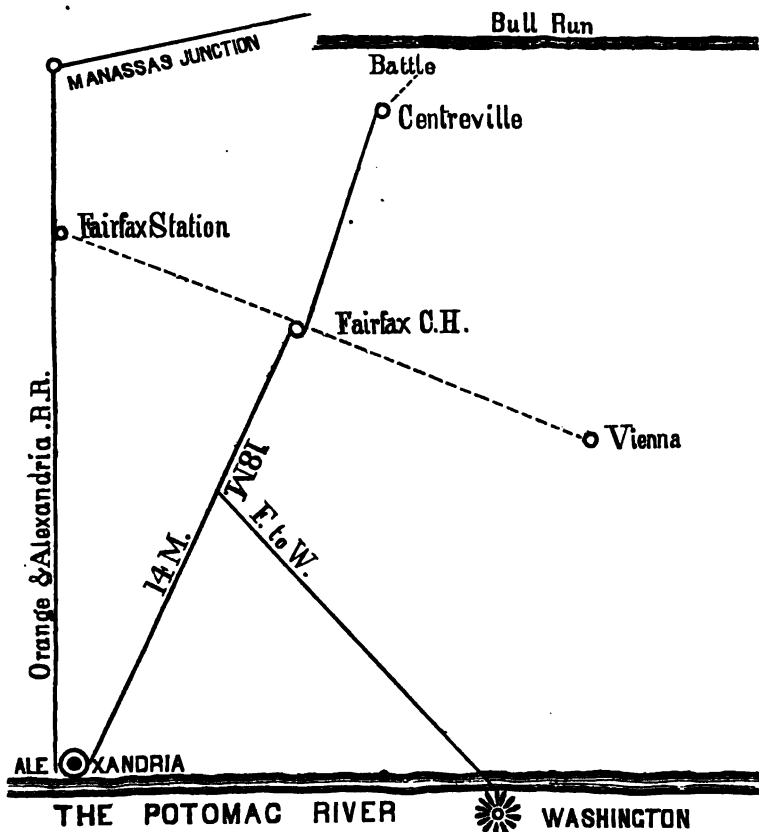
'T——,' said I, 'I think you'd better wake up. It's a moon-light night, and walking will be more comfortable than in the day-time; beside, I want to reach Washington early, and we can catch the seven o'clock boat from Alexandria.'

Rather reluctantly (for he was very tired) my friend got up: and we were comfortably dressed and in the road between two and three o'clock. Our roommate from the Keystone State we left sound asleep, for we had no authority to disturb him. If 'this meets his eye,' will he send a word to say whether he woke up in Richmond?

The night was pleasantly cool; and clouds and road lighted up by a full moon. Road fair but sandy. The wagons were plodding on in continuous line; but that they were not much hurried or disordered, is evident from our soon overtaking our old friend of 'Co. H. 8d Reg., Me.' The road was about as sparingly sprinkled with stray soldiers as it was the other side of Fairfax, and in all we probably saw five hundred, not more, between the first panic in the road, and Alexandria. Many of these were lying in groups, asleep, by the roadside. Frequently, two would be together on a heavy wagon-horse without saddle; several, slightly disabled, had climbed into the wagons. Two poor fellows I noticed together on a tired horse, looking the very picture of exhaustion. The expression on the face of one of them I cannot forget: he looked sick, and his eyes rolled in a despairing manner. I tried to cheer him, saying he would soon be in Alexandria, well cared for. He could only answer by what seemed a thankful smile. T—— and I tried to talk to as many different soldiers as we could reach, and to learn all they had to say. Their stories of the barbarities of the rebels to the wounded were too many and too varied to leave any doubt that 'No quarter' was the watchword of at least a portion of the rebel army. I might repeat a dozen of these sad incidents, showing how disabled and wounded men were butchered; but the theme is sickening. For the sake of humanity, of common decency, let us hope that this barbarity was limited and local, and was condemned by the commanders. We since know that *after* the battle they did take care of our wounded and treat them well: let all justice be done.

Almost every man we talked with belonged to a different regiment from the last. They were chiefly from Rhode-Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin — I did not see any soldiers from Maine — New-Hampshire, Vermont, New-York, or Pennsylvania; but of course I speak only of our part of the road. Their accounts seemed to harmonize, especially in two points; namely, that our men held their ground sturdily until three o'clock; and whenever they came in actual contact with the rebels they drove them back; and secondly, that many of our officers were grossly inefficient, and some evidently showed the white feather. Orders seemed to be scarce; 'the men fought on their own hook.' Several, however, spoke of the gallant young Governor Sprague, of Rhode-Island, and said he behaved heroically. 'It was the movement of a Rhode-Island battery from the range of shells, to a new position, yet in perfect order, which started at least a part of the false panic and cry of 'retreat.' The Fire Zouaves had made some terrific charges; but as they would rush headlong on one masked battery, and capture it, they were decimated by another battery concealed in the rear. Late in the day, these sturdy fellows received a charge of the famous Black Horse Cavalry of Virginia, who were sent reeling back with half their saddles vacant. The greatest mistake on our side was want of cavalry; the next was, making us fight on empty stomachs, tired out, and without any water to taste except mud-puddles. As it was, the rebels were beaten and were falling back, when that panic was started at the last moment.' Such, almost literally, were the words of these men from different parts of the field, and before they could have compared notes among themselves. Toward day-break, we came up with a drove of forty cattle, belonging to the army, which had been driven back with the returning wagons all the way; and we took some extra exercise chasing a bullock or two, straying off into the woods. I think we saved our Uncle Samuel one stout animal, and fairly earned a beef-steak, which is hereby freely waived in behalf of privates A and B, who are probably as hungry as we. As day dawned, we came up with a female equestrian, probably a nurse, who walked her horse leisurely by the wagons. Soon we observed camps near the road, over which waved the Stars and Stripes; the ramparts of Fort Ellsworth on a hill commanding the road into Alexandria, were occupied by men, busy apparently in placing their guns in range; and at the outer picket near the town, another platoon from the garrison were 'arguing the point' with fugitive soldiers who were asking admittance. Even at this time only the wagons and the disabled men seemed to be allowed to pass: able-bodied soldiers were very properly stopped outside. Our *pass* was promptly honored as usual. At the first chance for a cup of coffee — a decent negro family in a *barnish*-looking house, where cakes were spread to tempt stray pennies from soldier-boys and others — we had a nice hot breakfast, without a single allusion to the event of the day. As we walked down the long dull streets of Alexandria, still almost vacant and cheerless, we began to see the people, male and female, looking out with expressions, as I imagined, of no very great grief at the news of the morning. Probably they had heard the worst story of the loyal side; and not a few appeared to be actually rejoicing. As we passed a group of four,

a man, of some position apparently, was saying: 'Has the world ever seen a worse whipping!' Pleasant, this. *Their* preferences, at least, were not very doubtful. Strangely deluded people! how long *can* they live under such an insane rebellion against a government whose worst fault has been a weak leniency and forbearance to its Southern children who were conspiring against its very existence?



The above rough diagram shows the general bearings and distances.

We stopped at that now famous scene of their folly and crime, the Marshall House, now in full occupation by our soldiery. The sentry forbade our entrance 'before nine.' Rain commenced just as we reached the seven-o'clock (the first) boat for Washington. So we were not only among the last from the *regulated* panic, but were with the first soldiers who reached Washington by this route. (The Arlington and Long-bridge road diverges some miles from Alexandria. Of the current *that way* — this side of Fairfax — we could not testify; but this is the *nearest way*.)

We had thus walked between thirty-five and forty miles in the course of twenty-one hours; and Mr. T—— seemed to feel so. In the boat I conversed with

a New-York gentleman and *his wife* who had been on the field near the battle, all day. His later expectations were connected with an involuntary trip to Richmond; but *Madame* did n't feel the least apprehension. Is female courage founded most on calm wisdom and steady nerve, or on a more limited appreciation of all the points of 'the situation?' Shall we say, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise'?

Two omnibuses at the Washington dock were quickly filled with fugitive soldiers from the boat, some of them slightly disabled. On the top of one of them we rumbled up the avenue, and were soon enveloped in the eager circles at Willard's on that dismal morning; for a steady rain, as well as the news, was dampening the ardor of the excited people. The early stampeders had made the most of their sudden flight, and exaggerating tale-bearers and worse rumor-mongers had done their utmost. Here an idea that had more than once been suggested by what I had heard and seen, was greatly strengthened; namely, that the panic had been deliberately started, or at least accelerated by secessionists on the ground, among the Washington visitors. This may be wholly absurd and untrue; but how easily such a thing could have been done!

My loyal Washington friend's suggestion of the good moral effect which our Seventh Regiment would produce by their return to the capital while people's minds were thus disturbed, was duly noted. As the cars were to leave at two, and our flags now waved over both wings of the noble Capitol, I had the curiosity to 'take a turn' in the Senate, where gallant Andy Johnson had promised to speak on the bill approving the doings of the President. About thirty Senators were present, looking as calm as if the battle of New-Orleans had been the last on the continent. The scene here was a notable after-piece to the drama of yesterday.

Breckinridge sat at his desk, reading in a morning paper the news of our disaster. *Could* one mistake which was he? or misinterpret his expression of entire satisfaction with what he is reading? Is he *naturally* so cool and so dignified, and self-complacent, or does he *affect* a calmness and assume a virtue, though he has it not? Is he disloyal or really patriotic under difficulties?

What, of all things on this day, is under discussion? The Bill forbidding the return of fugitive slaves by our troops to disloyal owners.

'What!' said Senator Wilson, 'shall we take these men who have been used to dig entrenchments for masked batteries, behind which their traitorous masters are posted to murder our true loyal defenders—shall we force these poor men back to those traitorous masters to be used behind other batteries for mowing down the soldiers of the Union?'

The *tone* of the question was slightly *warmed*, I imagine, by what the Senator had seen at Bull Run. Allusion was made to the 'Senator from Kentucky,' who had demanded the yeas and nays, and a small shot was fired toward him.

'Mr. President,' said the ex-leader and candidate, rising with great assumption of calm dignity, 'the Senator from Massachusetts will of course do his duty as he understands it. I, Sir, as a Senator from Kentucky, shall endeavor to do mine.' [Resumes his seat and the newspaper, which he turns over

somewhat conspicuously toward 'the gentleman on the other side of the house.'] Pearce speaks, *half-way*, for Maryland. Mr. Clerk Forney presently calls the vote; Trumbull, Sumner, Wilson, and others, responding an emphatic '*Ay*;' and the chairman remarks that 'the bill is passed' — six Senators voting '*No*.'

Mr. Tennessee Johnson then postponing his speech, we looked into the House, found the seats as full as usual, and business proceeding; and so we adjourned to the cars, and soon whirled by our pickets, and passed the famous 'Junction,' and the Relay House, and Federal Hill, and noted Pratt-street; had a glimpse of Fort McHenry, (we had been told that the retreat would make a rise of a troublous tide in this region, but did n't see it,) and at half-past ten were fairly *pressed* into the densest of excited crowds at the Philadelphia 'Continental.' 'Is it true that we have twelve thousand killed, and our army all gone?' etc. etc.

Next morning I was rather hoarse—but I felt the pulse of a splendid regiment in Chestnut-street, bound for the cars as early as five A.M., and found that they were n't frightened, but rather the reverse.

Coolly recalling all that I had witnessed, and much that I learned from original witnesses on the spot, just from the field, I think we may safely conclude thus much, namely:

1. That we had been beaten.
2. That the battle should not have been fought on that day; not only because it was the Sabbath, but because, after a day's rest, with reconnoitring, and good meals, the enemy might have been *scorched* out of his den of batteries, and then whipped easily.
3. That our men showed pluck and fortitude, and stood their ground at great disadvantage.
4. That many of our officers were only so-so, and some were among the missing.
5. That the rebel force on the field was much the largest, and was repeatedly relieved by fresh regiments from their reserves.
6. That in the open field they were invariably driven back; their concealed batteries and their cavalry were their chief reliance, and chief success.
7. That their troops, at least a portion of them, butchered our wounded men, and gave no quarter; but that *after* the battle our wounded were well treated.
8. That the panic was a groundless one, caused by misapprehension, or possibly by design of traitors among the spectators; that it was soon stopped, although too late to save the day; that our main army remained together, and in comparative good order.
9. That part of the rebels were themselves retreating, at the same moment; and that the rest did not leave their intrenchments toward our forces, during that night.
10. That panics and false reports are 'as easy as lying.'

P. S.—Several incidents in this simple narrative were too trivial to be worth mention, except as they had reference to what has since become a topic of considerable public discussion — namely, the nature, extent, and duration of that panic. The following note from my companion is here added, because it was written before he had seen a word from me; while the circumstance that our companions on the track actually slept at *Centreville* until twelve P.M. is a curious confirmation of our theory, that deliberate movements that night were proved by the *sequel* to be quite safe. If our story appears like a tedious, much-ado about nothing, it is at least carefully pruned of all exaggeration.

‘Washington, D.C., July 24th, 1861.

‘MR. —:

‘DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request, I sit down to apprise you of the fate of our quondam companions in our adventures and eventful foray into ‘Dixie.’ I intended to call on you at Willard’s, on Monday evening, but after going to the Department, and reporting for duty, I found, after working two or three hours, that I became so sleepy that I was forced to obtain leave of absence, and going home, I threw myself on the bed, and enjoyed a happy unconsciousness of all sublunary affairs from that time till ten P.M.; and, indeed, with the exception of a short interval of waking, till the next morning. On presenting myself at my boarding-house, at breakfast, I found I had about been given over, as at least among the ‘missing.’ It seems that our two companions, Burnham and Young, after pushing ahead a little way on the track, repented of their temerity, and retraced their steps, as we did, to the station, and then took the road, also, to Fairfax Court-House; but on reaching the road leading to Centreville, they turned into that, and by thus cutting off the angle that we made, they were enabled to pass through that place, and even get quite near to the battle-field — full as near, in fact, as I think we should have cared to, for Burnham says that after they attacked the hospital, and the retreat commenced, they heard a cannon-ball whistle over their heads, which, I infer, contributed in a slight degree to an acceleration of their movements. They say they were at the place in the road when Colonel Montgomery (as I see it was by the papers) made that famous ‘halt!’ of the light brigade, (Russell and Company,) soon after it occurred, and they stopped there, procuring tea and a lodging at the house near by. They started on their return tramp at about twelve, and must have been only a little way behind us, all the way — reaching here in less than an hour after we did. I called at Willard’s the next morning, to report their safe arrival, but found you had left on Monday. Yesterday afternoon, I walked out to Camp Sprague, to ascertain, if possible, the fate of my uncle, of whom I had heard such bad news on the road, and from what I could gather, my worst fears were confirmed. A sergeant of his company, who, by the way, had himself received a slight gunshot wound in the back of the head, told me that he stood close beside him when he fell, and helped to bear him to the hospital, when they were obliged to leave him outside, under the shade of a tree. They considered his wound of itself mortal, and as the hospital was afterward shelled and taken, I think there can be but little doubt of his fate, especially in view of the accounts of

the enemy's barbarity to the wounded. A chaplain of one of the Connecticut regiments told me that he himself saw one of them go up to one of our wounded and bayonet him, though he pleaded to be spared; and that another gentleman, on whom he could rely, saw a similar instance of 'Southern chivalry.' Poor C——! . . . The only other persons missing from that company, half of whom were my school-mates, are, a young man who was placed to guard C——, and who, on being warned to flee, nobly declared he would not abandon a wounded comrade, and thus probably fell into the enemy's hands; and a young man named Lake, a brother-in-law of my wife's. The lieutenant, whom the young soldier we overtook reported as missing, had come in yesterday afternoon much exhausted, having been left behind, and obliged to crawl under some blackberry-bushes, and heard the Black-Horse Cavalry ride by, swearing, after the '—— Rhode-Island thieves.' He was obliged to sleep there all night; and then, after walking into Alexandria in the rain, by a piece of official stupidity, was compelled to remain on the wharf the rest of the day, and all of another night, though drenched to the skin, guarding some baggage, I believe. He has seen considerable service, both in the army and on a man-of-war, but he told me he never went through so much as he had since last Sunday morning. Among the missing in the other companies is one noble young fellow from Newport, with whom I used to board in Hartford, and whom I had often called on since he came here; I hope, however, to hear of his arrival yet. Among the wounded, I found one young fellow-townsmen, who had received a ball toward the back of one hip, which had passed so near through as to be extracted, by a slight incision, from the other; and yet he had walked the whole distance, and sat outside of the hospital-barracks, coolly smoking his pipe. There were instances of individual bravery in this battle not excelled by Thermopylæ or Marathon. When our volunteers left Bristol, one mother, a Mrs. Pierce, who had two sons among them, said she only wished she had more to send; and she afterward wrote a highly patriotic letter, which was read to the whole company, in the town-hall, on the morning of their departure. One of her sons met with an accident while they were encamped at Providence, by a comrade entering his tent with a musket, as he was going out, and forcing the bayonet into his eye, so that he was obliged to return home. The other son was in the battle Sunday; as the regiment stood on the hill, exposed to a galling fire, the color-sergeant, toward whom, of course, most of the shots were directed, rather flinched, and stepped behind a tree. Called upon to come out, he rather hesitated, when young Pierce proved himself a worthy scion of the parent stock, by seizing the standard, rushing in advance, and waving it defiantly at the enemy. I am happy to say that, though assailed by a shower of bullets, he came off unscathed. I sat down yesterday, and wrote out a little sketch of our escapade, which I forwarded this morning to the *Phoenix*, our paper at home, but I know not whether it will reach there in time for this week's issue. Should it appear, I will send you a copy, by all means. I think I shall have to procure a copy of your 'Rebellion Record,' in which that Sunday's proceedings, in which we were in a degree participants, will doubtless have an important place, though our individual move-

ments will probably not form *quite* so conspicuous a feature as in my narration. It seems to be pretty well ascertained that our loss, though quite heavy, is insignificant compared with the estimates made at first. Even the Fire-Zouaves, who were said to be 'cut to pieces,' have not probably more than one hundred at most in any way disabled, and other regiments came off almost unharmed. The loss of the Zouaves seems to have been owing to the want of cavalry to flank them in attacking the batteries. . . .

'Yours truly,

H. H. T.'

2d P. S. — I cut the following document from the *Daily Times*, of Bath, Maine, July 31.

A Poetical and Patriotic, Gem.

BY THE DESCENDANT OF AN 'F. F. V.'

ON the memorable twenty-first of July, the day of the great battle near Manassas, a party of civilians, consisting of C. T. Greenleaf, Esq., of this city, G. P. Putnam, Esq., of New-York, . . . Rev. D. Torrey, of Ithaca, N. Y., and one or two others, were at Fairfax Court-House, Virginia, and on the spot where the Virginia Rifles had been stationed, Mr. Greenleaf picked up a paper carefully and legibly written in blue ink. It proved to be a gem of rare merit, a rough diamond, indicating that the Muses and the school-master are abroad, and for the edification of our readers we are permitted to give below a *verbatim et literatim* copy:

'My harp is hung on the willow tree, Its off to the war I will go
My peace home has no charms for me He meet them on the potomac show
There is a war a kindling fast tis on land & sea, And we must and face our enemies
Great Britain eighty years a gou, whilst we were young and slender
She aimt at us a mortal bow, But god was our defender
Jehovah saw her horid plan Great WASHINGTON he gave us
His holiness inspired that man With power and skill to save Us
She sent her fleets and armies ore To ransack kill and plunder
Our heroes met them on the show And did beat them back like thunder
Our Independance we possess And with thare hands they assind it
But on thare hearts twas near imprest And never could we find it
We bore it untel forbarrance twas degrading They wood rob our ship at sea and stop Us
from furren nation a trading
The WASHING has built his fame with credit and renoun
He has planted a tree of libertee that Britteans cant pul down
The roots they reach from Show to Show the Branches reach the sky
Tis oh for freedom wele a dow Will Conquer foes or die
for JAMES SCHOFIELD (from Lynchburg virginia for JAMES P. CHRISTIAN

TO THE EVIL OF ALL TIME.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Rustica gens, optima fens, pessima ridens.'—MIDDLEVAL PROVERB.

God is not dead yet, ye liars of the South !

I will hold no measured words with men who so blaspheme,
As to swear that sacred freedom is condemned by His own mouth,

And the martyr-side of history was all a bloody dream.

But the last sun has not set,

And man has not toiled for ages

To be fooled out of his wages

Because 'The South' has said it. God is not dead yet.

Ye never-dying vampires, still in old Etrurian graves

Rest the vases with the ashes of the forms which once ye wore,

When ye strove to crush the People back into dirt as slaves,

And said : ' We are patricians — be ye sold for evermore ! '

But howe'er ye spread the net,

There were thoughts which would break through it,

And they live to make you rue it

Through the brightening path of ages. God is not dead yet.

How ye howled in indignation when a Gospel for the low

Was preached to poor and simple men — untempled and unpriced !

But ye dug your darkest pitfall, and shaped your weariest wo,

When ye crucified the People, in the form of JESUS CHRIST :

And you thought Truth's sun had set,

But it dawned upon a morrow,

Which brought you endless sorrow,

And sounded your *ea victis* ! God is not dead yet.

How through the Middle Ages your accursed banners flaunted,

And with biting pride you vaunted the wild-beast crests you wore.

' The serf is vile when laughing ; good when weeping, crushed, and daunted,'

Was the precious *Christian* doctrine of your feudal Latin lore ;

While with blood your racks were wet.

So ye ever used your power,

While fortune was in flower ;

But now comes the avenging hour. God is not dead yet.

Then came the Reformation, like a dagger in your side,

With its LUTHERS and VON HÜTTENS, striking error to its grave ;

And their war-shouts, once in heaven, turned to holy hymns, which cried

For the sacred rights of labor and freedom to the slave :

And we forced from you the debt ;

But something is still owing,

There is compound interest growing,

And now we'll *make* you pay it ! God is not dead yet.

Ye have bid, and are outbidden. Every roaring revolution
 Was a heavy contribution from the endless wealth of time :
 France and England sent their monarchs to the block of execution,
 Italia gave her sufferings, and *all* a faith sublime ;
 While ye held the bayonet,
 Defying and decrying
 Every truth with your foul lying :
 Wo to your wilful blindness ! God is not dead yet.

Ye are fighting your last battle ; in your rattlesnake alliance
 Of love for negro labor, and hatred of the white ;
 Ye stand amid your marshes, bidding all the world defiance,
 Cursing history and Scripture, and each holy human right.
 In vain the curse and threat,
 For your evil days are numbered,
 And the sacred power which slumbered
 Now wakes to final vengeance. God is not dead yet.

Our brothers' blood is flowing, but a storm of wrath is blowing,
 And vengeance is hot glowing in the hearts of sires and wives ;
 And the seeds which ye are sowing will never cease from growing,
 Till the scythe of Death stops mowing lives to pay for Northern lives ;
 When he pauses, 'tis to whet
 The blade of vengeance brighter,
 And his blows will not fall lighter
 While the smallest debt is owing. *God is not dead yet.*

THE COQUETTE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

You were sitting by the lattice,
 So you hailed me passing by ;
 You, who play the artful spider,
 Took me for the silly fly.

Once your beauty would have held me —
 Curls of jet, and lips so sweet ;
 But the golden chain is broken,
 And I know you, hollow cheat !

Vain your soft words, vain your ogling,
 Vain each cunning, sharp device ;
 Love, like lightning, my gay Madam,
 Never hits the same mark twice !

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :*

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mistake me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PART II.

CHAPTER TENTH.

'You do n't look happy yourself, papa ; are you ill ?'

Yes, I was ill — sin-struck, conscience-struck. There I stood facing my innocent child — a liar ; a mean liar, who had thrown away his birth-right — a life-long character for probity — for a quarter of one per cent commission on twenty-nine hundred dollars ; seven dollars and twenty-five cents. No, it was not that, it was not for the money. Had I been suffering from hunger, and this crime would procure me food, there might be some excuse. But I did not lie for the seven dollars and twenty-five cents. I never thought of my commission. I told that apt and ready falsehood in order to carry my object, to succeed in my negotiation, to show Mr. Harley that I was a capable agent, a shrewd man of business. In doing this, I deceived one who had entire confidence in me and who in this particular case had trusted implicitly to my word. Such were the thoughts which passed swiftly through my brain.

Again Alice repeated : 'Dear papa, what is the matter ?'

I put my arms gently around her and kissed her forehead. 'Not ill, at all, but much fatigued,' I said. This seemed to assure her, and she ran in gayly

* TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Is it permitted to criticise the productions of your contributors while their works are being printed in your pages ? Assuming the affirmative, I beg leave to say that I have perused, in company with my wife, and with intense sensations, all the numbers of Mr. KIMBALL'S 'Revelations of Wall-Street.' This month we have nearly concluded to lay them aside. The objection we have is, that the author presents his picture all shadow : literally, it is too painful. I admit the incidents are natural, and all may have actually happened. They are, I repeat, life-like — distressingly so ; but why not give us some little glimmering of light ? Why enshroud so interesting a story with such an everlasting gloom ? Surely the author knows how to weave into his narrative — for he has done so in other of his works — alternations of light and shade, which will greatly relieve his readers, and I am quite sure the hero, Mr. PARKINSON, will not be any the worse for it.

J. E. R.

'West-Fourteenth Street, August 5th.'

Exactly. J. E. R. wants a romance : a theatrical representation : exaggerated pictures, plaster-of-Paris and brick-dust. Suppose we tell J. E. R. a whole volume of dark, melancholy truths, patent, staring us in the face ; why does he ask us to dilute them ? Does not J. E. R. know that there are individuals among us whose lives are *all* gloom through long, long years ? Doubtless, it may make J. E. R. feel disagreeably to hear this, but we tell him these persons need the charity of friendly sympathy and aid a thousand-fold more than the beggar who walks the streets. We do not undertake to cater for the amusement of J. E. R. and his wife by essaying to make them cry in one chapter and laugh in another, but on the contrary, we are presenting, without artistic plot or arrangement, the history of one of our well-known merchants who believes the record may serve a good purpose. As J. E. R. is not presumed to know the fate of Mr. PARKINSON, perhaps he and his wife would do well to read on and they may yet run against some brighter scenes. Who knows ?—EDITOR MEMOIRS.

before me. She was overjoyed to see the boxes of wine: she knew, she said, that every thing would turn out happy again. Her father would soon recover his position — she was certain of it. I was accustomed to talk over with my daughter every evening the various incidents of the day. She was the only being in the world who sympathised entirely with every effort of mine and every emotion. She would sit looking earnestly at me, expressing joy or regret as my narration was favorable, or the reverse. Indeed, she appeared to be my guardian angel, placed there for my consolation after my wife had gone. On this occasion, however, I did not feel disposed to speak of the day's business. I did think at one moment that I would give Alice a full account of it. Should I tell *all*? I was tempted to do so, but I reconsidered the matter, postponed it rather, for dinner was coming in, and with dinner was placed on the table a bottle of the wine from Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company. It was of the best quality, and I partook freely of it. Then I was in a better humor with myself; I saw things in a mellowed and more charitable light. 'Be not righteous over-much,' rose aptly to my lips. 'Morbid from too great seclusion,' and so forth.

The scene at the table became quite gay: children are so magnetic and appreciative — so ready to enjoy! The evening passed pleasantly, and I went to bed almost longing for the next day in which to push my enterprises; and, filled with pleasant visions and cheering hopes, I fell asleep.

Reader, do you not pity me in your heart? Like Samson, I knew not that I was shorn of my strength, but was ready to exclaim as he did: 'I will go out, as at other times before, and shake myself' Do you not pity me, that after entering on the declining years of life, with loss of fortune and friends and social position, I should now make shipwreck of a good name? Or are you one of the free-and-easy sort who will exclaim: 'Lord bless the man, what's the matter with him? What has he done more than is done every day by merchant, doctor, lawyer, priest? What business had Loomis to ask him any such question. Answered him right enough. Sorry Parkinson is going to turn out such a milk-and-water fellow. Shall lose all sympathy for him.'

Perhaps so. But the mass of mankind are honest in their instincts, and the mass will understand the mortal wound inflicted on myself that day.

The next morning I went early to my office. I felt a certain sense of diminution as I walked up the stairs and entered it. It appeared to me that all of a sudden I had ceased to respect myself: that I was merely floating about with no fixed principle, attempting to pick up a few dollars like poor Downer or certain others whom I knew. While I was indulging in these reflections, Harley came in. His arrival had a pleasant, soothing effect on me. Every thing seemed all right the moment he entered. He shook hands with me, not, as one would say, cordially, or with friendly emphasis, or hearty good-will, but with a serious warmth, as if he meant by it: 'How happy for both that we have met; we are destined to be of great service to each other; at any rate, you can confide in and command me from this time forward.'

'I called,' said he, 'to give you some seasonable information about Alworthy and Company. They have just gone into an extensive operation, which will

throw a large amount of their paper on the market. Although we are in no haste for the money, you had better place the notes you have before these others get into the street. In fact, just resolve to make a day of it and the thing is done. They are bold fellows,' he continued, 'and are coining money by their operations in cotton, but so much paper will raise the rate: so sell to-day. Do n't you say so?'

Of course I agreed with him. The question was, where it was best to offer the notes, and in that connection, I found myself narrating to Harley what I had concealed from my child, to wit, how, as it were, without knowing it, I had told Loomis I was not aware of there being more paper of that sort afloat.

'I see, I see,' said my new friend. 'I am sorry. You should have avoided the question, and now you may be hurt with a valuable customer. My advice is, to go direct to him — take the bull by the horns —'

'And tell him the plain truth,' interrupted I; 'that's just what I was thinking of doing.'

'Tell him no such thing,' rejoined Harley. 'The truth is not to be spoken at all times. Not that I counsel falsehood, never: but having unfortunately committed yourself, let us see what is the next best thing to do. Loomis is a coarse, unfeeling man; I know him well. He could never appreciate your delicate and sensitive nature. No, my advice is, to call on him at once and say you find there are more of those notes in market; that you have them to negotiate, and name exactly the amount, and ask him to take them. To be sure, he won't buy any more, but it will be turning your mistake to the best account.'

What shall I say of Harley's influence over me? How explain it? I do solemnly aver that while he detailed to me this plan for repairing damages, I saw no great evil in it, nothing very objectionable, or calculated to do violence to my moral sense. The plausibility of the statement, its likeness to the truth, its not containing any rough, angular contradiction, together with the happy result to be achieved, completely lulled my conscience.

Perceiving that I was quite lost in thought, Harley continued: 'Mind, Mr. Parkinson, I do n't say this plan, standing by itself, is strictly right, but I repeat, considering what has already occurred, I see nothing dishonorable in my suggestion. Nothing which can by any possibility harm Loomis or any one.'

Strange how thoroughly we began to be acquainted; strange how this man began to exercise a species of magnetic power over me. Do not be incredulous. Upon my honor, I am recording the simple truth. I took the notes, went to Loomis, made my announcement, and offered him more of the paper.

'And how did he receive it?' you ask.

Without moving a muscle — as a keen, sharp-witted man receives unsatisfactory information. There was, however, a calculating expression in his eye, as if he were weighing what I was saying, not with reference to the altered value of the paper, but of the truth of my statement; at least, so I fancied. He did not want to purchase farther, he said. He asked me if I knew the indorsers. I told him I had seen one of the partners after negotiating the notes with him yesterday, but could give no information about the house. I took my leave, and will remark here that I never sold that man another note. He formed his judgment off-hand, and acted accordingly.

By very active exertion I succeeded in selling the remainder of Alworthy's notes. It was hard work, and I had to submit to high rates. But Harley said, 'Better place all to-day,' and before three o'clock it was done, regardless of the sacrifice. Then we sat down in my office, where I gave him a statement of the whole transaction. When he had examined it and counted the cash, he laid aside two hundred and fifty dollars, and handed it to me, saying: 'I hope this will be a slight compensation for the trouble you have been at in this business.'

I was astounded, and knew not what to reply. While I was hesitating Harley continued.

'If you please, not one word; you are entitled to this, and I can afford to pay it. If I could not, I would not offer it, I assure you. It is only bringing you in to share a portion of the profits of a legitimate commercial transaction. One of these days I may ask you to do something without any commission. And I promise, if necessary, I will not hesitate to call on you.'

This explanation was very comforting and satisfactory. My heart was full. It seemed that PROVIDENCE, after a bitter ordeal, had furnished me a genuine friend. At last Fortune was beginning to relent. Was it possible? I had now five hundred dollars ahead! The *bitterness* of poverty was past. I could breathe with a kind of freedom. And there sat the kind-hearted man who had done so much and was preparing, I was certain, to do still more for me. How pliant all this appeared when viewed in the light of his accommodating nature. Every thing seemed so plain and easy of accomplishment, and so long as I was with him, it was impossible even to invent a difficulty.

'My friend,' said Harley, addressing me with an air of deep interest, 'permit me to tell you what you are suffering from. You have encountered a series of disasters, which, with the loss of your wife, has broken your courage, and reduced your moral status to below par. You have foolishly decided to accept your fate instead of battling against it. In this you show weakness; not natural in you, but induced by the untoward circumstances you have encountered. Now, there is no reason you should confine yourself to the treadmill work of selling notes for a paltry commission. At present there are various enterprises, in which as negotiator you could come in for a share of the profits without having to advance or indeed risk any money. And you owe it as a duty to your family not to permit them to fall in the scale of social life. Believe me, my friend; you have a grave responsibility in that quarter.'

Had I been dreaming? or was I now dreaming? Could any thing be more self-evident than what Harley was urging on me? [Yes, I had lost my courage, become humble—was ready to hew wood and draw water, if necessary, to gain a living. But O reader! I was meanwhile an honest man. How much that means, none can fully understand who has not fallen from the high estate.] I replied to him, assenting to what he said, but remarked he little knew the difficulty of a fresh start after being so completely prostrated as I had been.

'Courage, courage,' he replied; 'all depends on courage. You will dine with me to-day. The children will let you off for once. I shall introduce you to my wife, and I hope we may make an hour or two pass cheerfully.'

I accepted Mr. Harley's invitation, and he proceeded to send his boy (who was waiting in my office) with a note to my house to let Alice know that I should not be home as usual. 'Now,' continued Mr. Harley, 'it is not always I have money over, but just at present I happen not to be short. Let the balance on the other transaction (it was between seven and eight hundred dollars) stand to your credit in the bank for a while; and, as I said, if you can employ it in the mean time, you are welcome to do so. It will give you more strength, and what is better, it will add, I hope, to your confidence. I must go round to my office, but I shall see you at five.'

After Mr. Harley left, I put the two hundred and fifty dollars, which was lying on the table, carefully in my pocket, and starting to my feet, I walked briskly up and down the room, rubbing my hands together with a species of glee; and thus I celebrated the success of the day. I had still something on hand to do. One or two small notes to get through for very respectable parties; and although it was after three, I knew I could find several money-lenders still at their posts. So I descended to the street.

Reaching the pavement, I saw a few persons congregated on the corner. Walking in that direction, I perceived Sol. Downer in charge of a police-officer. They were evidently waiting for something. But the official was impatient, and seemed disposed to proceed on his way.

'For God's sake,' I heard poor Downer exclaim in a low tone, as I came up, 'step into my office, for a few minutes, till my lawyer can come. At any rate, give me a chance to send home.'

The officer had doubtless received an urgent charge to make quick work with the arrest; indeed, I saw a young man, whom I recognized as a clerk in a most respectable banking-house, whispering to the police official. Whereupon the fellow became still more peremptory, and said he could wait no longer. I am happy to say, my better emotions prevailed over the selfish ones. I walked up to Downer, and asked him if I could be of any service.

He was sensibly affected. 'Thank you,' he whispered in a hoarse, unnatural tone—he put me in mind of a wild beast hunted to his lair, and desperate. 'I wanted to see Storms, my lawyer, but this humble servant of justice can't wait; oh! no, because the almighty house of Strauss, Bevins and Company says 'proceed,' I must go to the Tombs in double-quick time.'

'And what is it?' I asked in a low tone.

'Why, what turns out to be a forged note on a good house was put into my hands by a stranger to sell; I did sell it to them, paid over the money, and received my commission, and on my soul, that's all I know about it. Yet I am to be made the scape-goat.' The policeman here interposed, and said they must be off.

'What can I do for you? Do you require any money?' I asked.

'No, thank you, but will you call on Storms, and tell him where I am, and ask him to come to me as soon as possible, and—and——' his voice became tremulous—'will you please stop at my house, and tell my folks that I am obliged unexpectedly to go out of town to-night; mind you say out of town, to back to-morrow; put this in an envelope, and seal it, and give it to my wife.'

He handed me a three-dollar bill, and the next moment was on his way up Nassau-street, toward the Tombs.

This affair depressed me greatly, I hardly knew why. I proceeded at once to Mr. Storms' office, where I waited half-an-hour before he came in. Then I repeated what I knew as to the charge against Downer, and delivered his message, that Mr. Storms should go to him. I was gratified at the lively interest that gentleman (who was a counsellor of high respectability) manifested in the case. 'Poor fellow!' he exclaimed, 'I will go at once. Whatever the charge is, I know Downer has intended nothing wrong.'

It was now too late to attend to any other business, and quite time for me to meet my appointment with Harley, at the Gloria Hotel, then the latest built, and in consequence the most fashionable house in the city. I found him occupying a handsome private parlor, where he introduced me to his wife—he had no children—who was a pale, stylish-looking young woman, dressed after the latest mode, a good deal affected, and rather inclined, as the phrase is, to put on airs. She received me politely, and during the few moments before dinner, managed to give me a very tolerable idea of the miseries and inconveniences attending living at a hotel. It was the ordinary, common-place talk, very prettily rehearsed. I ventured to suggest keeping house.

'Oh! not for the world, not for ten worlds,' exclaimed Mrs. Harley. 'HEAVEN knows I have care enough now; nothing on earth would ever induce me to venture on house-keeping.'

We were just then summoned to dinner, and the interesting conversation was interrupted. I soon discovered, by the extraordinary deference Harley paid his wife, that he was under a species of discipline while in her presence. In fact, he appeared like a different person. Not a word did he utter that he did not watch, with a kind of solicitude, its effect on her. During dinner, Mrs. Harley, who, delicate as she seemed, I found possessed an excellent appetite, made frequent inquiries if I knew this or that person or family. I could very often answer in the affirmative, which seemed to increase the lady's respect for me.

'Oh! well,' she said, 'I wish Algernon was not so engrossed in business as to neglect social life. I think it a shame, Mr. Parkinson, and so I tell him.'

Mr. Harley here joined in the conversation, admitted the truth of the charge, filled my glass from a fresh bottle of wine; 'women can't appreciate,' said he, 'all we have to contend against.'

'Appreciate!' interrupted the lady. 'If an incessant clamor about it would make us do so, I think we might. No; I *do n't* appreciate it, I confess. You men love the excitement of business, and you don't stop to think your wives love the excitement of fashion, society, and so forth, and you are a selfish set, all of you.'

I did not deny this, but helped Mrs. Harley to a sweet-bread, and some preserved peas, which for a time seemed to quiet her resentment. Meanwhile, as dinner proceeded, and the wine began to circulate, my host grew even more friendly and communicative.

'Do you know,' he said in a low tone, 'we are about entering on a magnificent period for speculation? I mean legitimate speculation; there is much

to be done, I assure you, and *we* — you and I — must take advantage of fortune when at the flood. For myself, I am a sanguine man, perhaps too sanguine; I need just such a friend as you to counsel and advise with, and sometimes to hold me back. Do not think me too disinterested or too benevolent. I am sure your friendship will be as valuable to me, as I hope mine may be to you. It is when benefits are mutual that coöperation is really of value. By the by, you must taste this new brand of champagne. Pemberton has just secured the agency. Do not forget to recommend it when you have a chance, that is, if you are yourself satisfied. I have introduced it at the Gloria splendidly: got half-a-dozen friends to call for it on the same day. The next, down came an order for a dozen baskets, and it goes off now like hot cakes. I tell you, my friend, every thing has to be puffed into notice; and if what you offer is a good thing, and no honest man (this said with great *empressement*) will ever offer what is not good, why, the more you try to introduce it the better for the world at large, and yourself in particular.'

'I really think it is downright rudeness in you, Algernon,' (Mrs. Harley had finished her sweet-bread and preserved peas,) 'to be monopolising Mr. Parkinson in that way; talking about business too. I declare it is shameful.'

'I agree with you,' I hastened to reply, and so cover my friend, 'but permit me to say, it grew very naturally out of your husband's offering me a new brand of wine.'

'Oh! I am disgusted with all that sort of thing; managing, managing, the whole time; I am sick of management, I hate management. If I were a man, and a business-man, and could not get along without it, I would ——'

'Yes, tell us what you would do,' interrupted Mr. Harley, with a winning smile.

'Well, I know I could do without it, and I *would* do without it; that's all.'

We both laughed, and Mrs. Harley continued much in the same strain till the dessert was brought in, when her attention was turned in its former direction. Dinner over, I escorted the lady into the grand hall, where several persons of both sexes came up to speak with her, and at this particular juncture her husband remarked: 'Mr. Parkinson and I are going to smoke a cigar, my dear: shall we leave you here? The lady bowed a careless assent, and we turned our steps toward the smoking-room. We spent the time there in earnest conversation, in which I was principally a listener, and which assumed on the part of Mr. Harley a most confidential tone. He gave me an account of his past fortunes, the checks and reverses he had experienced, and his present cheering prospects. He was soon to leave for England, and should carry out with him several notable schemes, sure to attract the attention of the capitalists on the other side of the water. He produced some of his papers, and gave me a brief account of the various enterprises he had at command. Among these I distinctly recollect the following:

Three California gold-mines.

One Virginia ditto, in working order.

One on the Isthmus.

Two magnificent Lake Superior copper-mines.

One Tennessee copper-mine.

Charter from the State of Virginia for a land company.

Ditto from the State of Georgia for a timber company.

Plan for purchasing live-oak lands in Florida.

Invention (already patented) for making paper out of the bark of certain trees.

Ditto for smelting ores with little or no fuel.

Ditto for generating steam, ditto, ditto.

Plan for manufacture of French brandy at Paris, out of whiskey, to be imported from America, and returned properly flavored and colored, and sold in bond in New-York.

Invention for making steel out of coarse pig-iron, at a trifling expense. Together with various little affairs, which Harley called playthings, out of which he 'could always make a few thousand pounds.'

'You see,' he continued, 'I have my hands full. I know what I am about. I have made every preparation in London. I left there only three months ago. I have secured Larry, Buxton, Westneath and Hope for my solicitors, the first men in their line in the city; very rich connections; had a letter from them yesterday. Glynn and the London and Westminster Bank will act as my bankers. I shall get off as soon as possible. Now, you see, Mr. Parkinson, why I want a reliable man to represent this side, while I am on the other. We can join forces, and in less than a twelve-month I will promise you half-a-dozen fortunes, if one won't satisfy you.'

It was with such hopeful conversations that the evening was beguiled. Although I could not be blind to the fact that Harley was simply a speculator, ready to embark in any scheme that should promise well, I knew at the same time that there were opportunities for making money out of such matters, and that not infrequently they did turn out well when in clever hands. Now, Harley was already acquainted in London, and had laid the foundation for what he was to do. Why, out of all these enterprises might not one turn out a prize? I must say, that while his ingenuous avowals rather lowered my previous standard of the man, I felt as kindly toward him as ever, and, I believe, quite as much under his magnetic — I was about to say magical — influence.

During a slight pause in the conversation, I looked at my watch. It was after ten o'clock. Suddenly I thought of Downer, and my promise to visit his family. What would they not suffer all this evening from the unexplained absence! I started up and declared I must leave. Mr. Harley would have detained me, but he saw I was urgent. So we mounted again to his parlor, where I had left my over-coat, to say good evening to madam. She was seated languidly in one of the rocking-chairs.

'This is always the way,' she said, 'Algernon invites a guest. Immediately after dinner, on the plea of wishing to smoke a cigar, he disappears with him to the regions below, whence he emerges toward midnight, and where he talks business, business, business.'

'Forgive me,' I exclaimed, 'I think I am the offender this time, not your husband, for permitting myself to become so interested in what he has been saying. I will promise better behavior in future.'

The lady smiled, Harley smiled, and I came away.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

WHEN I descended to the side-walk, I found a driving, blinding snow-storm had set in, for it was now the first week in December — one of those storms peculiar to New-York. The wind blew half a hurricane through the streets, carrying the snow along laterally and with a fury almost irresistible into the face and eyes of the pedestrian, turning umbrellas inside out, encasing the lamps with a thick crust, confusing the omnibus-drivers, and making every kind of locomotion nearly impossible. Sol. Downer's residence happened to be quite as far up-town as mine, but unfortunately on the other side of the city. I managed to get into an omnibus going near his home, but from which I would be forced to walk all the way to mine.

It was eleven o'clock before I rang at Mr. Downer's door. It was opened almost instantly by a tall, elderly lady, neatly dressed in black, and of a most prepossessing appearance, who exclaimed on seeing me : ' Oh ! how relieved I am : I feared something had happened to you.'

As I stepped into the hall, she discovered her mistake, and her terror was extreme. Her lips became bloodless and her eyes wild as she seized my arm and uttered in a faint tone, ' Where is my husband ?'

With a word I reassured her. ' He is perfectly well. Just as I was leaving my office he asked me to call and say he was obliged to go out of town, to return to-morrow.' At the same time I put the envelope which covered the three dollars in her hand.

It was hard to absolutely convince her, that is, instinctively she felt something *had* gone wrong, but she was measurably relieved and asked me into the parlor. As I was suffering from cold after a slow, tedious ride in the omnibus, I accepted the invitation, and entered a room very inexpensively but prettily furnished, where around a table were seated two young ladies of really charming appearance, and a youth of fifteen or sixteen. The whole arrangements produced a subdued but pleasant impression. No one could mistake the quiet and unpretentious air which pervaded the apartment. I hastened to repeat my message and to explain still farther that I had myself been detained late by a previous appointment.

' Yet, how much we thank you for coming,' said the lady ; ' we were all in such distress. Mr. Downer applies himself so hard, and is so frequently subject to ill turns, that I am always very nervous when he is out a little over his time ; but to-night, oh ! it was dreadful, and in this terrible storm.'

As I cast my eyes round the room and saw the evidences there of a refined and gentle spirit ; saw the order of the household ; saw well-educated and well-regulated children ; saw what should make a man happy in his home, I thought of the hard-pushed and desperate man who was toiling, sweating, agonizing to keep that family together. I could fancy Downer coming in from his degrading labors, casting off the slough with which encounter with rogues and knaves, sharpers and misers had besmeared him, and enjoying the lovely influence of that home scene. Yes, now I understood what he was battling for — to keep *these* safe and screened from misery. Poor fellow ! and my heart reproached me for what my heart had felt toward him of late.

In the course of conversation I mentioned that Mr. Downer and I were old acquaintances, and repeated my name. Mrs. Downer recollected it, she said, but she made no allusion to former times, and our remarks turned wholly on present topics. In a few minutes I took my leave, preparing to encounter the fury of the storm on foot.

B U L L R U N .

BY RALPH RANDOM.

BRIGHTLY the morning met
 The sun on yonder plain ;
 Darkly the night has set
 On mangled heaps of slain,
 Who bravely strove with gleaming blade,
 And darkly dyed the greenwood glade
 With living streams of gore.

On mangled heaps of slain
 The night has darkly set ;
 But on that gory plain
 A few are breathing yet,
 A few who, bleeding, dying there,
 To foemen raise a feeble prayer,
 And mercy now implore.

Mercy ! while the thunders roll
 Above the reeking sod ;
 Mercy ! while the passing soul
 Is soon to meet its God !
 Mercy ! while the quivering breath
 Is wrestling with the giant Death,
 In anguish sad and sore !

Oh ! give an hour, ye fiends !
 For life is ebbing fast ;
 An hour — their all depends,
 One hour — 't will be their last !
 But no ! the coward butchers smite,
 And they who bled for Truth and Right
 Now sink to rise no more !

Great God ! doth Murder keep
 His watch upon the earth,
 And will THY lightnings sleep,
 While deeds like these have birth ?
 For him who deals such dastard blow,
 For him who slays a fallen foe,
 Is VENGEANCE not in store ?

LITERARY NOTICES.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. Part Second. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

It is only within a few years that Manliness and Muscle began to take place in the Anglo-Saxon world as real virtues. Popularly they were always endorsed — but common-sense and truth tell us that Serious people always regarded them in common with Amusement, as very improper elements of propriety, and rather to be avoided than courted by the good. The *physique* had no recognized place in education; even now that school is a marvellous exception in which gymnastic training is as much cared for, and believed to be of as much real importance as the Latin Grammar or Algebra. Yet the stern and incontrovertible judgment of Science has declared that *six hours of exercise a day* are required by the growing body for its full development, while Common-Sense shows that health is essential not merely to happiness, but morality.

Finally there came a Great Awakening to the claims of the body to be treated with something more than cold respect. Medicine, as it gave up superstition, and fell back on 'the healing power of Nature,' began to find that dosing would not mend up a shattered constitution, and that prevention by early physical training was worth any amount of cure by drugs. A liberal school showed itself in theology — the *mens sana in corpore sano* doctrine began to gain ground.

It was a consequence of this advance of Common-Sense that much should be said of Physical Education, and one of its results has been the Tom Brown books. The basis of the School-Days at Rugby, and of the first part of Tom Brown, was really that of fresh air, free out-of-door life, strong exercise, and that straight-forward, manly simplicity of mind which is so generally attendant on such culture in youth. No wonder that the works were popular. They supplied a growing want of the age; they adapted romance, so to speak, to a new idea; they gave the *narrative*, which always comes sooner or later, now-a-days, to popularize a theory.

There is one manifest fault in these works — a world consisting entirely of mere Tom Browns would be sadly deficient in poetry, philosophy and the æsthetic element. Great digestion, ruddy health, the temperate enjoyment of much ale, and preëminence in rowing and boxing — yes, all of these, accompanied even by sterling piety and sound morality, are not *all* that education need provide. They will grow 'a fine young man,' yes — a *very* fine young man — and it cannot be denied that if all the young men in existence were Tom Browns, the world would be much better than it is. However, let us not ask for too much at once. The lesson which the author teaches is one sadly needed. We want manly young men in this age of shops, factories, sedentary occupations, sharp dealing and debilitating dissipation; and he who shows us this, does the age good service.

In the second volume of Tom Brown we have less of the physical culture, but much more of the results of simply moral and manly training. In it, the hero advances into active life, with its trials and temptations, and through them all bears himself with a firmness and single-heartedness which is set forth in every act with peculiar tact, and through adventures of striking interest. It is emphatically a living book — one in which not the hero alone, but every subordinate character, has a real being, and that marked individuality derived not from copying *eccentricities*, (that great resort of weak novelists,) but from following nature closely. The interest which it awakens is rather such as we give to fascinating sketches of natural history or travel, or other truthful description than to a sensation novel — but it *is* interest, and that of the most absorbing kind.

It is needless to say that coming from the press of TICKNOR AND FIELDS, this volume is printed with English neatness and solidity. It is preceded by a most graceful and friendly dedication to JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL from the author, THOMAS HUGHES. A fine steel portrait of this latter gentleman prefaces the volume.

PRIMARY OBJECT LESSONS FOR A GRADUATED COURSE OF DEVELOPMENT. By N. A. CALKINS. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In the 'Utopia' of Sir THOMAS MORE, we are told that the walls of the ideal city described in that work are painted over with figures of all imaginable objects, which becoming familiar to children by sight, are described to them in detail by teachers, or by their already taught comrades. CAMPANELLA, COMENIUS, the leading literati of the Reformation, (all of whom were deeply interested in education,) and at a later date, PESTALOZZI, cherished this theory of familiarizing the young with *facts* and *nature*, and of gradually developing and disciplining their minds by an *objective* course of familiarity with what is really useful in the experiences of ordinary life. It has very well been observed that no man would be better educated than he who knows perfectly well what the things are which he sees; but how few of us are acquainted with the familiar! It is in accordance with this theory that Mr. CALKINS has written this book; one which, in the hands of a really talented teacher, could evidently develop an average child's mind to a degree of general intelligence such as is seldom paralleled.

In the first place, the author would have the teacher thoroughly question the child on form and color, on the qualities of objects, on bodily faculties, on the meaning and uses of all familiar things, and in a word, of cultivating that faculty of faculties — the art of taking a *deeply seated interest* in all that comes before cognizance. In teaching these, an extremely ingenious system is adopted, involving practical but extremely easy instruction in geometrical lines, in color, number, size, weight, sound, and of the human body; involving a course of physical training which is extremely well illustrated after the plan of LING and SCHREBER, and the modifications of CATHERINE E. BEECHER, R. T. TRALL, G. H. TAYLOR, and Dr. LEWIS. From this we come to methods of teaching, and a series of 'object lessons,' and the development of moral ideas. It is needless to say that the work is an excellent one — but we commend it with the proviso that it can only be used by teachers of more than ordinary intelligence.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

New-Brighton, Staten-Island, Aug. 15, 1861.

DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: It is commonly written that

'There is no purification without fire.'

How forcibly has this old saying been brought home to every Northern heart since the disastrous retreat of July 21st! Since we were a nation, no darker day ever dawned over the free United States of North-America. I trust that these lines will not be perused by an eye which did not become grave and stern when that triumph of evil first sent its thunder-tones over the great, brave land of freedom.

But we learned in a brief hour that that black Sunday was neither our Moncontour nor our Waterloo. Sumter had been a nettle-sting, but the Bull Run disaster was 'the live coal on the heart of the American people.' Let who would be in the wrong; let the noble SCOTT, scrupulous and delicate as noble, prove his bravery by avowing himself the greatest moral coward alive, because he had risked a battle in defiance of his better judgment; let HORACE GREELEY save the *Tribune* by making scape-goats of the wild riders who wield the lance-pens of that fierce condottieriship—let the blame be cast where you will, and the whole Northern press and people join in keen debate as to who or what was to blame—through the black and terrible storm-clouds gleamed still one light—the lurid lightning of a stern resolve *not to yield*, portending the crushing and destroying thunder-bolt of revenge.

I have not yet met man, woman, or child who was *dispirited* by that disaster. It whetted up to resistance hearts which had despaired before, or grown apathetic among weary hopes and fears. 'Ah!' exclaimed a friend of your Sanctum, 'they do n't know the North!' No wonder: why, we did not know it; nobody knew it before, unless it were some sage gray-beard, who had seen the grandsires of the Revolution, and, as Dr. HOLMES would say, had *triangulated* the breed through three descents, and was pretty certain what *must* come of it. We are beginning to find pretty rapidly now what that '*must*' means. When the people of the North ceased to cry, 'On to Richmond!' they began to *mean* 'On to New-Orleans!' Had the Southern pirates known the North, they would have refrained from that victory. They would have been contented to worry and worry on, letting the Doughfaces increase, and the men who only see that the whole affair is 'bad for business,' strengthen in power. Wo to the Doughface now who dares chill the war!

Arm and out! sword and musket, hurrah! *Men*, all is right yet—all's safe—safe as ever. '*Noch ist die Freiheit nicht verloren*'—'Freedom is not lost yet!' You have much before you, but there is daylight coming. Women of America! your social influence is most intimately blent with this war. You can send men onward to fulfil a high and noble duty which will cast a glory over a life-time and confer honor on all their kith and kin—or you can withhold them! You can at home strengthen sound political principles, inspire sound enthusiasm for what is right, and make men true

moral heroes — or you can discourage them, by referring all faith in all that is great and good to the most timid and selfish interests. Ah! there are few of you, few true daughters of the North who have not shown themselves worthy of the most heroic days of old. God bless you!

Let every man and woman make their minds up definitely that we have moved into a new order of things, into a new social condition, and live accordingly. This fighting, and drumming, and taxing will not cease suddenly some fine morning, and all things then go on in the good old way. Not a bit of it. Out of this battle we go not until the cancer of slavery *shall have been extirpated from the Border States*, and the cotton belt be thereby so reduced as to be under Federal control. If resistance be prolonged, let the black be recognized as free every where. To this we are coming — will we, nill we — and does any one believe that such results can be reached and the old order of respect for, and deference to 'the South' be maintained? Never! There is a new life, a new future, a brilliant dawn of hope before the FREE United States of North-America. We shall not feel as we did; we shall be well-nigh a new people, when we are free from the old curse which divided brothers and made us continually wretched. Away with it! — out with it! — hustle it into forgetfulness and nothing as soon as possible!

It gives curious subject for thought when we reflect what would be the result of pricking this inflated bubble of Southern prestige; of reducing the shadowy giant-knight to his proper paltry proportions. Hitherto the South and not the North has given character in great measure to the American people. Unpractical and preposterous ideas as to the gentility of idleness and extravagance, lawlessness and ignorance, have struggled, and triumphantly, with the innate Yankee tendency to industry and sobriety. All this must change. For instance, we are to hear no more nonsensical comparison between Norman gentlemen in the South, and Saxon churls in the North. And here, by the way, is an amusing trifle, but which is of quite as much importance as any other Southern claim to preëminence. I refer to this oft-iterated claim of 'Norman' characteristics as peculiar to the South.

Why, in the first place, the old Saxons were out and out slave-dealers, which the Normans were not. The Saxons sold slaves from among themselves into foreign lands, to the great disgust of the Normans, who did not. The Saxons had *corleis*, or serfs, I know, but they had also *theowes*, or literal slaves. I have not Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE and TURNER at hand, but I remember that BULWER introduces the whole abomination in his *Harold*. Now, if this does not knock the whole Norman Confederate First Family theory into nonsense, I am mistaken.

But if the Chivalry be so Norman, where then are the names? I know of more than one full-blood Yankee cognomen which appears in the roll of Battle Abbey; in fact, I think that no American genealogist will deny that nearly every New-England name is that of some family which always was respectable and educated, from its very first Puritan ancestor. People who had had these experiences are not generally of 'the lower orders.' Name for name, there are two of the Norman in New-England for one in the South. Stick a pin there — not that it's of any account, but the Chivalry insist on it.

But draw a line of distinction between names which were originally *Norman* and those French ones of a far later date which came in with the Huguenots. There are some curious blunders made occasionally in this department by Southern gentlemen, who believe themselves to be the knightly sons of Norman ancestors, when in reality their first American 'prop' was one of the *sixteen thousand* French Huguenots who settled in South-Carolina alone; doubtless some worthy weaver — a man of real honesty,

who would 'go off' in a hearty Gascon rage could he see his traitorous, fire-and-dirt-eating, labor-despising descendant. When people came in by the ten thousand, they could not *all* be noble — and they were not.

The fact is, that this effort to extract blood out of a thousand descents, modified by a thousand crosses, and from a heraldic turnip after all, is somewhat delirious. Suppose we of the North were to try to prove our descent from the Saxons on the ground that our ancestors were greatly addicted, as we are, to the use of the bath; for, as old chroniclers narrate, even the Saxon peasants in inland districts had a daily warm wash all over, while among the Normans such a custom did not prevail any more than at the present day in Georgia. Now I will venture to say that if the editor of the *Mobile Register*, or *Charleston Courier*, or any of the Richmond sociologists, had discovered any argument as strong as this on *their* side of the ethnological fence, we should never have heard the end of it. Let the mud-sills be thankful that the soap, water, and towel argument balances in their favor.

If nothing else should come of the war, it would have effected enough to my mind in this, that a vast amount of sickening folly and disgusting mock romance, like this precious Norman-blood fancy, will have been well ridiculed out of sight. Our old friends — I mean our new foes — over MASON and DIXON's are not bad fellows in the main; but prosperity hath made them arrogant, until, step by step, they have fallen into the habit of assuming for themselves a degree — and that no moderate one — of culture, education, courtesy, innate refinement, generosity, bravery, and all other virtues and elegancies, and of denying any and every thing of the kind to the North. In fact, the Southerner who, during a half-hour's conversation with a Northern gentleman or lady, does not let fall a very broad hint to the effect that his countrymen are superior to all from our side of the line in the essential points of good breeding, is a rarity whom very few have ever encountered. And, curiously enough, Northern people, especially on the border, have timidly given in to this assumption. They don't like it; 'but then there is such an ease of manner; such chivalry.'

The war, aiding other social developments, my dear KNICKERBOCKER, is scattering this very extravagant concession to the winds. I see the day coming when such intolerably mobbish assumption as JOHN FORSTER's journal was guilty of some time ago in its comparison between LINCOLN and DAVIS will only be thought of by the whole world as on a par with the self-laudations of a clown in the ring, just as there will be a time when any provincialism, whether of New-York, Philadelphia, Richmond, or Charleston, will seem to every gentleman to be as paltry as it is vulgar. Just as certainly as small farms, free schools, free labor and manufactures are destined to Northernize, at no distant date, all the Tobacco States, is it sure that there will be swept away from the whole American people a certain vulgar vein of cotton-born gaudiness, a knife-knocking cantillation, and an insolent arrogance which have long been intolerable to every really representative American gentleman.

And with such a change as this, there will be a great change in the social life of the American people.

Yours ever,

MASON BROWN.

EXCELLENT DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. — It is with a genuine satisfaction that we notice the establishment, the ensuing month, by Miss MARY Y. BEAN, who has associated with her Mrs. DUTCH and Miss MORRAT, of a *Boarding and Day-School for young ladies*, at 73 East Fifth-street, in this city. Miss

BEAN has been distinguished for many years as the principal of one of our largest and most successful day-schools. She brings to the support of her present enterprise a character finely moulded by experience and admirably adapted to her vocation; and a mind richly endowed by nature, and perfected by the most finished culture. We are persuaded that her school will satisfy all who desire for their daughters a thorough and accomplished education, and we wish for it the measure of success it is certain to deserve.

'*Yachting: a Saltish Epistle*,' addressed to the publisher hereof, is a 'Rhapsodical Rhapsody,' (from a female pen, 'as we do guess,') which will be found to be 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.' It is a striking example of 'diverting attention:'

'THE yards are manned, the anchor weighed,
The snowy sail outsprings;
Merrily O! before the blast,
My gallant yacht is bounding fast:
On Trinity-spire I look my last,
Borne off on eagle's wings.' — RALPH RANDOM.

'HAD to shift the tackle a bit to make the stanza jibe; but I dare say RALPH RANDOM, whoever he be, is a clever salt, and won't mind the liberty I've taken. Sailors are an obliging set in general, and RALPH is every inch a sailor. That I know by his slang; and that he is a patriot, I know by the NEW YANKEE DOODLE SONG in your last issue. I like to know under what flag people sail, for we have fallen on suspicious times, and it isn't safe to overhaul every chance craft you come along-side of. Just imagine yourself, friend KNICK, aboard my crack yacht the 'Stormy Petrel,' coasting in and out the delectable coves of old Long Island, as we used to coast in old never-to-be-forgotten times. Just leave OLD KNICK to look out for himself, (and he manages his own business admirably,) and come aboard my yacht, and have a good time. Your head is as full of 'copy' and 'proof' as mine is of 'Wall-street,' whenever I take up those atrocious 'Revelations.' I say, messmate, if you do n't order that man of yours to reef sail, and not crowd on philosophy, religion, and the infernal machinery of that den of Mammon, all in one breath, I'll leave the OLD KNICK astern, and not touch another issue until after dog-days. Why, what do you think I heard a land-lubber say the other day? 'I never breathe,' says he, 'from the beginning of a 'Revelation' to the end; they're a second edition of the Apocalypse, and make me squirm in my patent-leathers? Is n't that awful, that 'legitimate transaction?' I never want to meet the writer of those articles: I think he could look through me like the ALL-SEEING; and yet I'm no worse than most people!'

'Now, slack up a bit on the 'Revelations,' and be easy until after frost; don't you see this is a case of 'serious conviction,' and the poor sinner will have very O'Lloyd or blue-fever? What if he should die, and the 'crowner' should bring in a verdict, 'Killed by a Revelation,' would n't you have to 'swing' otherwise than in your hammock? That was bad enough — the yarn you told about folks working so hard during the week, that when Sunday came they *could n't* rest, because it was almost like death to stop! It is well enough to give folks a gentle hint to take in sail, and not run on to the breakers; but there's neither reason nor rhyme in frightening one to death to save his soul.

'Come aboard my yacht, and let the sea-breeze brush the cobwebs from your dusty

brain. I've as choice spirits here as were ever 'called from the vasty deep,' encased in either vessels of glass or vessels of tin. The magnificent haze of an August sunset is blending land and water in one rapturous mist of enchantment. The glorious rays of the setting sun tinge with demi-tones of gold, and bronze the sombre waves; the sails are idly flapping against the masts; but there she comes! a 'breath of the Oceanides,' that is, a 'cat's paw,' and inflates them; and we seem wafted onward to that haven of the Lotophagi, (Staten Island, where lives the Frog Correspondent,) where are sweet dreams and fairy visions: bright hopes and MACE SLOPER — Avast there! Aground, by JOVE! I like to have run down a Staten Island ferry-boat, and sunk every living soul that had n't a life-preserver! Horrible catastrophe: you'll read all about it in to-morrow morning's papers. Do you know I hate all steamboats, or, as the *Parleyvoux* call them, *Batteaux à Vapeur*. Yes, I do. The eternal 'puff, puff, puff!' the '*jamais-toujours!*' '*toujours-jamais!*' of their indefatigable piston annihilates to my mind all the poetry of nautical handicraft. Give me the creaking cordage; the rough command to man the sails; the boatswain's whistle! there's poetry for you, (see SHAKESPEARE;) the cheery yo-heave-o! the thousand-and-one accessories and *symphonies* of a vessel; give me any thing but a fire-eater, either on land or sea. My muse never inspires me aboard of one: she gets the sulks whenever HORATIO ALLEN puts a new boiler into one. Steam-vessels even are despicable; they're a species of hybrid, a compromise between ÆOLUS and NEPTUNE, and we want no compromises just now, on land or sea. But iron is a great 'institution,' and this is an 'iron age.' Did you ever rise from your desk with a *brain-ache*, and plunge aplomb into the labyrinths of HORATIO ALLEN's 'Novelty Works?' And were you piloted through that immense establishment by that great, strong man, who has imbibed the æsthetics of iron for years, until his whole system has become so 'tinctured,' that he do n't need any of the 'pothecary's stuff? Then you probably got rid of your brain-ache, and came away with a head-ache, occasioned by the volume of sound entering the tympanum; a thing to be speedily gotten rid of, and not in the least dangerous, as is an overplus of ideas, like what the redoubtable MACE SLOPER is troubled with. It's a chronic complaint with him, and he never will get rid of it unless he goes to sea. But the change did you good, no doubt. Ideas are like the measles — you're safe so long as they *come out*, but if they once *strike in*, you're a goner, and all the 'pothecary stuff in Gotham can't save you. To me there is something strangely fascinating in iron casting. Listen! the 'Song of the Forge:'

'Clang! clang! the massive anvils ring —
Clang! clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky
The mighty blows still multiply;
Clang! clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

'Clang! clang! we forge the coulter now —
The coulter of the kindly plough;
Sweet MARY, mother, bless our toil;
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil.

'Clang! clang! again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink! clank! we forge the GIANT CHAIN
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

'Hurrah! cling! clang! once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?

'Cling! clang! a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the SWORD.

'The sword! a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then!

'Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight;
Whether in some wild mountain-pass,
As that, where fell LEONIDAS;

'Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or 'mid fierce crags and bustling rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide;
Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
*In Liberty — when men do stand
For justice and their native land —*
Then HEAVEN bless the SWORD.'

'HEAVEN bless our swords, and give them victory! I've a mind to turn Union privateer: on reflection, I think I will; so you may consider this my 'last will and testament,' and lodge it safely in the Recorder's Office in the rear of the City Hall. But the 'Stormy Petrel' will never strike to a secession flag, of that you may be sure. How beautifully LONGFELLOW sings of the 'Building of the Ship':

'BUILD her straight, O worthy master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!'

POOR LONGFELLOW! he has met with a cross-sea on life's voyage, and takes it heavily! Will he ever launch any more such taut craft as the 'Psalm of Life'? I think so: there is something holy in sorrow which elevates while it chastens the heart. I verily believe his best song is yet to come. I have great faith in mankind just now, and great faith in my yacht: she'll out-sail any craft in these waters; but every bonnie laddie thinks his pibroch sounds the sweetest; every school-boy thinks his willow-whistle the loudest, and every Yankee boasts that his jack-knife is the sharpest, and it ought to be. 'He leaves no stone unturned' till he has whet it, at least WHITTIER says so; and the Yankee boys have sharpened up their 'knives' pretty well for the struggle. *I'm proud of our Yankee Cousins!* I said my muse never inspired me aboard a fire-eater; you need n't infer from that she ever inspires me very highly any where, though I've trolled some sea-songs of my own in days 'lang syne.' I'm the same plain, blunt, old-fashioned tar you used to know years ago; have seen something of the world, and picked up fun wherever I found it, East, West, North and South, though there are but few of the 'jolly' craft afloat just now, either North or South.

'Look yonder! Here have we been bowling along in a stiff breeze, losing the best of the scenery while I have been moralizing — not in the fine vein of HAMLET over the lawyer's skull, or what might have been a lawyer's, but nevertheless moralizing. But,

'look away!' The distant woodlands of the interior, the clustering hamlets, the pearly strand, the sea-gulls taking their last flight, hovering closer and closer to the waves, till their silvery wings glitter in the spray, kissing the sea affectionately, like truant sailor-boys I wot of, bidding their mother a long good-night. Aground again, by JOVE! — not the yacht, but *me*. As I'm a man, I'm shedding tears! I was thinking of *my mother* and her '*long good-night*.'

My mother's hand — it comes before me now,
That pallid hand, and rests upon my brow;
The first to stroke the wavelets of my hair;
The first to bless me at the rite of prayer:
That cherished hand it rests upon my brow:
O angel Mother! dost thou watch me now?

I believe we old salts think a vast deal more of our mothers than the world gives us credit for. Heaven, air, and what little of earth we catch a glimpse of, conspire in sending our souls dancing hornpipes on the main-deck of terrestrial bliss. The fragrant puff of a superb Havana wafts your remaining senses to the regions of sublime forgetfulness; but if I had some of MACE SLOPER's famous 'Turkish recipe,' I'd 'color my meerschaum.' Our material casket, or, in artistic terms, our physique, is swaying in a Chilian hammock, rocked, as the primeval Ojibiwah cradles were, 'on the tree-top.' Huzza! wind's freshening up; most too much of a good thing:

'WHEN the wind blows the cradle will fall,
And down come Chilian hammock and all!'

Cigar's out with that lullaby: what will you take?

We'll pledge OUR NAVY! shades of commodores glorious,
The STARS and STRIPES yet wave o'er us victorious!

Feel better? We cast a deep, sombre shadow to starboard; the silvery waves come tossing up like pearl-wreaths; while here and there

'The dolphin bares his back of gold,'

and replunging into his native element, leaves in his wake a luminous track of translucent gold-bubbles, (equal in value to the famous 'Mississippi Bubble,') that glitter in the dim twilight like phosphorescent pyrotechnics, or the fire-works in the City-Hall Park on Fourth of July night.

NIGHT, in her azure robe, falls down,
With myriad diamonds in her crown;
Night, with her calm, majestic mien,
And brow benignant, pure, serene;
Dim, holy Night falls softly down,
The dew-drops pendent from her crown.

Upon her bosom Sleep is laid —
The lethe of Plutonian shade;
And pallid Death is nestled there,
Like an 'unopened daisy' fair:
Though veiled his brow and swathed his form,
There lurks the seraph, not the worm.

That is a Scandinavian myth, felicitously embodied by CARL MULLER. I like both the myth and the statuette, though I don't exactly fancy it for the figure-head of a yacht; but there is something holy in Night, and this expresses it. Night was sent us for inspiration: the poet dreams bright dreams under her wing; the maiden, of love and hope; the statesmen, of his country; the warrior, of victory and glory; the sailor, of glorious fights and glorious prizes; and I dream of sinking the whole of that confounded Southern navy; and yet—

A wondrous dream is floating in my mind,
As floats the bark on ocean's fitful phase;
A marvellous vision wraps mine eye-sight blind,
The wondrous works and deeds of other days.

A hundred sail are round me far and near,
A hundred sail are whitening all the water;
A hundred chase a single privateer!
She's 'thar,' and yet the lubbers have n't caught her!

Where are the glorious tars of other days,
Whose lightning drove Britannia from the ocean?
Say! shall the 'Petrel' leave her peaceful 'ways,'
And show you all a 'Yankee Doodle notion'?

Elegiac, is n't it? But its rank treason, and won't do. I wonder if I can't whistle up another tune. I'll rip out a roaring psalm to the author of the 'Revelations,' and say all he has to say in 'short metre.' Here goes:

Fill high the chalice to rosy breath!
Fill high the chalice to pallid death!
Who finches to toss life's chalice high,
Will finch at the grave and fear to die.

Fill high the chalice to joy and wo!
Fill high the chalice, we'll drain it low:
Ho! brim the chalice, we'll top it high;
Who finches at life, will fear to die.

Fill high the chalice to love and strife!
Fill high the chalice to death and life!
Fill high the chalice, and brim it o'er:
Brothers! we hail the Plutonian shore!

Addio!

Ever truly,

SEA FOAM.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Once there was a chap who waited on us one cold morning, with a bundle of MSS. of various kinds, with which he desired to regale the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. He had the Scottish cast of countenance, and had been, he informed us, for several years a writer for the *Edinburgh Review*, and 'believed we would find his articles acceptable.' He seemed modest and looked 'seedy' and needy, but not remarkably intelligent. Still, thought we, his outward form is, after all, but his 'husk or shrine,' and although he lacks big speech and an imperative presence, he may have a 'mind that makes the body rich.' And reasoning thus, we accepted a 'solid article.' Solid enough we found it! Heavy writing was evidently his forte. There was a dulness, an ultra 'sobriety of tone' about it, that would have suited the taste of the drained and parchment intellects, who sometimes tender us gratuitous counsel, touching the proper conduct of a magazine like ours. We returned the MS. to the author, at the desk, and desired him to leave us a light article instead. He soon inclosed us one in a letter, remarkable for its dingy brimstone hue and odor, and its elaborate clumsiness of foldure. What a tale it was! Words can scarcely tell how feeble in invention, how puerile, diffuse, and artful; interlarded, at briefest intervals, in the bombastic style of a stage-struck 'prentice, with dramatic misquotations misapplied. GEOFFREY CRAYON tells us that he readily swallowed the story of the red-wigged landlady

of the Red-Horse Inn, at Stratford-on-Avon; that she was a relative of SHAKESPEARE, until, in proof that his great genius ran in the family, she placed in his hands a ms. play of her own, which soon set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance. Our case was not dissimilar; and when, by appointment on the following morning, we met our contributor, and returned to him his ms., we ventured to inquire, specifically, *what it was* he had written for the *Edinburgh Review*. He blushed to the very tip of his nose, an intellectual rudder of most portentous amplitude, and affected to cover his chagrin with the lack smile of a sick hyena, as he stammered out: '*I made out the index for several quarters!*' But nothing daunted by this confession, he proceeded to add: 'I have a ms. play, written in this country, which I should be pleased to have you purchase from me. I sent it to Mr. SIMPSON of the Park, but he returned it the next day, with a cold note of two lines, saying that it would n't do; or words to that effect. That, however, was because it was not an *acting* play: it is more for the closet, and you find it will read well in print. It was composed in two nights, after the model of the 'Sea-Serpent,' which had so long a run. I call it '*The North River; or The Last Run of Shad.*' Would you like to — We bowed the literary worthy out, calling to mind, as he disappeared in the street, an undoubted specimen of his writings in the *Edinburgh Review*. It ran thus: 'Great mind — Mr. CURRAN — 188.' Toward the bottom of this page, when sought out, was found recorded: 'Mr. CURRAN said he had a *great mind* to kick the intruder from his door.' - - - TWENTY-SIX years ago the eloquent author of a series of papers in the KNICKERBOCKER, under the title of 'Our Country,' closed his last paper in these burning, patriotic words: 'As we grow in our growth and strengthen in our strength, we will build upon the foundations which our fathers left us. We will rear the fabric of FREE GOVERNMENT to the skies. We will adorn and embellish it, and make it beautiful in the eyes of all men. We will kindle such a light on the American shore as shall illuminate the earth. Imagination, even, cannot picture the destiny that awaits us, *if we preserve our Liberty and our Union*. God has promised us a renowned existence, if we will but deserve it. He speaks this promise in the sublimity of nature. It resounds all along the crags of the Alleghanias. It is uttered in thunder at Niagara. It is heard in the roar of two oceans, from the great Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy. His finger has written it in the broad expanse of our inland seas, and traced it out by the mighty Father of Waters. The august Temple in which we dwell was built for lofty purposes. Oh! that we may consecrate it to Liberty and Concord, and be found fit worshippers within its holy halls!' This beautiful passage was recalled to our mind, by reading the superb lines, '*Not Yet*,' written by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT for the '*Ledger*' weekly journal. The fifth verse, especially, possesses a kindred spirit and imagery:

'O COUNTRY! marvel of the earth!
O realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No, land of hope and blessing, no!

'And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

'And they who founded in our land
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

'Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear —
For scornful hands aside to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, no!

'Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain-crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

'Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings shall rise and say:
'Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, brought low?'
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

'For now, behold, the arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save —
That mighty arm which none can stay —
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!'

Compare these noble lines, so full of glowing, patriotic ardor, with the thousand-and-one pumped-up 'poems' to which our national troubles have given rise, and cherish the 'true coin.' - - - The incident recorded in one of the daily journals, of a subordinate officer, during the battle at Bull Run, having been found almost in the heat of the engagement, skulking behind a pile of logs, brings to mind an incident mentioned to us several years ago in Troy, in presence of General Wool, by our departed friend, G. R. —: the same, let us add, who gave to us the beautiful and most touching letter from his departed wife, found in a favorite volume, after her death, and by whose side he now sleeps, until the fires of the resurrection morning shall glimmer in the horizon. The incident was derived by the narrator from his father; and the scene, if we remember rightly, was in the neighborhood of New-London, Connecticut. One morning, when an attack from the other side of the river was momentarily expected, a patriotic band suddenly missed its commanding officer. *Here* was a 'situation!' The firing had already commenced from over the water, and the 'body' of troops was without a 'head.' A sub-officer was dispatched to discover the whereabouts of his missing superior. Going down the meadow-like lawn in search of him, he chanced every now and then

to see, bobbing up and down mysteriously, something which looked like a ball. Approaching the object, what was his surprise to find, in a deep hole in the ground, the body of his superior officer; and his *head* was the *ball* which had bobbed up with every fire from the other side! 'Why, what on airth are you doing *here*, Captain? Why are you not at the head of your company?' 'Oh! you go to grass!' said the brave commander: 'this is *my* hole: I dug it last night: if you want one, go and dig it for yourself, as *I* did!' His 'second' left him in disgust, and reported accordingly. Like our troops at Bladensburg, for whom the guide over the battle-ground apologized: 'Somehow or 'nother, he didn't seem to take no interest!' - - - '*Gleanings: Moments gathered Here and There, and their Results*,' is the modest title of a beautifully-bound manuscript quarto volume, in the clear and neat 'hand-of-write' of our old friend and correspondent, GEORGE C. MORGAN. Each page is surrounded by delicate and graceful rainbow-lines, and the vari-colored illuminated headings and richly-ornamented initial-letters are not surpassed by any thing of a kindred description which we ever encountered in the most luxuriously-printed volume. But the most marked feature of the volume are several superb drawings, by Mr. MORGAN's son — elaborate paintings we might call them, if they were not simply exquisite pencil-sketches — which would do honor to the finest annual that ever was printed. The landscapes are truly delicious; the compositions, in figures and their disposition, graceful and forcible; and the whole informed with a most pleasing imagination and truthfulness. Indeed, exactly reproduced, these '*Gleanings*' would make a present for the holidays which could hardly be surpassed: and if 'the times' were other than they are, there can be no doubt that the 'venture' would be made by some one of our eminent publishers. Those of our readers who remember the delightful papers in the KNICKERBOCKER upon 'The Bobolink,' by Mr. MORGAN, will not need to be informed that the literary merits of the book are in keeping with its external and artistic execution. The contents are various in kind; some portions being humorous, others meditative and nature-loving; and othersome solemn and monitory; but all *good*. 'The Dead of Trinity Church-yard,' we learn, will be the title of a similar work, which is already in a forward state of preparation. - - - THERE is a way of doing a kindness, or extending a courtesy, in a manner so winning and so graceful, that it well-nigh equals the kindness itself; at least, such was our first thought the other evening, while looking at two very fine and life-like portraits of Mr. and Mrs. MILLARD FILLMORE. They were copies in oil, by LOUP, of two excellent large photographs, which were sent as a present to Mrs. SAMUEL HALLETT, wife of an old friend and too infrequent correspondent, in acknowledgment of a superb gift of flowers, which had graced the table of the lady of the ex-President on last New-Year's day. We shall be pardoned for quoting a passage from the note of Mrs. FILLMORE, which accompanied the photographs: 'I was equally surprised and delighted, my dear Mrs. HALLETT, on New-Year's morn to receive from you, by express, the most magnificent basket of flowers I ever saw. I immediately installed it upon my centre-table, where it stood all day, the admiration of every one that called. It was, indeed, so splendid, that it seemed to me that the remembrance of it should be perpetuated, and not be suffered

to perish with the fragrance it diffused. I have, therefore, had it photographed, standing by my side, as you will see by the likeness of myself and Mr. FILLMORE, which I inclose, and which I beg of you to accept, together with my sincere thanks, as a slight testimony of my appreciation of your kindness.' An equally delicate sense of propriety and grace caused the transfer, in brilliant colors, of the beautiful bouquet to the re-rendering of the photographs. Apropos of paintings: our friend possesses two pictures, which are perfect gems of art. The one is an exquisite *View on the Housatonic*, by J. A. HART. In the foliage, the water, the figures, the aerial perspective, it has few equals among the works of our modern artists. HART is COLE's successor in America, and his animals would do no discredit to the pencil of PAUL POTTER, or the great Brothers BORN. The other picture is *An Iceberg*, by CHURCH; one of the finished studies for his great Arctic picture, recently exhibited. Alone by itself, in that silent sea, in its green grandeur, tinted by the fading hues of the sun, it is the very image and symbol of sublimity! - - - HERE is the celebrated gastronomer DE LA REYNIÈRE's recipe for what he styles *Un Rôti sans Pareil*, and which is probably as yet the highest achievement of cookery: 'Stuff a fine large olive with capers and *filets d'anchois*; then place the olive inside the body of a fig-picker, from which you cut the head and feet; then inclose the fig-picker in the body of a plump ortolan, neatly dressed; then insert the ortolan in the body of a fat lark, from which you dissect the principal bones; then cover the lark with a thin slice of lard, and put it into the body of a thrush; which having in like manner dissected, you stuff inside a fat and juicy quail, (a wild one preferred,) which you should cover with a vine leaf, and insert in the body of a lap-wing; which is boned and trussed, and inserted in the body of a golden plover; which in its turn is covered with lard and inclosed in a young woodcock; having rolled this in grated bread-crumbs, place it in the body of a neatly-prepared teal; which put into the body of a guinea-hen; which secrete in the body of a young wild-duck; which encage in the body of a chicken; which conceal inside of a young and carefully-selected pheasant; which entomb in the body of a young and fat goose, (wild of course,) which insert in the body of a very fine hen-turkey; which finally inclose in the body of an outarde, (a species of wild-turkey,) or a young swan; and fill the interstices with Lucca chestnuts, forced meat, and a savory stuffing. Having thus prepared the roast, put it into a pot sufficiently large, with onions, cloves, carrots, chopped ham, celery, a bouquet of parsley and thyme, mignonette, several slices of salt-pork well salted, pepper, salt, fine spices, coriander-seeds, and one or two sprigs of garlic. Then seal this pot hermetically with a strip of paste or clay; place it on a slow fire where the heat will penetrate it gradually, and let it remain twenty-four hours. Then uncover it, skim it if necessary, and serve it on a hot dish. The juices of so many different fowls amalgamated thoroughly by this slow process, and their different principles becoming so identified with each other by this close connection; gives to this unequalled dish a wonderful flavor, in which are combined the quintessence of the poultry-yard, the marsh, the plain, and the forest. - - - 'TWENTY-SEVEN years ago,' writes the author of the ensuing lines, 'three young men, one a Spaniard, one an

Englishman of noble descent, and one a Yankee from Massachusetts, fell into each other's company, travelling West. They 'cottoned' to each other and kept together a long time. One summer evening, in the latter part of June, they sat on the banks of the Ohio river, near Cincinnati, and spoke of Spain and England, and the future of America. The Englishman died in India; the Spaniard is an officer in the army of Queen ISABELLA; and the Yankee lives, loyal to the stars and stripes. The matter being thus explained, it is for you to print or not to print the rhymes.' We print:

'On the banks of the Ohio,
Many a year has passed away,
Since a hopeful, laughing trio
Sate there on a summer day.

'They had met, three youthful strangers,
Wandering toward the setting sun,
Full of life, free forest-rangers,
And they travelled, three like one.

'CLARE,' the tallest, was a scion
Of a race whose haughty peers
Once rode mailed with CŒUR DE LION,
Fought at Cressy and Poitiers.

'Young 'BAROLO's' broad sombrero,
Dark moustache, and lisp of Cadiz,
Spoke the land of the bolero,
Bull-fights, love, and Spanish ladies.

'And the smallest of the trio
Was a Puritan by birth,
Yankee, looking through Ohio,
Looking through the whole wide earth.

'Skiff and broad-horn, flat and keel,
Rocked upon the quiet river,
Where the steamer's paddle-wheel
Left an undulating quiver.

'And the *three* sat on the bank,
Watching the declining sun,
Till the last faint day-beam sank,
And the stars came, one by one.

'Then the *two* spoke words of pride,
Of the glories of old Spain,
And the Island Empire wide,
Whose red flag ruled all the main.

'But the *other* pointed West;

All his soul shone in his eyes:
'Where that sun has sunk to rest,
Shall my country's future rise;

'Realms beyond Pizarro's dream,
Wait our freedom and our law:

On our radiant flag shall gleam
Stars that England never saw.'

'Many years have passed and gone
Since that summer evening fair:
And an Indian palm-tree lone
Waves above the grave of 'CLARE.'

'And 'BAROLO,' in Madrid,
Sips his glass of Xeres old,
Or, if ISABELLA bid,
Draws his sword and yields his gold.

'And the Yankee, who in youth
Prophesied his country's story,
Does he live and keep his truth,
Faithful to his country's glory?

'He was of that steadfast breed
Who for freedom, right and law,
Caseless toil, and freely bleed
In the foremost ranks of war.

'Still his country's flag of truth
Is the banner of his pride,
Still his heart as in his youth,
Beats high on his country's side.

'Not Iberia, Albion, Gaul,
Give us kindly deeds or words;
Fearless, we commit our all
To our loyal hearts and swords.

'Shall that river, in its might,
Still flow free to tropic clime,
Shall those stars in union bright,
Guide our children through all time?

'Answer, from Ohio's banks,
Answer, from the Gate of Gold,
On the traitors wheel your ranks,
With your fathers' flag of old.

'ALL those stars again shall shine
Over land and over sea,
And the light of peace divine
Gild the banner of the free.

G. T. M.

'Cincinnati, Ohio, July 4th, 1861.'

And 'Amen!' say we. - - - A SHORT time ago a new Catholic church was 'started' in our little village of Piermont-on-the-Hudson. It is now finished; and a large and commodious edifice it is: capable of seating one thousand worshippers. We had the pleasure to be present at the opening of the church for the first time; although it is not as yet consecrated by the very reverend Archbishop HUGHES — an event, however, which is soon to be

consummated. The first sermon preached in the church was by the Rev. H. T. BRADY, pastor of St. ANNE's Church, in Astor-Place, who was present by invitation of the esteemed resident-pastor, the Rev. JOHN QUINN. It was an exceedingly interesting and beautiful discourse. The text of the sermon was from the tenth chapter of St. PAUL to the Hebrews; and, so far as we remember, these are some of the thoughts and words of the eloquent speaker. He said: This was not the first time he had the honor and pleasure of addressing the Catholics of Piermont, and they would not be surprised to hear him say that on that occasion his pride and pleasure were alike heightened by the circumstance of his being the first to preach from the sanctuary of the new church. For this he owed their respected pastor a debt of gratitude of which he would not be unmindful. Long may he reign among them, while they would be his people, faithful in CHRIST, and he would be their pastor, ministering to them the sacraments of their holy religion, the *media* of grace and salvation to their souls. He hoped the Rev. Mr. QUINN would not take it amiss if he reiterated the warm words of well-deserved gratitude through which he conveyed to him his high appreciation of their generosity and Christian charity in aiding him to erect such a handsome and spacious edifice to the glory of the only true God. Two facts only he would mention in proof of this. First: That their benevolence excluded the necessity thus far of his calling at a single house for a promised donation. Secondly: That, notwithstanding the advanced condition of the church, he was not obliged to leave the boundaries of his own parish to ask for a single dollar; and he would say, on his own responsibility, that if they would continue to exert themselves during the *Fair* which the ladies of the parish were now holding at the old church, for the benefit of the new, they would leave it in an easy manner for the present, and at the same time sustain the high eulogium already pronounced upon them.* That he might not lose too much time passing compliments upon them and their devoted pastor, he would now leave them to their 'mutual admiration,' and at once pass on to the subject of his discourse. Before doing so, however, he begged to be permitted to say one word for himself, namely: He owed them an apology for coming so far on that happy day and important occasion, to address them with very little preparation. He knew, however, where he was coming to, and felt that little reflection was needed, when he thought of the majestic river and broad bay which stretched out at his back, and fanned the altar with their genial breeze; again his delighted eye ran from the base to the summit of yonder cedar-hill which loomed up before him, whose luxuriant trees nodded their green plumes in admiration of the glorious work they achieved; and which, from the position he then occupied, one would think lifted its haughty head aloft to kiss the arched lips of the blue vault above, teaching us that earth, after all, was not so far from heaven, and that if they persevere in their efforts to ascend the rugged steep, they would ultimately reach its imperial dome.

Mr. BRADY then proceeded to say that the fraction of St. PAUL's epistle to the Hebrews, which he read, suggested a subject at once interesting and sub-

* Over fifteen hundred dollars were realized from the Fair.

time; that it was evidently the intention of the Apostle in that letter to establish the superiority of the Christian priesthood over the Levitical, and of the sacrifice of Calvary over all the Jewish oblations. The congregation might well feel proud of having erected a temple and built an altar whereon the only Son of the Most High God, the reality of every figure, would be immolated and slain for the sins of the people. That in that sanctuary the sacraments of the church would be administered to thousands yet unborn. There the child would be washed from the stain of original sin in the waters of baptism, receive the rich inheritance of faith, and obtain a right to heaven; there he would also be confirmed in that same faith, and sent forth a soldier of CHRIST to fight courageously the battles of the LORD. At the railing of that sanctuary, they would eat of the Bread of Life, and partake of that great Sacrament of the Eucharist, around which all the other sacraments revolved like so many satellites around their planet. But he did not intend to speak of the Eucharist as a sacrament; he would rather call their attention to it as a sacrifice consummated on Calvary, and perpetuated upon our altars, comprising every other sacrifice, and not to be succeeded by any other, more sublime or more perfect. Religion, he said, was an homage which united the creature with the CREATOR, man to God; and made him refer himself and all his actions to His greater honor and glory; that religion achieved this great object chiefly by sacrifice, which was an external oblation made to God, by which His sovereignty over whatever was created was acknowledged. The law of nature, he said, first inculcated the necessity of sacrifice, and from Holy Writ, instanced the examples of CAIN who offered the first-fruits of the earth, and ABEL the firstlings of his flock. The first act of religious worship which NOAH performed after he left the ark was, to offer sacrifice to the LORD, of all cattles and fowls that were clean. He then showed in what consisted external sacrifice, and for what ends it was offered; that all the sacrifices of the ancient dispensation, although ordained by the divine command, were but empty figures, and derived all their force from the faith of those who offered them; who had in view the divine VICTIM which alone could take away the sins of the world. Having spoken for three quarters of an hour on this beautiful subject, he closed by summing up all he had said; and exhorting his audience to a due appreciation of this great sacrifice, the only sacrifice through which the anger of God was appeased, and sin remitted; to assist as often as possible the holy sacrifice of the MASS, wherein the death, the resurrection, and glorious ascension of CHRIST were daily renewed; that long after that congregation should have passed away, their children's children would offer up the prayers of grateful hearts for the blessing which they bequeathed to them in the erection of that beautiful church. We know not how far we have preserved the words of the eloquent speaker; but we think we present his thoughts; regretting only that we can not give his silvery voice, and exhibit to the reader his calm self-possession, and the natural grace of his manner and gestures. - - - Our many-years' admirer is welcome, yes, welcome to call again. As is proved by the following legal epistle:

'DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: I have been for many years a reader and admirer of the KNICKERBOCKER, and have observed many professional anecdotes in its incomparable

'Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.' Here are two legal 'screeds,' which you are at liberty to throw into the fire if you find them unworthy of a place at your 'Table.'

'CHARLES WANNAMACKER, who lives, or lived, some years since, in a western county in Wisconsin, had his goods attached in another western county of the same State, upon the ground that *he was a foreign corporation*. JOE MILLS, as he is called in this region, an eccentric but able and learned lawyer, was speedily summoned to the aid of his friend and client CHARLIE. He found the case pending before a Justice of the Peace, who was also a school-master of more than ordinary pretensions to erudition. JOE moved to dismiss the attachment, and in support of his motion, urged every reason he could think of why CHARLIE WANNAMACKER should not be adjudged to be a foreign corporation. When he had concluded his argument, the Justice, who was surrounded by his admirers, in a tone of bland triumph, thus delivered 'the opinion of the Court:'

'Mr. MILLS, you have some reputation for classical knowledge; let me call your attention to the derivation of this term 'corporation.' It is undoubtedly derived from the Latin substantive 'corpus'—a body.' Here the learned Justice put the aforesaid Latin substantive through all the variations necessary to run it into the English word corporation, and concluded: 'So you see, Mr. MILLS, from the etymology of the word, that a corporation must be the body of a man, and not a body of men, as you have been contending—with great force and ingenuity, I admit. As to the word 'foreign'—I understand from the Revised Statutes that the jurisdiction of a Justice of the Peace is limited to his county. All beyond the county-lines is *terra incognita* to him, and, legally speaking, in a foreign jurisdiction. I shall be obliged to hold that Mr. WANNAMACKER is a foreign corporation, and sustain the attachment' Whereupon the learned Justice closed his docket with the air of an old bird who was not to be caught with chaff.'

'HON. JAMES H. KNOWLTON, one of our most eminent Western advocates, met with the following perplexing adventure in his early practice in Wisconsin:

'A stranger came into his office and abruptly informed him that his wife had deserted him, and wished to have her replevied at once. KNOWLTON told him that that remedy would not meet his case exactly, and went on to inform him that if he would be patient until the desertion had continued one year, he could obtain a divorce. The stranger said he did not know that he wanted a divorce. What he mostly feared was that his wife would run him in debt all over the country.

'In that case,' said KNOWLTON, 'you had better post her.'

'What his client understood him to mean by posting, remains a mystery to this day. He said, in a meditative way, that he did n't know where she had gone, and beside, that she was fully as strong as he was, and he did n't believe he *could* post her, even if he knew where to find her.

'KNOWLTON hastened to inform him that by posting his wife he meant putting a notice in a newspaper, saying: 'Whereas my wife ELLEN has left my bed and board without any just —'

'But that an't true,' interrupted the client—'that an't true. She did n't leave my bed—*she took it away with her.*'

'Law is a cu'ros thing.' Perhaps the gentleman in question held the same view of 'posting' as a certain Irishman once did. 'You must post him first, PAT.' 'Bedad yis, it's mesilf can do that thing. But if I have n't a post handy to bate him wid, *would n't a fence-rail do, yer honor?*' Our correspondent must speak often unto us.

LADIES who write bold and manly hands will confer a favor, when writing to 'KNICK,' to give us at least their first name, if not 'Miss' or 'Mrs.,' as some indication of their 'sects.' Otherwise, mistakes *will* occur; 'for instinct.'

— — — Co., Pa.

'DEAR KNICK: 'A. M ———, Esq.,' wears a bonnet, and was surprised, yea, mortified, to find — herself Miss-taken for a man! Upon my life, KNICK, if I *were* a man, and could n't write better verses than those which you return to me, I would — dig potatoes!

Yours, with respect,

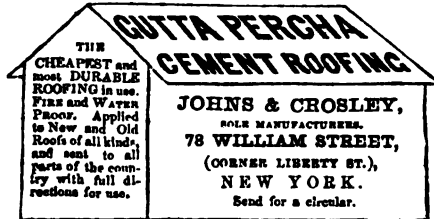
ANNIE M ———,

ANNIE, us seemeth, is a 'brick.' If not destined to 'chorus-skate' as a poetess, she is evidently 'bound to shine' as a vigorous stoic in prose. Go thou, and do likewise! - - - THE *North British Review* says: 'The humor of HAWTHORNE is a singular flower to find on American soil. As LOWELL sings of him:

'THERE is HAWTHORNE, with genius so shinking and rare,
That you hardly, at first, see the strength that is there,
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet.
'T is as if a rough oak, that for ages had stood,
With his gnarled, bony branches, like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone, trembly and rathe.'

He is a humorist for the fastidious few; not for the multitude. As a satirist, his weapon does not make great gaping flesh wounds; it is too ethereal in temper. Nor does he mockingly offer the sponge dipped in gall and vinegar. He is a kindly, smiling satirist. But his smile often goes deeper than loud laughter. He is one of the tenderest-hearted men that ever made humor more piquant with the pungency of satire. There is a side of sombre shadow to his nature which sets forth the bright felicities of a subtle insight with a more shining richness. He has a weird imagination, which at will can visit the border-land of flesh and spirit, whence breathe the creeping airs that thrill with fearful fascination. His mirth is grave with sweet thoughts; the very poetry of humor is to be found in his pages, with an aroma fine as the sweet-briar's fragrance.' - - - It is now some fifteen years since HENRY INMAN, one of the most distinguished artists of this country, passed away. His funeral was marked by every token of respect; he was mourned with sincerity, and he is remembered with affection, and yet his grave has been without a suitable monument to his memory. His remains were recently removed to the beautiful Hazelwood Cemetery, at Rahway, New-Jersey, and a movement is about to be made to obtain, by subscription, a fitting sum to be appropriated to the erection of a monument, inscribed with such an epitaph as his fame demands. Too long already has the mortal part of this genius been allowed to remain in obscurity, and almost unrecognized. His grave and his name have alike been suffered to fall into neglect. Let it be so no longer. HENRY INMAN, unlike many men of genius, was appreciated and recognized during his life-time; and it would be a disgrace and a shame if his brother-artists failed to revere and commemorate his memory.

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The Knickerbocker for 1861.

THE largely increased circulation of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, and the universal approval it has met with from the reading public, encourage the Publisher to make further improvements in the current volume. In addition to articles on general literature, from the many eminent writers who now contribute regularly to it, its future numbers will contain articles in relation to

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from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

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THE

OCTOBER,

1861.

Snickerboppers



OR

NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



New-York :

J. R. GILMORE, 5 BEEKMAN STREET,

FORWARD FOR THE PROPRIETORS

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BOSTON: A. WILLIAMS & CO., J. J. DYER & CO.

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1875, Nov. 19.
Subscription Fund.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LVIII.

OCTOBER, 1861.

No. 4.

WORDS TO THE WEST.

BY CHARLES GODFREY IRLAND.

I PROPOSE in the present article to address a few words to all the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, but more especially to those of the West—the last and most glorious link in the brightening belt of freedom—on the necessity of an early study of the objects and aim of the present struggle.

‘The proper conduct of the war’ is, beyond question, the great topic of the day. Not only does nearly every journal, but well-nigh every individual propound pet theories of marching, counter-marching, feeding and clothing troops, and demonstrate entirely to self-satisfaction how much more it or he knows than the War or Navy Departments, and how much better it or he could manage the great conflict of the age. And as this is a Republic wherein every voice may be somewhere heard, if only pitched high enough, they grumble right fiercely—the Expert and the Ignoramus together—some hoping to frighten the Departments in particular and the Administration in general, into grinding axes for them, while others are led on by mere vanity or the hope of leading.

The disaster at Bull Run did teach, or might, could, would and should have taught our Public in detail that there is such a thing as over-driving a willing horse, and asking for more a little too much. Like Pharaoh, Public required of an over-tasked government that it should make the bricks of an army without the straw of discipline; and when the straw was provided, as by a miracle, it went a step further and exacted that it should be spun, as in the fairy tale, to the fine gold of a victory. The battle was lost; but the Grumblers and secessionists are not yet silent. In the face of the fact that the Departments have distinguished themselves by miracles of energy, and that all, according to the standard of history, is really doing quite as well as *should* be expected under such extraordinary circumstances, we still find an endless criticism of *details*—an inexhaustible appetite for fault-finding in small matters which have an indirect, and only an indirect, reference to what is the Public's

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real business and duty—I mean the *great* aim and object of the war. There is too much travelling out of the record. Let the reader depend upon it, that the practical details of the war will be well carried out, and that Government will behave well enough if the People will only stick to their greatly neglected business of keeping in view and comprehending the main principles involved in this struggle. Here is the thing to be at all times insisted on, that the great object and the *inevitable facts and results* shall be continually before the American people. War is the time for great, generous and noble ideas; it is during such storms and agitations, if ever, that humanity takes in a fresh supply of that moral oxygen which enables it to respire more freely and advance more energetically in the great life of social progress. If we think that the object of the war is merely to conquer and be done with it, it is a pity that we did not at first compromise on any terms. If this tremendous struggle which it has taken well-nigh a century to form, and which—as it seems to me—involves the solution of the greatest problem of history and of humanity—be, after all, only an accidental and temporary impediment to the stream, to be removed as soon as possible; why, then, it is to be indeed repented that we did not give in from the first and settle down to our ‘hog and hominy;’ to obeying the South as we were wont to do, and to renouncing all pestilent heresies and ideas of progress!

It is not to our discredit, nor is it to be regretted that we are a nation of mechanics and shop-keepers, for the ultimate tendency of the action of capital and labor is to advance humanity. The path to the Art and Poetry of the Future is even now being measured out with the yard-stick. But it would be truly wretched if we were so elaborately shop-keepered into living only for petty particulars that we cannot see in this war a stupendous, all-demanding faith, a something in which we are to BELIEVE with full heart and soul, and in which we are to stake our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

We hear it frequently repeated that discipline is all-essential to the army, but it does not seem to occur to our quidnuncs and gossips that it is quite as necessary in times like these for the whole people. There are healthy influences at work—the innate business tendency of Anglo-Saxondom—which will in due time put the army and navy into an economical, practical and properly moving form; but there must be a substratum for it all, and this substratum is that moral support from the public which is derived from the discipline of constantly keeping in view the *object* of the war. When we remember that even in European countries, which maintain standing armies, and expend from four and a half to five per cent of their whole capital on them, it requires many months to get a war ‘fairly to working,’ fairness and manly truth should compel us to admire the energy with which Government has so far acted. When we see that the only triumph thus far of Outside Pressure has resulted in a Bull Run, we may very properly distrust the wisdom by which Outside Pressure is guided. ‘Every boor can find fault,’ says a German proverb, ‘but it would be hard work for him to do better.’ But there is a direction in which Outside Pressure may be most usefully employed—I mean in urging all the strength of the public mind into mastering the inevitable facts and truths involved in this great struggle of the Northern and Southern divisions of the American people.

The most direct and practical object of this struggle is unquestionably the acquisition of a state which shall not be merely the *status quo ante bellum*, but one freed from the intolerable annoyances and draw-backs to which we were formerly subjected by our arrogant and ignorant Southern associates. And it requires but little reflection to perceive that this state of peace and progress, in harmony with the great social advances of Europe, can *never* be restored by compromise and by suffering the peaceful secession of the slave-holding States. A man could as soon live chained to a raving lunatic as our free North, banded by the shining belt of the Mississippi to the slave-holding South. Where we before felt the wind of insolent aggression, we should then have to bear without intermission the whirlwinds and tornadoes of outrage in every form. Let the reader imagine, if possible, *what* we should have to endure from such a neighbor flushed with the glory of a compromise triumph! Let him reflect on the injuries which could and would be inflicted on the 'cowardly and craven-Yankees.' Why, to kidnap us, to adopt *white* slavery, to make of every Southern port an Algiers, would not be so great an advance on their present social policy as *that* policy has advanced — or retrograded — from the position of Jefferson and Washington. Is this not so? In 1776 Henry Laurens of South-Carolina wrote to John Laurens, decrying the slave-trade as presenting 'a scene of meanness and complicated wickedness,' speaking of black slavery in the most direct terms of abhorrence, pointing out the absurdity of men's trusting in PROVIDENCE to secure their own liberty, 'while they enslave and wish to continue in slavery thousands who are as well entitled to freedom as themselves,' and avowing his determination to free his own slaves, valued at twenty thousand pounds sterling, and finally to devote himself in future to Abolition!* Let the reader contrast these views of the great men of the by-gone South with the devilish declarations of Davis that slavery is the recognized and only proper basis of society, the corner-stone of the Confederacy, and the thousand times repeated doctrines of the whole South, that there should and *must* be a deeply degraded, earth-sunken class of white society as a basis whereon the 'first families' are to rise in aristocratic beauty. And have not the acts of the whole South favored this atrocious theory? How many years is it since South-Carolina first established free schools; what have the 'wealthy, hospitable planters' and 'polished and humane aristocracy' of the cities ever done for their white poor? Is the difference between such a state of society and one holding white slaves so great as that between Jefferson Davis and Laurens! I indulge in no absurd fancy when I say that the kidnapping of Northerners, the abuse and robbery of them in every form would be a very slight advance on the practical application of the Davis doctrines. Do you cry 'Nonsense! absurdity!' Cry it then; but if you have entered on middle age, you can remember the time when you would have cried it in louder tones at the idea of proclaiming literal slavery as the fundamental idea of all society and aristocracy as its desirable culmination.

The idea of Compromise and of peaceable secession is an outrage on com-

* A South-Carolina Protest against Slavery; being a Letter from Henry Laurens, second President of the Continental Congress, &c. Now first published from the original. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM, 563 Broadway.

mon-sense, and an insult to the manhood of the whole American people. Those who have seen what the intolerable conduct of the South has been in the green tree, may imagine what would be done in the dry, when flushed with easy triumph, thanks to dough-face aid! The trouble which the Negro caused of old would be as nothing compared to what he would then cause. The worm which once gnawed at the heart of the people would become a fiery dragon of tyranny. No; there *shall* be no compromise, save on the basis of our unconditional triumph. None of this half-way truckling to the devil! Cost what it may, we must be victors. This is the one great aim to which the American people must be disciplined, even as their troops are disciplined. Less than war unto victory will be for us far worse than defeat. Our foe may dread a defeated and desperate enemy, but what will not Southern arrogance and vindictiveness inflict on a timid nation, conquered by compromise!

It is especially incumbent on the men of the West to study the result of this war, and to discipline their minds *en masse* to high and noble social aims to be connected with its result. For it is the West which is to form the great future AMERICA, and reflect on his Eastern mother the glory which her relationship once conferred on him. The whole cosmopolite power; the whole future dignity of the West among nations depends upon the transit life of the Mississippi, and its ultimate ocean freedom. The West may and will count its hundred millions — always to be brave and intelligent men, I *know* — but it will make a fearful difference in their social life and energy if at present and for years the Mississippi be choked up by Southern forts; if the Western men grow up under the feeling that a foe and an alien holds the key of the door between themselves and the wide world without. And the key *will* be held right tightly. Let a peace be compromised with so notoriously treacherous and avowedly tyrannical a race as the Southern, and their first step will be to choke off the West. For it is the mighty and free West which will always hang like a lowering thunder-cloud over them. 'Out of the North evil shall come forth!' *Væ cictis!* woe to the conquered, woe to the South whether it come out of this present war as victor or vanquished, in the great coming day when the West shall send down its countless armies to shatter the corrupt and weakened Slaveocracy! But unless the South be most effectually conquered *now*, she has it in her power, and will most assuredly inflict on the West such wounds as will never be entirely healed.

There is to me a glorious freshness, a superb life and strength in our splendid West, for which I feel an admiration and deep heart-love beyond all words. I see in it a growing wealth of thought, allied to unparalleled *action*; the marriage of intellectual to physical progressive power, such as poet never dreamed, or historian recorded. I have seen in it a readiness to grasp at all the new and liberal ideas of the age, and reduce them to practice, all in a genial, hearty, vigorous way, which has always been to me truly fascinating; while through the whole flashes out at all times the old Norse humor of the gods, who made fun while building a world. It is not for such a giant-land to be cramped by the yellow poison of the South. Men of the West! let there be no peace, no compromise, no 'arrangement' on any other basis than victory.

GARDEN RAMBLES IN SIAM.

BY A. B. MORSE.

IN a climate so hot and humid as that of Siam, (mean annual temperature, eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit,) vegetable life rejoices in perennial and surpassing luxuriance, variety and beauty. Unvisited by fell frost, icy blast, or arid wind, garden and field and wood are clad in living verdure. Toward the end of the dry season indeed, the leaves wear a tinge of brown and the grasses of straw, but a few showers, and all are fresh and green again. The change of leafage is little perceptible, the dying of the old and the unfolding of the new on most trees being simultaneous. Leaf, flower and fruit together, and in such wondrous variety and exuberance! Every where nature is prodigal; on mountain-peak and valley-bottom, in frequented street and by river-side, every where she spreads her gifts. If earth be too narrow, she goes up and decks the house-top and wall with shrub and vine: she climbs the trees, loading root, trunk and branch with epidendra and parasites, and leaps from top to top, festooning and arcading still forest-depths with vines, leaves and blossoms: she hangs in air the orchard's 'outlandish roots and marvellous flowers:' she goes into the streams and invades their muddy beds with fillibustering atap or mangrove; and upon the ponds, covering their calm waters with cress, lily and lotus; while down beneath the gulf she lays out vast parterres of curious sea-plants. The broad, alluvial river-valleys and most mountainous regions are densely covered with huge and lofty trees, and in many parts with a heavy, tangled, impenetrable under-growth. The districts under cultivation are of wonderful fertility, manifold rewarding the rude and indolent labors of the husbandman. Bangkok, the capital, seems dropped down amid a great forest of fruit-trees, shade-trees and vines. The extended fields trenched, ridged and planted, the orchards and vineyards of other lands, are here named 'Gardens.'

On the margin of the river-bend, which loving hearts called 'Garden Reach,' thickly screening from the too inquisitive gaze of the many passing boats the old bamboo house, which the same loving hearts called 'Home,' grew the *cocos nypas*. It is the chak of the Siamese, the atap (from the Malay word for thatch) of the European. A single stalk rising from the mud and tide to the height of eight or ten feet, with long dark green leaflets, close set, like the laminae of a feather, it is one of the humblest and yet most useful of the palms. The leaves separated from the common stalk, doubled and strung together by women and children on bamboo splits, in pieces two feet wide and one and a half long, form the water-proof roofing and siding of the bamboo houses. Resembling in color, when dry, corn leaves, costing less than two dollars per thousand, and lasting three or four years, they are a cheap and not unhandsome housing. A few steps, and we stand by the 'light, feathery, tree-like grass,' of which the wondering historians of Alexander's conquests first told the ancient West.

How gracefully, beautifully, the bamboo, with slender stalk and bright green spray sways to-and-fro with every passing breeze! Does it not remind you of the weeping willow in the farther West? This species grows in clumps or clusters (of fifteen or twenty stems) often ten or twelve feet in circumference and from thirty to fifty in height. From large, tough, inter-grown roots spring the smooth, hard, hollow, long and many-jointed stalks, which at ten feet begin to jut out, the branches armed with sharp, thick thorns, and adorned with leaves two or three inches wide and ten or twelve long. There are several other species, some of greater size and use. What a blessing, almost necessity, the bamboo is to the tropic inhabitant! It forms, with the *chak* or *atap*, three-fourths of the Siamese houses, frame, joists, rafters, eave-troughs, floors, foundation, (of floating-houses,) fences and all. With it they go forth to bear their burdens, handle their tools, water-level their walls, pole their boats, yard their sails, cable their junks. With it, hardened by fire, they spear fish and foe, and through it blow the poisoned arrow. With it they at home again kindle by friction the extinguished fire, and castigate the truant or negligent youngster. With its sweet, tender shoots they relish their rice and fish; from it imbibe the sparkling river or canal. With it, cut into small bits, they make net-jackets more odd than useful. With it, as organ or flute, they beguile the closing day, and, labor and pastime done, on bamboo-bedstead, bamboo-mat, bamboo-pillow, they woo 'tired nature's sweet restorer.' But who can recal the more than four-score enumerated uses, and beauties unenumerated, of the bamboo?

That is a singular palm: the rattan, which furnishes withes for the bamboo and *atap*, for thongs, cordage, rigging, cables and many other purposes. Its application in the moral improvement of criminals is not unfrequent, and is more painful but less ignominious than 'bamboozing.' Its power to enhance female beauty is, however, unfamiliar to the Siamese fair, though sometimes subjected to Parisian robes on gala-days at the Royal Palace. The purple juice of one species enters into the compound, 'Dragon's Blood' of the apothecaries. Another, with its long, sharp thorns, makes an impassable hedge. Another, in its native forests, creeping among the thick under-brush, tangles and toils all into impenetrable barriers, or coiling its stem, two or three inches thick, around and up the giant trunks, with leaf and flower-covered fetters, binds bough to bough and tree to tree for hundreds of feet. Rumphius mentions those extending twelve to eighteen hundred feet, or one fifth to one third of a mile from the root. But these delicate little stems swinging from the high branches and rooting in the wet trenches at our feet, are not the rattan nor the banian. They are a rather ivy-like vine, which will ere long ungratefully cause the tree kindly supporting them to droop and die. The banana or plantain, with its soft green stalk, six or seven inches thick — which a rattan could cut to the ground — leaping like a mushroom ten or eleven feet high; its great green leaves, often two feet broad and ten long, finely arching, and gently swaying in the breeze, or spangled with the rain-drops; its long spike from the very top bending with encircling rows of green or yellow fruit, and terminating in a large purple flower, is it not a thing of beauty? To the native it is indeed

a joy forever, with its ever-in-season fruit, several dozens in number, three to nine inches in length, three-fourths to two in diameter, and sweet, acid, sub-acid, mealy, or juicy, according to the one of the thirty or forty varieties. From the tree every day of the year, or in pastry or fritters, or dried in sugar, it is the pleasant, healthful and nutritious food of the young child and the old man, the sick and well at home and abroad. According to Humboldt, the ground which produces thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine of potatoes, would in a year produce forty-four hundred and ten pounds of ripe plantains. From the leaf are made dishes, the covering of cigars, etc.; from the fibre, wrapping-twine. From the folds of the stalk are carved some of the finest decorations of festal halls and funereal piles. Here, too, 'the palm of palms' lifts its majestic head, plumed with a dozen or more leaves, as many feet long and two or three broad, starred with light yellow flowers, and laden with scores of green and golden nuts. It is not a strange conceit that the name cocoa is derived from the Portuguese (macoco or macaco) for monkey, on account of the resemblance which the nut, with its three embryo holes (one germinative) bears to that animal's face. As you look wistfully up, in a twinkle the boy, with cleaver in his waist-cloth, with bare feet and hands clasping the scaly trunk, is literally walking up the rings or grooves whence leaves have fallen, up, up, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty feet. Stand from under, and down plump the nuts in the soft earth. Down comes the boy—a cleaver-stroke—and the bronze Ganymede hands you the opened goblet whence you may quaff nectar the gods might have envied. Another stroke, and your goblet is in hemispheres and a nice white blanc-mange is dished before you. The congealed and hardened cream of the older nut is a prime ingredient of curries. The meat of the yet older is sun-dried, pulverized, and then subjected to a process similar to tea and sugar-packing and wine-pressing. The natives express from it, through a perforated tub, with their pedal extremities, an oil very pure, and so attractive to their taste, that our lamps often suffered in behalf of their cruet. From the husk half-rotted in water, beaten on stones and dried, is made the filling of cushions and beds, from which might also be made the very best 'coir' cordage.

The fan-palm, so called from the peculiar opening out of the leaves from the stems, tapped beneath the flower-shoot, gives daily a gallon or two of sweet maple-like sap. This rather pleasant drink on the third day ferments into the intoxicating toddy. Boiled, it yields a brown, thick, ungranulated sugar, very excellent, which is sold in small earthen jars, very cheap. The leaves of the lan-palm, cut into strips two inches wide and twenty long, and rendered smooth and pliable by water and friction, form the leaves of the sacred books. The areca is one of the noblest of the noble family. Planted in rows eight feet apart, the smooth, slender trunk rises like a column, straight, leafless and branchless forty to fifty feet, with long, pinnate, gracefully-curving, bright green leaves, feathery plume of staminate flowers, and hanging clusters of hundreds of dark green or reddish orange nuts. A step across the trench and the narrow strip of weeds and bushes, the only (but usual native) boundaries, into the grounds of our neighbor, and we shall find yet another beautiful sight. It is a field of the plant whose leaf is always used with the areca-nut. For a moment you might

easily imagine yourself in one of the well-kept hop-yards of Central New-York. But it is the seri or betel pepper (cousin to black and red) vine, which, with light green leaf, is twining up the poles set in rows between the trenches, traversing at intervals of six or eight feet the whole field. With what fastidious neatness is every weed and blade of grass kept out; how thoroughly softened and mellow the soil; how carefully watered day by day from the trenches each plant! Your olfactories recall a down-shore Long-Island farm in fish-time. Hard by, in large earthen jars buried in the ground, are rotting quantities of fish, and from these sepulchres life is sprinkled every day or two on the vines. You will stop to admire the rapidity with which the girls are sorting and packing, in regular number and circle, the leaves for market. The master overseeing, with the accustomed courtesy of the host, orders the betel or seri-leaf tray to be passed to you. But you are ignorant as to its use, and he politely takes from one dish the hot peppery leaf, plasters it with lime, tinged a pretty pink by turmeric, quarters with iron shears a hard, astringent areca-nut, adds fine-cut tobacco, rolls all together, and presents it. Or with extra politeness he more intimately, in a small brass cylinder, with an iron punch, combines this delectable mixture. The pleasure which you decline is one to which the Siamese, high and low, male and female, young and old, are exceedingly addicted. No man of wealth but has in his retinue one who bears the 'betel-nut' set, with its rich vessels of gold and silver. He or she of the single waist-cloth infolds within it the nut and leaf, sometimes carrying the latter rolled over the ear. The mouth oozing blood-like saliva, and the teeth blackened by burnt cocoa-shell to prevent corrosion by lime, add nothing, contrary to their opinion, to the beauty, not naturally excessive, of the people. The defiling stains and *debris* are seen in hut and boat, palace and temple. Universally used in the East, the betel is mildly stimulating, slightly narcotic, and ultimately tonic to the inhabitants of these hot, moist countries.

Yet another palm of Siam, or rather its Malayan dependencies, is the sago from whose delicate pith is chiefly made the flour so much esteemed, especially by invalids. Largest of all the fruits of our little domain is the jack, a species of bread-fruit. It grows on the trunk and larger branches of a lofty, spreading, and dark-green, oval-leaved tree. Appearing four or five at once and as many tens annually, it reaches a foot in diameter and one and a half in length, and requires protection from premature fall and frugiverous birds. The rough green rind incloses numerous kernels or nuts, which are covered with a rich, cream-colored and very odoriferous pulp, quite agreeable but laxative. These nuts are sometimes roasted. The wood of the tree, fustic, is used in the yellow dyeing of priests' robes. The bread-fruit proper is the smaller and nearly round fruit of a lower tree, of forty-five to fifty feet, with serrate leaf. Though in taste, nutrition and otherwise well named, it is coarse, and, even prepared with palm-sugar and cocoa-milk, not very attractive to native or foreigner.

Most esteemed by the Siamese, of all the fruit-bearers, is the durian. It resembles its neighbor the jack, but is not so lofty, and sends out its more numerous branches more at right angles. The fruit hanging in scores, is an oblong oval of five by seven inches, with rind rising in high, hard points, which,

not to mention the force of gravity, make its unseen fall somewhat to be feared. When ripe, it bursts the tough rind and discloses four lobes, each containing several nuts, and all enveloped in a nearly white, soft pulp. This is the most delicious of the delicious, the concentrated, sublimated quintessence of deliciousness to native taste. But for the foreign novice, the odor, the stench of the durian sufficeth. Compared unto it, antiquated eggs, rotting fish, sauerkraut, all together, are but the perfumed breath of the sweetest conservatory. It has been likened to assafetida, to 'the stink of carrion and onions mingled,' to 'a mixture of sulphureted hydrogen gas and garlic;' we would liken it to the whole combined. You can detect the presence of one in a distant part of the house; a boat-load a fourth of a mile. The organ of smell, long and painfully disciplined to a reluctant acquiescence, few can even then taste it without having peculiar gastric symptoms which recall first experiences at sea. But the two-fold ordeal past, many become fond, passionately fond of the durian, and marvellous is the number which they boast of daily eating. Some epicures are said to indulge their appetite hydropathically, sitting arm-pit deep in tubs of water. It is the most expensive of fruits, and its presentation is regarded as a token of warm friendship and highest consideration. An old traveller, discoursing very quaintly and somewhat fancifully of the durian, in connection with the betel, says: 'In Malacca there is a fruit so pleasant both for taste and smell, that it excelleth all other fruites, both of India and Malacca, although there are many both excellent and very good. . . . This fruit is hot and moist; and such as will eat them, must first treade upon them softly with his foote and breake the prickles that are about them. Such as never eate of it before, when they smell it at the first, thinke it scenteth like a rotten onyon; but having tasted it, they esteem it above all other fruites, both for taste and savor. Here you must note a wonderful contrarietie that is between this fruit *duriavens* and the hearbe *bettels*; which in truth is so great, that if there were a whole shippe, shoppe, or house full of *duriavens*, wherein there lay certaine leaves of *bettels*, all the *duriavens* would presently rotte and bee spoyled. And likewise, by eating over many of those *duriavens*, they heat the maw and make it swell; and one leafe of *bettels*, to the contrairie, being laid cold upon the heart, will presently cease the inflammation, rising or swelling of the maw. And so, if after you have eaten *duriavens*, you chance to eat a leafe or two of *bettels*, you can receive no hurt by the *duriavens*, although you have eaten never so many. Hereupon, and because they are of so pleasant a taste, the common saying is, that men can never be satisfied with them.' The mangosteen is to us, however, the nonpareil of tropic fruits. The tree, more nearly than any other of the East, resembles the apple-tree, and the abundant fruit is about the size of a medium greening. The rind, dark brown without and beautiful vermilion within, has a very bitter juice, which is used as an astringent in medicine and a black mordant in dyeing. The lobes, (in number indicated before opening by the sepals,) with each a seed, are of the purest white and the most delicate, exquisite, strawberry-like flavor. Healthful as delightful, there is scarce any limit to the enjoyment of mangosteens.

Very like in appearance to the strawberry, at a distance, is the rambutan.

Its large clusters in rich profusion and scarlet, dapple the green leaves of the fine tree, like the early colorings of the autumnal maple. The fruit is a drupe, of the size of a medium plum, with a tough, hairy (as its Malay name denotes) skin, and a semi-transparent and pleasant pulp containing a stone. Hard by grew the maprang, with its thousands of smooth golden plums, quite resembling our largest and best.

The pomelo, with its pretty white blossoms of orange fragrance, shining out from dark leaves, and four-score fruit, invited us to pluck from our veranda. Stripped of its rind, this great orange is a pale white or a reddish, according to variety, and though rather bitter, is more refreshing and tonic than the same fruit known as the shaddock (from the ship-master Shaddock who introduced it) of the West-Indies. The thick rind is often used as that of melons elsewhere, as a medium for eating sugar. The pine-apple abounds in the country; but some predatory hand always relieved us from eating our own. They are inferior to those at Singapore, which indeed are unrivalled in lusciousness and cheapness, the choicest in the world being frequently retailed 'two for a penny.' While there, one day sitting in the office of a Chinese merchant, we saw on the quay a group of four boat-coolies pare and internally pack away in about ten minutes a pile of over twenty large pine-apples, without any manifest consciousness whatever of heroic or painful achievement. The custard-apple, of the size of a large peach, with greenish, soft, furrowed, fragile skin, and, barring the many dark seeds, very custard-like pulp, is exceedingly choice. Of the same genus with this, the papya and sour-sop are of the size and color of a medium musk-melon, the one sweet and aromatic, the other more juicy and tart. The guava grows on a tree twenty-five to thirty feet high, with light green leaves and large white flowers. It is conical, smaller than the quince, to which it is often compared, of not pleasant smell, but stewed, preserved or jellied, of very fine flavor. Like the banana and cocoa-nut when seen in northern markets, this famous jelly gives little idea of its fresh deliciousness at home. Less even does that prized pickle, the mango, realize to one the ripe fruit of the gulf-side of Siam. The tree attains to sixty feet, and to three in diameter, with large spreading branches, long, narrow, deep-green leaf, and small, white blossom: it would remind you of the oak. The fruit, a drupe with smooth skin and large hairy stone, is three to five inches long, two and a half inches wide, and one to two thick. Unripe, it is used for pies and puddings, resembling a sour green apple. But in its full, golden, luscious yellow ripeness, it rivals the durian and mangosteen, and the finest peach.

The tamarind, towering eighty to one hundred feet, with large, far-reaching branches, thick green leafage, clusters of yellow crimson-veined flowers, and dark green pods, is the pride of the forest, and of palaces and temple-grounds. The acidulous fruit, from the pods, is almost an essential for the table, in curries and pastry and as a sauce for rice and meats. A beverage delightfully cooling and refreshing, especially in sickness, is made from it, and it is at all times valuable as a mild aperient.

Such were some of the fruits and trees to be found within a five minutes' walk from our bamboo cottage. They are but a few of the long, rich, varied

catalogue of the country. The pomegranate, with its fragrant scarlet blossoms and mildly acid flavor ; the orange, in twenty varieties, to which acres on the Menam are devoted ; the lime, the excellent substitute for lemons ; the citron, the musk and water-melon ; the mienglak, a half tea-spoon of which (no larger than small shot) put into a very little water, will presently fill the tumbler with an agreeable drink ; the lichees, the rose-apple, the cashew, and many others of name and nature more novel, we must pass. Grapes, however, except a sour, wild sort, and berries, such as straw and raspberry, and nuts, are all wanting.

Scarcely less famed are the gardens of Siam for vegetables. The great cereal and staple of the country is rice. 'Hot corn! hot corn!' cries the itinerant huckster, laden with ears smoking in their green husks ; the snowy-popped, too, and that roasted, cut from the ear and sugared, find much appreciative taste. But Indian corn is little cultivated, and never for flour or feeding. Far better, perfectly adapted to tropic use, is that which the all-wise PROVIDENCE furnishes in such overflowing abundance. Nowhere is the culture of rice more facile or fruitful than in these rich, warm, moist, at times daily inundated lowlands. The moderate labors of the natives are repaid thirty to fifty-fold ; the export, though not more than one third of the land is cultivated, and one crop instead of the two possible, is immense. Under late treaties, the only official bar to export is a failure of crop and threatened famine (!) with royal proclamation thereof of thirty days. There are nearly as many varieties as of wheat ; the highland are much smaller and lighter, the lowland more certain and prolific. The more extensive rice-gardens lie on the banks of the rivers or canals, and are first cleared by axe and fire of trees and roots, and then surrounded by low embankments or ridges of earth, with entering trenches. A plough, hardly larger than one's hand, six inches long and four wide at the top, tapering round to the point, with a crooked stick for beam and handle, and a buffalo for team, scratches the ground to the depth of three or four inches. This is followed by a harrow, consisting of large boughs or a small tree. In the soil thus prepared the rice-plants are in July or early August transplanted from the smaller sowing-plats ; the workmen, as they walk, with foot or stick making holes in the soft wet earth and thrusting in handfuls. At flood-tide the water is let in by the trenches, and the gates are shut. In localities not easily thus reached, men, with large wooden scoops suspended from a frame, aid the filling of the trenches. Or yet again you may sometimes see the 'watering with the foot.' A large double box or trough is placed on the bank at an angle of forty-five degrees, or less. Through this runs by a wheel at the head, an endless chain with wooden paddles or floats, which carry the water up through the under box, and return empty through the upper. The wheel is turned by men treading steps or cogs in its long axle, and balancing themselves by aid of a bar before them. This mode of irrigation is almost identical with that described centuries ago by Philo. The rice is kept under water till the kernel is formed. The grain is cut about mid-December, with a crooked, unserrated sickle, and is trodden out by buffaloes and oxen, or on a smaller scale, beaten out against the sides of the receiving boxes by hand. It is winnowed

by the wind and basket-sieves or fans. Table-rice is hulled by women and children treading on the short arm of a long, hard-headed lever playing in a frame, and farther by pounding in mortars with pestles a couple of yards long. It is retailed by the itinerant boats at about thirty cents per bucket of twenty quarts, or thirty pounds good quality and measure. 'Cargo' passes through the paddy mills, which are largely owned and worked by Chinese. The mill, of which there are several in one establishment, consists of a heavy wooden cylinder with grooved bottom, revolved by horizontal hand-cranks on another grooved block. The upper is both stone and hopper; the whole inclosed in basket-work.

Paddy (unhulled rice) is also a considerable export. Rice is the chief food of the people. It is sometimes, though rarely, ground, and then, as also our wheat from Singapore, in the Scriptural manner, by 'two women grinding at the mill,' or quern. Usually it is boiled, after washing two or three times, for five or eight minutes, then the water poured off, allowed to steam in the same coarse earthen pot, over a gentle fire, for three-quarters of an hour. Not softened to a paste, the kernel kept whole, of the purest white, the rice does not soil the fingers of those who use no spoon, and has a tempting, and with the golden curry beside it, irresistible look for all. For the tiffin, or noon-lunch of foreigners, boiled soft with much water, the *canji* of the Chinese, the *kan tome* of the Siamese, is a very pleasant accompaniment for the fruits. A very glutinous rice, with spices conjured into a kind of cake, fermented, and wrapped in bits of green plantain-leaf, is sold by the street-side, admired by juveniles, and not to be despised by adults, native or foreign. From rice is distilled the vile arrak, the principal intoxicating beverage of the country.

Right merry must be the harvest-home of the Laos at the north. 'This transport, which I (Grandjean) have often witnessed, is made in too curious and too amusing a manner not to have a word about it. They beat the rice upon the field where they have collected it; then, when the grain is gathered into heaps, they go every morning, each with a train of fifteen, twenty, or thirty oxen. The first of these oxen, that is, the one which walks at the head of the troop, generally has the head covered with garlands, surmounted with a bunch of peacock's feathers, and the neck surrounded with little bells. All these animals have two kinds of baskets on their backs, which hang on each side, and which are filled with rice, after which they return to the city, (Changmai,) making a dreadful bustle; for the bridge which is at the gates of the city, not having a breadth of more than two fathoms, the convoys which are entering come in contact with those going out. A general *mêlée* results. Each one runs hither and thither to find his wandering cattle; the shouts of the drivers and the lowing of the oxen are mixed with the ringing of a thousand bells. The elephants, at a grave pace, come into the midst of this rout, with their large bells, which each have a different tone; then the buffaloes, scared by the ringing, open, by charging all in the breach, a merciless gap, followed by their masters, who cry, '*Nen tua ha di Hhuai Sonak!*' that is, Take care, take care! a mad buffalo! At last, the idle spectators, who gather in crowds, increase the tumult more by their cries and their incessant shouts of laughter.

The whole makes a truly comical affray — a scene made up of the trunks of elephants, horns of oxen, of Laocian sticks, which rise, fall, and cross in all directions; and the spectacle, which commences at break of day, is prolonged until nine or ten o'clock, the time when the carrying is stopped, because the sun has become too hot. Such, for some is the labor, for others the sport, of the month of January.'

The cultivation of sugar-cane, introduced some fifty years ago by the Chinese, is conducted chiefly by Siamese, who sell on the field to the former. Planted in June or July, and cut in latter December, it is carried to the huge, uncouth mill, which is often both the work-place and home of a hundred or two Chinamen. The juice, ground out between hard-wood cylinders, turned by buffalo-crank, is boiled down over heavy fires, granulated in coarse earthen vessels of two or three gallons, and purified with quick-lime. In February excellent sugars are in market. The quotations for 1859 ranged from four-and-a-half to eleven ticals, two dollars and seventy cents to six dollars and sixty cents per picul; the export reached two hundred and three thousand five hundred and ninety-six piculs, or twenty-seven million one hundred and forty-six thousand one hundred and thirty-three pounds, (about one-eighteenth of the product of the United States,) being shipped to China, Singapore, Bombay, England, and (though at little profit) to San Francisco. A very choice and much used confection, is the 'rock-candy,' large semi-transparent crystal sugar. The inferior molasses-drainings, sold at about two dollars and fifty cents per jar of thirty-five gallons, are much used to give tenacity to shell-lime mortar, and finish to stone-lime plaster.

Next to betel, rice and sugar, ranks, as a necessity, tobacco. In the Siamese it is termed 'medicine;' but if only used medicinally they are a miserably sickly people, and that from the cradle to the grave. They commence its use at a period considerably more remote than that to which memory runneth back. It is not an exceedingly rare sight to see young Siam, in his mother's arms, alternate draughts at the fountain of life with whiffs of the light cigarette; though he does not abandon the maternal spring as early, by a year or two, as the child of the West. We have often seen one, just tottling about the house, hold a cigar between his fingers, and puff away the blue clouds with all the daintiness and gusto of one in other lands, who had made it a life-long study and delight. The cigars, of fine tobacco covered with dry plantain-leaf, are skilfully lodged when not in actual service over the ear, masculine or feminine. Large quantities are chewed with betel. Indeed, the Siamese have reached that highest grade of civilization and refinement, of which 'the use of the weed' is an index. The production of coffee, though of late date, has resulted in a good quantity and quality. Under foreign management and cultivated on the uplands, (on the low the root runs down into the water, and the tree too soon dies,) it would, according to the best judgment, become an extensive export. It is, however, mostly drunk by foreigners, and offered at entertainments of the wealthy; tea, imported, being the usual beverage. Hemp, of the finest strength and durability, and cotton of different varieties, are grown to some extent. The natives cleanse the latter from seeds, etc., between two

wooden cylinders, revolving, by hand, in opposite directions; beat it with rattan or whip-bow, roll it with fingers, and reel and weave it on machines very like those now antique at home. The gigantic 'silk cotton'-tree, with 'showers of scarlet lily-shaped blossoms,' offers the soft, downy contents (too short and brittle for yarn or cloth) of its pods for cushions, pillows and beds. The export of cotton, chiefly in Hainan-Chinese junks, and difficult of estimate, was in 1858, two thousand three hundred and thirty-four piculs, or three hundred and eleven thousand two hundred pounds, at about sixteen ticals, nine dollars and sixty cents per picul, for clean; prices in 1859 ranged from eight to twenty-five ticals, four dollars and eighty cents to fifteen dollars for cleaned and uncleaned.

The treaties of 1855 and 1856 with Great Britain, the United States, (negotiated by the Hon. Townsend Harris,) and France, with the consequent entrance of western science, machinery, capital and energy, are already and wonderfully stimulating and developing the agricultural resources of the country.

Yet, beside the fruit and the vegetable, are the flower-gardens of Siam. The people, from high to low, are exceedingly fond of flowers. Young children wear them circled around the top-knot or the head, and around the neck. The women net, of flowers, seeds and buds, fragrant and beautiful hanging ornaments of different forms, some resembling lampelles. Persons are sometimes seen with flowers swinging from mole-hairs on the skin. Coolies, digging our trenches, besmeared from the sole of the foot to the very tip of the tuft with mud, frequently carried them over the ear to regale themselves at intervals. In and around the capital are many gardens devoted exclusively to their culture for the royal palace, and for state, festal and funeral displays. A large area in rear of a palace, near which was our city home, bloomed with roses, from which was paid the royal tribute of a magnate. The daily quota of other princes and nobles was made up of other flowers. Portions of the royal palace grounds are filled with the richest and rarest, native and exotic. The temple grounds are gay with plats, parterres and vases; and the edifices themselves, ever redolent of sweetest perfumes exhaled from flowers, festooned from pillar to pillar, and vased before the idol-shrines. Here too the banian, with shoots descending and rooting in the earth, 'enlarges and beautifies its leafy palace,' but not in Indian frequency, magnitude and magnificence. And the sacred fig, another banian though not rooting from the branches, spreads its delightful tranquil shade, beneath which Gaudama, after long profound contemplation and divers works of merit, became Buddha. Reprobate indeed is he who would break a limb, or do other dishonor to it. The lotus of lotuses, 'a truly magnificent flower, whose rosy petals, half-opening, emit a sweet perfume from numerous golden stamina;' the exquisite nyctanthus; the oleander, 'pride of the jungle,' larger than the largest home-lilac; the honey-suckle, the jasmin, the pink, the amaranth, the heliotrope, the passion-flower, the cactus, the lily, and others, many unknown to the West. But the whole country is a garden of flowers; they cluster in myriads beneath and upon and amid fruit, shade and forest-trees, and shrubs and plants, arraying all, at the early rainy season, with variegated leaves and blossoms, in more than queenly

glory, and breathing odors we might well imagine celestial. The *mangrove* is the first and the last to the sight of the coming and departing visitor of Siam. Outskirting the river-mouths and the gulf-shores, it is at once a great conservative and aggressive. It protects the banks from wasting currents and tides; but more than this, it pushes far out and invades the waters. Its lower branches bend beneath the weight of the long clavate, or club-shaped fruit, which germinate, root, and spring up new plants, more and more remote from land. With their long, strong, arched and interlacing roots, they plunder from the passing waters floating drift, weeds, sticks, soil, and invite to their protection muscles, and other shell-fish. Thus they slowly narrow and fill the channel, and bring the shore to themselves. But their policy is, like that of many who 'remove the old land-marks,' fatal; when their ultra on-reaching successors have shut out from them the daily visits of the salt waters, they are said to wither and die.

A U T U M N .

Away towards the setting sun,
Green hills are rising broad and grand,
And on their tops the elm trees stand,
Like chieftains, bronzed, and seared, and dun.

And oft the wind beneath their boughs,
Lifts them like giant arms on high,
That gesture out against the sky,
And smite the gale in fierce carouse.

Down in the field, the barley-plumes
Are ever nodding in the wind,
Swaying without a will or mind,
Drunk with the life that in them blooms.

And through the mead the waters creep —
The mead of late so smoothly shorn —
And pulsing on to night from morn,
They murmur as if half-asleep.

Fair mother Earth smiles in the sun,
Through her nine months of fear beguiled,
And man, to labor reconciled,
Gathers the wealth the year hath won.

OVER THE RAPIDS.

Crimson and gold leaves were illuminating the summer verdure, like a Christmas-decorated fir, when Theodore Granville again pushed aside the bushes, and stood on his favorite rock, looking out on the masses of tinted vapor, forever rolling over the world's water-fall.

After eleven months spent in various combinations of the nine potent little figures, with the magical cipher, it was a vast relief to attain a spot whence nothing but beauty could be seen; where the eye was rested by the wealth which does not suggest the thought or necessity of money. With this paradise of water he had become thoroughly familiar in the month of leisure he allowed himself; indeed, so lavish was the love bestowed on the scene, that he unconsciously felt the interest of a guardian in Niagara, and was really affronted when unappreciative or careless eyes glanced at the wonders which years of study only intensified. The love of beauty was deeply implanted in Theodore Granville, and thirty-five years of cultivation had taught his eye to feel exquisite satisfaction in form and coloring: he had no patience with those who did not possess this keen susceptibility of vision.

Most of this man's life was necessarily spent in a dark counting-room, where he worked, as miners do under ground, to procure the ore which, transmuted, may become 'a joy forever.' Theodore Granville's rooms were situated on a narrow street of the coldest town in America; here books, pictures, and one statue, well-chiselled, made his evenings less solitary; but these pleasures were limited, they could not renovate his whole nature, like the watching of this liquid emerald and amber, distilled by the fall into incense. Theodore Granville's nature was not entirely æsthetic; his standard of living was high and seldom reached; it annoyed him to fall far short of perfectness himself; he was astonished that others did not pretend to attain the Alpine point.

A thorough-bred Englishman in his manner and habits, he had learned to live within himself, and found most society rather distasteful. His hair was already iron-gray, while his upper-lip was shaded by a jet-black moustache, a little scornfully curled. It was impossible to discover the color of his eye: sometimes it darkened to the velvet blueness of a pansy, again a fawn's could not be more beseeching in its softness.

You can partially understand now the man who clasps a tree on the extreme verge of the rock, and looks entranced at the water-crowned rainbow. Nevertheless his attention is distracted by the groups ever passing his retreat: he inwardly despises the lady who is more occupied with her dress and its arrangement, than the overwhelming grandeur; he looks contemptuously on the bride and her absorbed husband, too much pleased with each other to care for the glorious cataract — he wonders how a woman's eyes can equal the depth of the many-colored foam. The looker-on is enraged because a young girl, careful of her complexion, keeps down her veil, and he stares with indignation at a man who ventures to yawn, while gazing at the majestic flood. He can

only console himself with the thought that these people are from 'the States;' illiterate and superficial, he ought to expect from them no greater appreciation. Theodore Granville fully believed that the most foolish and ridiculous human being in the world was an American school-girl, especially when she happened to be visiting his chosen haunt: her enthusiasm was affectation, and her simplicity palpable ignorance. With these reflections, his eye turned from a pretty girl just passing, and exclaiming, 'Is n't it lovely!' to the scene of which he never tired.

Voices were heard very near: looking around, Theodore Granville beheld intruders standing on the moss worn by his feet. One of the party, a woman, pressed forward and looked in silence. Transfixed, on the very edge of the rock, her face was plainly seen — an unusual face at all times, for through beautifully moulded features, beamed the rarer beauty of a cultured mind and a pure soul. From all the faces you have ever seen, few like this rise in remembrance; it is a beauty of which the owner seems as unconscious as the water-lily on a mountain lake. She stood unmindful of herself or her companions, engrossed with the fascinating avalanche of water, until the awe, and sublimity, and enjoyment of the first look at the cataract shone through her face. With bared head she stood, for the black straw travelling-hat had interfered with her free and uninterrupted vision, so she held it in her hand, while the sun turned some of her chestnut hairs into gold, and the breeze stirred her graceful curls.

Theodore did not look where she was gazing, but plainer than he ever saw the Horse-shoe Fall, he beheld the minutest details of her dress, and the crowning glory of that radiant, harmonious face. 'I beg your pardon, but you are venturing too near!' The young lady drew back, startled by a stranger's abrupt words, and found herself alone. Theodore held out his hand to lead her to a safer footing, she bowed her thanks, and quickly disappeared through the bushes to join her friends.

Twilight was this man's favorite hour on his rock, yet this evening he did not linger, he looked again at the mist, tinged with the sunset beauty, and finding no reflection in a woman's eyes, followed the path through the springing bushes.

During the hours that remained of his holiday, Theodore Granville haunted every point of interest, pretending to himself that he must have a last look from his old friendly nooks, in reality disquieted when he did not see in any place the woman who could understand and enjoy Niagara.

In the same mood Mr. Granville paced the deck of the steamer which would convey him to his daily drudgery, as he bitterly thought it now, when about to be separated from his dreamy idleness on the banks of the unfathomable stream. Never had it been so difficult to tear himself away from the spot: usually thoughts of business and the healthfulness of work made him willing to hear the deep music no more; now he impatiently waited for the boat to be loosened, the plank to be withdrawn, still regretting that his journey was unalterably commenced.

There were not many passengers, only a few late tourists, and the common

number of uninteresting people always travelling. Theodore Granville prided himself on a freedom from sentiment, and could not endure souvenirs of places he had seen. Still as he strode the lower deck irritated by the delay, he was biting a cedar branch which had grown on that mossy rock. Its perfume recalled the scene, and the fair vision of a face clear as crystal, ever looking toward the misty flood.

He pressed his fingers on his eyes, shutting out the dull steamboat and its tiresome surroundings, when suddenly voices were again heard, and on the plank appeared the black straw hat, shading that graceful head. The lady in advance was not young; she had those pretty silver-gray curls which suit fair faces whence youth has faded, and a penetrating eye, withal kindly and sensible. Leaning on a gentleman's arm, came behind her the young lady, in a dress so fresh and well-arranged, that she was at once pronounced a bride by the majority of beholders.

The gentleman with whom she walked, was nobly built, and carried well a head covered with light clusters of curls. He bent a little toward his companion, revealing a smooth, unshaded face, and a laughing blue eye. Theodore Granville's face grew darker, it frowned at him from the water into which he looked as they passed him. Every body of any pretensions sought the upper deck, when the luggage was well settled, and the voyage commenced—that delicious voyage, beginning with the water fresh from the cataract, ending with the ocean.

It was very natural that Mr. Granville should find a seat not far from the ladies, and their attendant gentleman; they saw merely a well-bred looking man reading a scarlet railway-book, while he was quietly studying the group, with well-disguised interest. A new sensation is often agreeable: Mr. Granville had never felt the pleasure before of finding out from trifles how strangers were connected. It was a novel thing for him to be involuntarily listening, trying to distinguish from their tones whence they came, and how they were bound together.

They were, evidently, 'old-country' people; the elder woman spoke in a clear, distinct way, and looked thoroughly English; doubtless the young lady was travelling under an aunt's care, on her way 'home.' Their chairs were drawn together; the lady with the silver curls wrapped her water-proof cloak about her, and scanned the boat, its passengers, and the widening shores of Ontario. Theodore felt her scrutinizing eye pass over his face, while he tried to read confused and meaningless words; the young lady was sitting in such a way that he could only see her chestnut curls falling under the straw hat, and brushing the plaid thrown over her shoulders, for the air was fresh. The gentleman was leaning on the arm of her chair, looking not out on the lake, but at her expressive face. Would a brother *thus* lean on the arm of her chair? The reader grew restless, and throwing his book down, tried to enjoy the noble lake.

The perplexing question would return to Mr. Granville's mind, and glancing again at his pleased, satisfied smile, the thought would force itself that she must belong to him in anticipation, for he never dreamed that he could be her

husband. There was a strange fascination in the group, not a movement escaped this man, although he could seldom hear a word spoken by one of the party, the young lady's voice was too low ever to reach his ear.

When he next looked, the elder woman was holding a bit of cedar, and saying so loud that he distinctly heard: 'You think this will bring back Niagara, eh, Victoria?' How that name rang through this man's heart—the name of his sovereign, of whom he always said, 'God bless her!' was this *her* name, too, this English girl's?

In his pocket he felt for his cedar, his souvenir; would not this indeed bring back Niagara to him! The fair-haired man said pleasantly, but in a manner disagreeable to the listener: 'You shall go there every year, and not have time to forget.' Had he a *right* to take her there? The young lady assumed a less languid attitude, and soon left her chair for a seat nearer the water; the gentleman stood by her side, attentive to her words and looks, the other lady watched them narrowly.

There came a grating of the boat, and a nearing the little wharf of a stopping-place, in the course of the morning; the delay was necessary for taking in wood, and did not promise to be short; moreover, the deck was sunny. The young lady quietly drew from her travelling-bag a sketch-book, and began to point a pencil in a neat, skilful way. The gentleman leaned on her chair, and looked excessively interested; the sunlight fell on the white page dazzlingly: there was not a bit of shade to interpose, the young lady turned to seek some relief. Theodore Granville was a proud man, and never officious, nevertheless he unstrapped a light umbrella, and going forward offered it to the gentleman, saying: 'I beg your pardon; the sun is very troublesome.' At these words the young lady turned, with unaffected wonder, and again bowed her thanks. The elder woman looked up distrustfully, and watched the man until he stood with folded arms, at a safe distance. Meanwhile the pencil moved with dexterous strokes, outlining the bit of landscape seen through the opening. 'A lodge in some vast wilderness, is it?' said the lady with the soft gray curls; 'where is your hermit, or hero?' 'Here!' cried the gentleman, springing up, 'I will be her hero; let me run ashore, and strike an attitude!' Before the latter words had been spoken, Mr. Granville was already crossing the plank, and strolling along the shore to a point whence could be seen the sketcher, shaded by the welcome umbrella, held by her watchful companion. The handsome gentleman threw himself under a tree, directly opposite the ladies, and called out that he was ready to personate her hero, if that expression suited.

The dark-eyed man stood in the shadow, unobserved apparently, yet he, too, was looking in the direction of the upper-deck. Presently Mr. Granville disappeared deeper in the forest, and did not issue until the warning-bell began to strike. As he reached the deck, the light-haired gentleman was leaning over her shoulder, looking at the sketch. 'You've made a mistake,' he said with an annoyed air; 'you did not take me, after all; so that fellow is your hero!'

'Victoria thought you did not suit the scene,' the other lady interposed,

'you looked too debonair, too happy: that dark, misanthropic man was the better hermit, and owner of that dreary lodge.'

The pencils were put away, the umbrella returned, and the party summoned to the dinner-table, where the gentleman's solicitude for the young lady's comfort still continued. They were evidently old friends; there was no appearance of trying to please on either side; the handsome gentleman took it for granted that he might take care of her — at least during this voyage. The after-dinner hour passed idly away; the young woman whose presence transformed the boat into a temporary Arcadia, was invisible; the fair-haired man was in the forward part of the steamer, solaced by a cigar; on his return to the upper deck, Theodore found the lady of the water-proof reading his book so attentively that she did not immediately notice his presence. At length, laying it down with an apologetic look, she unfastened a reticule, and arranged the contents in a more orderly way. Three or four letters were not disposed of when the gentleman approached.

'Come here, Harold,' she exclaimed, 'I can't quite make out this name: is it Granville, d'ye think? Mr. Hamilton is a very wretched penman.'

'Yes,' answered the gentleman addressed, deliberately, 'it looks like Granville — ever hear of him?'

'I fancy so;' the lady replied, 'he is Mr. Hamilton's best friend; he particularly desired us to find him out, as he would make our stay very agreeable.'

'Where's Victoria?' inquired the gentleman playing with the letter. 'Is the lake too rough?'

'I told her she must rest,' said the lady; 'she has been too excited at the Falls to sleep well. Here she comes fresh as ever.'

As she neared them, the deck was lighted up for the two men like 'clear shining after rain. Mr. Granville had a fuller view of her calm serenity of brow, her depth of eye, her self-possessed yet gentle bearing. Harold smiled as if she were coming back to him. There was a freshness about this girl, in her face untroubled as a child's, on her cheek with its soft peach bloom, in her manner, showing how well she understood herself; when you saw her, it brought back the reviving fragrance of the sea-shore, with its pleasant dash of spray. She sat looking off on the boundless lake, while Harold went below, bound on a secret tour of investigation concerning this man with iron-gray hair and the distinguished mien. As the boat moved on tranquilly, Victoria thought of her own life, its peaceful progress, and wondered whether any thing would ever give her a new sensation again like the first sight of the water-fall. Would life still rise and fall like the regular motion of Ontario, or would there yet come before the peace, the hurrying rapids and majestic fall, surmounted by the rainbow?

Through Harold came the tidings that this stranger was from a town in the Lower Province; he might know the gentlemen to whom they bore letters of introduction; the elder lady signified that she liked his appearance; Victoria acquiesced; their escort took advantage of a trifle to engage Mr. Granville in conversation. Meanwhile Victoria saw the scarlet book lying on the bench,

and took the questionable liberty of ascertaining the owner's name. When she read 'Theodore Granville,' her heart gave a peculiar little flutter, and the elder lady looked, also.

'Can it be possible, dear, that this is Mr. Hamilton's friend?'

Just then the two men approached, and after that the party was increased to four; for of course, Harold was not long in discovering the coincidence, and Mr. Granville gladly acknowledged the letter as intended for himself.

Before Theodore Granville could trust himself to hear this woman speak, he sought the explanatory letter, hoping it would reveal their ties. Mr. Hamilton begged leave to introduce to his kindest notice, his particular friend, Miss D —, under the care of her brother, an unexceptionable man. The lady with the soft grey curls answered the description fully. Who was this unknown Victoria, this queen of hearts? The letter vouchsafed no further information. When Victoria said, 'Harold, let us go forward for a change,' Mr. Granville stood courteously to let them pass, but his eye darkened, and in his heart a new pain stirred.

Miss D — was an unusually agreeable girl; she talked well and not too much, listened in a way that was flattering, and made you confess that her friendship would be valuable. She persisted in talking of those subjects implying a knowledge of books and art; not one word did she say relevant to the two standing in the forward part of the boat. Usually this man would have fallen readily into the consideration of topics quite congenial with his feelings; now he answered rather vaguely, studying to find some unnoticeable way in which Victoria's relation to the two travellers might be more apparent. Was this proud, dignified man thus descending to the demands of ordinary curiosity, or did something within urge superior claims? Just as Mr. Granville was becoming very restless, the two returned, her curls tossed by the breeze into lighter clusters. They found a sheltered corner, and the four, soothed by the regular surging of the boat, fell into that pleasant, desultory way of talking which unconsciously reveals the character. There was, however, generally one listener. Victoria preferred watching the unfolding of other minds to the revelation of her true self; so she studied carefully the two men who imperceptibly laid themselves open for her criticism and observation. Outwardly, the two were utterly unlike, and Victoria traced the same dissimilarity through their tastes and organization. She knew well the fair-haired man, and like his sunny eye and winning smile was his generous, frank, and unsuspicious nature. The changeable eye of the other man was not easily fathomed. Victoria only perceived at first that their travelling-companion was most deferential, and very mindful of those little attentions, particularly attractive when rendered by a man of his age and temperament.

Miss D — had the capability of drawing out both men, and throwing in those suggestions and guidances that smooth away all roughnesses. Again Victoria opened her travelling-bag, and instead of her sketch-book, produced a folding chess-board, and set of chess-men curiously carved and daintily small. The two men watched her pretty fingers arranging the pieces for their contest. Was she trying their skill still further?

They had adjourned to a table in the saloon: here Victoria threw aside her hat, and prepared to watch the game with eyes full of interest. Harold's well-shaped hand played among the crimson men, moving them in a light, dancing manner in accordance with his spirits.

Theodore Granville's brow contracted; his pieces were pushed with a quick, decided movement to the allotted place; he was thoroughly in earnest. From a sofa, Miss D — watched the group; sunlight and shadow she mused; opposite shone Victoria's transparent face; of which side was she the guardian angel? was the red or white queen her favorite? Harold grew more solicitous, for the game was being well contested. Suddenly he looked up, exclaiming:

'What reward, Victoria, shall the conqueror receive?'

'My bit of cedar,' she said triumphantly, 'that fragrant branch picked from the bough overhanging the rock whence I first saw Niagara. Is that enough?'

Mr. Granville's eye grew darker; he looked closer on the board, while Harold gayly pointed to the very button-hole it should adorn, nearest his heart. Harold was evidently on the winning side; his cheeks flushed with pleasure; the peach-bloom deepened on Victoria's, when, by a few adroit and far-reaching strokes, the crimson king was inclosed in a net so entangling that only one avenue of escape remained. Harold bit his lips, moved once more in desperation, when gracefully the white queen swept down the board, and made her conquest sure. It happened in the changes and intricacies of the game that the white king was by her side!

Without a word, Victoria arose, and in a queenly way, fastened the bit of cedar in Theodore Granville's button-hole; but she did not express by look or sign whether she was really pleased. The sunset was too gorgeous to be lost. Victoria, well wrapped in shawls, stood on the deck, exhausting no adjectives on the scene: her two companions saw her face: that was enough.

Miss D —, more prudent, sat by the swinging lamp, reading, and glancing occasionally at the three figures not too old for romance, and sunset beauties.

Harold began to sing melodiously; his tenor was delightful. Theodore could not refrain from a rich, deep base when he heard 'God save the Queen!' So they loitered there, until the stars came out, and Victoria was a little chilled; although no one professed to be tired, there was a tendency to silence on their return to the saloon. Theodore was entertained by Miss D —, while Victoria walked up and down, steadied by her companion. It was quite easy to say, 'I trust you and your niece do not find the voyage very fatiguing,' yet Mr. Granville's voice faltered: no, that man could never be her uncle.

'Does Miss Raymond sing?' he ventured to inquire in a suitable pause.

'No, not habitually,' Miss D — replied, 'Harold's wife was a charming musician.'

Theodore felt very grateful to the shadow for shielding the astonishment he felt; a strange buoyancy possessed him, when that word *was* returned to annoy and perplex him. His wife *was*; the verb denoted the past; he might still be free.

'Victoria is unlike her sister,' Miss D — went on to say, 'but I hope she will fill her place; it is my dearest wish.'

Theodore did not like the tone with which his companion said this, nor the sisterly look she directed toward Victoria. Would not the *friendship* of this woman suffice the sister and brother?

At an early hour the two ladies withdrew. Harold took a cigar, and did not linger with his companion. When midnight made Ontario very lovely, Mr. Granville still paced the deck; at every step he perceived the fragrance of the cedar bough.

Victoria lingered in Miss D —'s state-room, and was very helpful in unpacking her dressing-case. Finally she turned the conversation ingeniously to Mr. Granville, trying with a woman's tact, to find how he stood in the lady's critical estimation. Miss D — was sufficiently versed in a girl's perverseness to make no disparaging remarks, treating him rather as an intensely cold Englishman, polite by habit, and not a subject for very especial consideration or attention.

Victoria opened her sketch-book on reaching her own state-room, and altered the expression of the figure plainly outlined; he was not a misanthrope, but a living, thinking man. In the narrow berth, looking out on dark Ontario, Victoria meditated on Harold's character. As her sister's husband he had hitherto been a good-natured, kind brother; of late their relation had changed; she must think of him now in his true light, and weigh the attainments of his manhood. She thought of him in his daily life, carrying into his business this hopeful, cheerful nature, shunning the troubles, courting the pleasures of existence. She remembered his unvarying kindness, and the filling of her sister's brief married life with constant brightness; she knew his devotion as a brother, his pleasant acquaintance with all the arts which make life happier: and yet she could not feel that in this man she would feel that repose of soul for which she yearned. The brother-love had not worn away with him; the voyage would be monotonous and placid: she longed for the leaping, tumultuous waves, preceding the plunge sublime and beautiful! The vision of Harold faded away; the words, 'I beg your pardon; you are too near!' rang in her ears. Was she too near the edge to be safe?

Sunrise on Ontario found them floating through the Thousand Isles. Victoria was alone, watching the boat's course, when Mr. Granville came on deck, still wearing the cedar prize. Morning shows the bright and practical part of our nature; at evening we may poetize. They were talking very freely of life's aims and responsibilities when Harold approached, less elated than usual, yet stooping to kiss Victoria's hand as he said 'Good morning!'

They were drifting into the St. Lawrence, the water still tinged with memories of Niagara, separating two nations, yet bringing them together. Theodore Granville had felt no dismay even when he discovered that this Englishwoman had never touched British soil; it did not matter to which hemisphere Victoria belonged, any country might be proud of her nativity. So the day wore away, with increasing disquietude for Harold, increasing satisfaction for

the fourth voyager : he had long ago found out that this woman could understand him, and he trusted himself in her hands.

By a woman's intuition, Victoria noticed the shadow in Harold's blue eyes, and by delicate manœuvres restored his faith. The two men were less demonstrative to-day ; Victoria came forth from her reserve, and charmed the hours magically.

Grave and gay, child-like and womanly, she still made visible the rainbow over the water. Through life's smooth and rough places, the voyage would be safe with this woman ; from the river she would surely reach the ocean beyond !

The boat was nearing the rapids, that perilous part of the noble river, when the heart beats quicker. Victoria tried to quiet the hurried pulsations ; why should the rapids agitate her, the pilot was already on board ! Nearer they drew, until the boat began to rock and tremble. Theodore had passed through these rapids scores of times, yet never before did his heart bound and tremble in unison. The four friends were standing, exhilarated by the novelty of the motion, and the apparent danger. More convulsively the boat plunged. Victoria could not stand alone : there were *two* hands outstretched, *two* arms offered for her support.

At Niagara she wished to be alone, to drink in that excessive beauty. On the lake it mattered not who amused her. On the narrower river she was independent of aid. When danger threatened and the rapids were under their feet, to whom should she cling ? Who would best still her frightened and helpless heart ?

Harold's beseeching blue eyes claimed the privilege ; she must not hesitate : with a sudden impulse she drew closer to Theodore Granville's side, and his strong, loving arm bore her *then* and *always* — *over the Rapids !*

A SEA-PICTURE.

LIGHTLY o'er the heaving deep
Roll the zephyrs of the West ;
Shadows of the cloud-hills creep,
Like a dream o'er Ocean's breast.
Lights and shadows dance and play
With the gladsome wavelets of the sea :
The snow-white sails fade far away,
And the shore-surge peals its symphony.

W. T.

IN CAMP WITH THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

On the twenty-seventh day of January, 1859, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I had reached Babel : it was an error, I had only reached the outskirts of the Pasha's camp, at the Barrage. Such another collection of donkey-boys, fellaheen, camels, cawasses, stalks of sugar-cane, howagas, curses, pipes, bournouses, tarboushes, boiled beans and camel chips, dust, musk and dirt, could only be assembled by that powerful attraction, a FANTASIA at the Barrage, in honor of the Pasha's birthday.

'Look out for your hams, the Effendi is coming !'

Thus shouted the runner, who had accomplished on foot the distance from Cairo in about three hours, coming in ahead of the raw-boned, feather-tailed Arabian I rode.

And as his shout regarding hams might by some ingenious reader be tortured into the idea, that the Effendi was a pork-stealer, it may be as well to state here, that reference was made to human hams — pretty well dried, but by no means sugar-cured — which the runner desired might be removed from injury arising from the headlong career of the Effendi Babbaga Thahab, on his fiery steed. And here, apropos of hams, let me say, that this account of Camp Life in Egypt is written solely in admiration of AN ARMY THAT CAN LIVE WITHOUT PORK. Solemn fact.

Working our way through the here brilliant, there mud-colored crowd, our party reached the long stone bridge over the Nile, connecting the main land with the Barrage; crossed it, and found our passage barred by sentinels. To the Ravel troupe we were indebted for admittance into the festive scene; not directly, but from instructions obtained from them in past years in the noble art of pantomime. 'T was thus :

The sentinels addressed us in Arabic, we essayed to reply by producing sundry sounds like the *ut de poitrine* of Lablache, or the resonant voice of a large bull-frog. We brought into play all the words we had picked up from books, donkey-boys, and the shop-keepers of the bazaars, including the black-eyed wearers of yashmaks. 'T was a failure.

How to get in? We were to be the guests of an officer in the Pasha's artillery, whom we shall call Jarie Bey; and after all words failed, suddenly the bright idea of Ravel-ling our way in, struck us. The officer had blue eyes, we pointed to the sky, and then to our own optics; we pantomimed a piece of artillery, accompanying it with the vocal sound 'Boom !' The sentinels let us pass !

Moreover, one waved his hand to the right bank of the river, and we went along it outside of the walls of the fort, and soon found ourselves among tents, plunging horses, and two or three regiments of naked soldiers, soaping each

other, and then diving into the Nile. They looked, as regards color, like doughnuts on legs, with icing over them, until the soapy icing disappeared under a wave of water. After this life-school study, we entered a gate of the fort, and found tents pitched, and infantry at work cleaning guns and accoutrements; finally bringing up at a complete Swiss chalet, as perfect as if it had been moved that morning from Kandersteg. This was the temporary residence and head-quarters of the Pasha. One of his last toys. Finally, I saw afar off a white-haired German, and lifted up my voice and hailed him; and when he replied, I knew that the man was a Mecklenburgher: and he told me that at a certain place outside the walls of the fort, was a buffet, kept by a German, who had lager-beer for sale.

Ten thousand miles I've travelled,
Ten thousand miles and more;
But lager-beer in Egypt
I never saw before!

And he could probably direct us to Jarie Bey's tent. On our way we passed through clouds of smoke, and scents of onions frying, and many joints roasting; and *fellaheen*, with wooden trays on their heads, with palm-leaf covers, bearing army rations, piping hot, to the hungry soldiers. Such another scene as the kitchen presented! Five hundred cooks at work in the open air, and a promiscuous rush and turmoil, as if they had but one minute to live, and must die amid gravy. Before we reached the buffet, we encountered Jarie Bey, and at once proceeded to the lager-beer (which beer, by the way, is brewed in Alexandria, and is not very good) and cigar saloon; here we refreshed ourselves, and then passing through the fort, and out the other side, were at home with the artillery, and soon seated on the heavy carpets spread on the ground inside of the Bey's tent. We found two of his brother officers encamped with him; one, a *picus* Mussulman, was going through the prayers, head bobbing up and down toward Mecca, prayer-carpet spread out, etc.; but the other officer had a Greek look about him, and when our *sais* brought out a brandy-bottle, his eyes gleamed like a hawk's, and he wound up an Arabic exclamation of delight with two English words, shockingly expressive, as he poured down the better half of a tumbler of cognac, straight!

Clapping his hands, the Bey, whose body-servant at once appeared at the call, ordered pipes; and the Mussulman, having finished praying, brought out his splendidly-mounted *tchibouk*, ordered his servant to fill and light it, and then courteously insisted on my smoking it, which request I at once complied with. In came the coffee, and we smoked, drank, and chatted away an hour, the conversation filled up in the gaps by the kicking and squealing of our horses, tethered outside the tent, and who evinced the most unamiable desire of attacking each other—if the ropes would only permit. We then made a tour of inspection of the park of artillery, finding the guns in good order, and the Bey occasionally stopping to Arabic a little, very energetically, when a chain was unloose, or a speck of dust found in one of the five or twelve-pounders. There were some splendid specimens of French and Spanish mules for the ammunition-wagons; the French mules were for the most part white, and many

of them were over seventeen hands high. While we were inspecting several Arab horses used for the artillery, we were nearly lifted off our feet by a discharge of three hundred guns at sunset from the fort, the walls of which rising above our heads not fifty yards off, bristled with heavy artillery : then, while our ears rung with the discharge, and a cloud of smoke shut us in, the sharp clatter of hoofs sounded in front of us ; and jumping for the shelter of a gun, the Bey pulled us after him, as a number of mules and horses, having broken their fastenings, thundered by. After them came the artillery-men, the tassels of their tarboushes streaming in the wind, and their full breeches puffed out like balloons ; for half-an-hour in and out among guns, they kept up the chase, finally securing all but one or two fiery ones, among which the Bey's blood mare was counted, and who finally came to tent of her own accord, and after sundry coquettings, at last put her nose on the Bey's cheek, and submitted herself to the ropes.

At night the entire fort was illuminated with brilliant lamps and colored lanterns, most ingeniously devised, turning the scene into a veritable Arabian Night's Entertainment. The view from the river side was more picturesque than can be imagined. The fort seemed hung in air, and was reflected in the slow-flowing waters of the Nile ; while the thousand flowing garments of soldiers and dusky fellaheen, came out startlingly in contrast with the deep shadows of the darkness beyond the illumination.

With a good blanket, and a saddle for pillow, we slept soundly in tent that night, to be wakened in the morning by the salute of three hundred guns again, making the canvas over-head tremble, and creating stampede number two among the mules and artillery-horses. At nine o'clock in the morning, the Pasha, looking like a fat old turtle-dove, had a grand review of the entire army, not among the least curious of which was the cavalry, including the Bashi-Bazouks, with their black and red stove-pipe hats, without brims, and with crowns eight or ten inches high ! The infantry marched well, and presented a soldierly appearance ; but the artillery made a splendid turn-out, the officers gleaming with broad belts of woven gold, and resplendent as to all their accoutrements ; patent-leather top-boots, with gold tassels, gold-mounted swords, and so on. In the afternoon there was a balloon-ascension, by the Godards from Paris ; there was dancing by the GHAWAZEE ; a grand collation given by the Pasha, where champagne flowed like etc. etc. ; superb display of fireworks at night : fun, frolic, more cognac ! Several millions of piastres spent, six artillery-men blown to pieces. Any amount of bastinadoing next day at the cawass office in Cairo ; and a thorough experience of a FANTASIA acquired by the well-entertained guest of Jarie Bey.

PETER HART:

A BALLAD OF THE SIEGE OF SUMTER

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

'Twas when the rebel batteries were firing shot and shell,
When thick round Sumter's battlements the deadly missiles fell,
Where worn and weary from the siege the gallant little band,
'Gainst countless and o'erwhelming odds right nobly made their stand.

Then spake our gallant Anderson: 'Stand forth, my fearless men,
And give the traitors one more round, and man the guns again;
The flag that floats above our heads was raised with tears and prayer:
God willing, its bright starry folds shall float forever there.'

Then at the word stood forth the men, bold-hearted, brave, and true,
Shame on procrastinating rule, alas! they were too few!
And with a cheering, ringing shout, 'mid shot and bursting shell,
Right manfully they serve the guns, and do their duty well.

Yet one remains! say, can it be amid that little band,
A traitor lurks, to plot and bring woe on his native land?
Not so! with half-averted eye, tears streaming down his cheeks,
From quivering lip and faltering tongue, a patriot soul out-speaks:

'Where broad Hudson's swelling tide drives back the ocean's foam,
In the great city of New-York, I have my little home;
But chance from all I hold most dear has borne me far away,
And the same chance has watched my steps and brought me here to-day.

'But when in Charleston's streets I stood amid the rebel crew,
They made me swear a solemn oath e'er they would pass me through,
That come what might, through wrong or right, on water or on land,
Against the Southern foe in fight I'd never lift my hand.

'I took the oath, with faltering tongue, but 't was to save my life,
And came — it might be I could aid a little in the strife:
I cannot join to man the guns, the solemn oath I spoke,
And Peter Hart thus far in life his promise never broke.

'But on the battlements I'll stand, and call aloud, 'Beware!'
And watch to tell when shot and shell come darting through the air,
That all take warning: Peter Hart must to his oath be true,
But for his country he will dare all that a man may do.'

And there upon the battlements through all the siege he stood,
All ready, if it need be, to baptize them with his blood ;
And as the rebel port-holes flashed, called loudly, 'Shot!' or 'Shell !'
And when it struck, then came the word : 'Thank God, for all is well !'

Why tell how traitor force prevailed ? each child through all the land,
Can list the story of the siege, tell how the little band,
'Mid blazing barracks, bursting shells, fasting, and weak and worn,
Fought till their failing strength gave out, till every means was gone,
And then in honor, with their flag, marched from the stronghold forth,
Leaving the rebels blackened walls, sailed for the loyal North.

O loyal city of New-York ! be proud, as well you may,
That yours divide with Anderson the honors of that day ;
We loved you as the mighty one, the country's boast and pride,
But a bond now knits us unto you that nothing may divide.

Away with petty rivalry, with every vain dispute,
In the country's song of Freedom, let jarring notes be mute !
New-England sends thee greeting, in love extends her hand,
And we swell the cheers for Union which are echoing through the land.

And not in vain 'gainst Sumter's walls, the waves of rebel ire
Broke in a storm of shot and shell, and sheets of smoke and fire ;
And not in vain the starry flag bowed to a traitor band ;
It has roused to life the spirit of a mighty loyal land.

Already on the eastern hills the dawn of Freedom's day,
Tells that the plague-spot of our land shall soon be purged away ;
That the down-trodden shall be raised, and ours shall truly be,
As often vainly vaunted, land of the brave and *Free* !

You who have toiled and waited — oh ! great will be your gain.
Ye soldiers in the camp and field, ye labor not in vain !
Remember each when heavy paths your weary feet have trod,
To toil in patience, working out the purposes of God.

Glen Ridge, Mass.

THROUGH THE COTTON STATES.

It was a delicious morning late in December when I landed at Georgetown. The little steamer *Nina*, (a cross between a half-grown nautilus and a full-grown tub,) which a few weeks later was enrolled as the first man-of-war of the Confederate navy, then performed the carrying trade between the two principal cities of South-Carolina. On her, in company with sundry boxes, bales, and other merchandise, I had embarked the previous night at Charleston. Armed with a friendly invitation from an 'up-country' planter, whom I had met while travelling, I had started on a tour of observation through the rice and turpentine districts which skirt the Waccamaw river.

As our embryo war-steamer rounded up to the long, low, rickety dock, lumbered breast-high with cotton, turpentine, and resin, not a white face was to be seen. A few half-clad, shiftless-looking negroes, lounging idly about, were the only portion of the population that had gathered to witness our landing.

'Are all the people dead?' I inquired of one of them, thinking it strange that so important an event as the arrival of the Charleston packet should excite no greater interest in so quiet a town. 'Not ded, massa,' he replied, with a knowing chuckle, 'but dey getting ready for a fun'ral.' 'What funeral?' I asked. 'Dey gwine to shoot all de abolition darkies at de Norf, and den have a brack burying, he! he!' saying which, the sable gentleman expanded the opening in his countenance to an enormous extent, doubtless at the brilliancy of his own wit.

I asked him to take my portmanteau, and conduct me to the best hotel. He readily assented with a 'Yas, yas, massa, I show you where all de *big-bugs* stop;' but at once turning to another darkey standing near, accosted him with, 'Here, Jim, you lazy nigger, tote de gemman's tings.'

'Why don't you take them yourself?' I asked; 'you will then get all the pay.' 'No, no, massa; dat nigger and me in partnership; he do de work, and I keep de change,' was the grinning reply, which admirably illustrates a peculiarity I have observed to be universal with the negro. When left to his own discretion, he invariably 'goes into partnership' with some one poorer than himself, and no matter how trivial the task, shirks all the labor he can.

The silent darkey and my portmanteau in the van, and the garrulous old negro guarding my flank, I wended my way through the principal street to the hotel. On the route I resumed the conversation:

'So, uncle, you say the people here are getting ready for a black burying?'

'Yas, massa, gwine to bury all dem mis'erable free niggas at de Norf.'

'Why, uncle,' I inquired; 'what will you do that for?'

'Why for, massa! you ax why for!' he exclaimed in surprise.

'I do n't know,' I rejoined, 'I'm a stranger here,'

'Well, you see, massa, dem ab'litionist niggas up dere have been and 'lected

an ole danky, dey call Uncle Abe, for Pres'dent, and Old Abe he gwine to come down Souf, and cut all de decent niggas throats. He'll hab a good time, he will! My young massa's captain of de sodgers, and he'll catch de ole coon, and hang him up so high de crows won't cotch him; yas, he will;' and again the old danky's face opened till it looked like the entrance to the Mammoth Cave. He, evidently, had read the Southern papers.

Depositing my luggage at the hotel, which I found on a side-street — a dilapidated, unpainted wooden building, with a female landlord — I started out to explore the town, till the hour for dinner. Retracing my steps in the direction of the steamboat landing, I found the streets nearly deserted, although it was the hour when the principal part of the day's business is transacted. Soon I discovered the cause. The militia of the place were out on parade. Preceded by a colored band, playing national airs, which I thought in doleful keeping with the occasion, and followed by a motley collection of negroes of all sexes and ages, the company was entering the principal street. As it passed me, I could judge of the prowess of the redoubtable captain, who, according to Pompey, is to hang the President 'so high de crows won't cotch him.' He was a harmless-looking young man, with long, spindle legs, admirably fitted for running. He was not formidable in other respects; still there *was* a certain martial air about an enormous sabre which hung at his side, and occasionally got entangled in his nether integuments, and a fiery, warlike look to the heavy tuft of reddish hair which sprouted in bristling defiance from his upper lip.

His company numbered about seventy; some with uniforms and some without, and bearing all sorts of arms, from the old flint-lock musket to the modern revolving rifle. They were, however, sturdy fellows, and looked as if they might do service at 'the imminent deadly breach.' Their full ranks taken from a population of less than five hundred whites, told unmistakably the intense war feeling of the community.

Georgetown is one of the oldest towns in South-Carolina, and has a decidedly *finished* appearance. Not a single building, I was informed, had been erected there within five years. Turpentine is one of the chief productions of the district; yet the cost of white lead and chrome yellow has rendered paint a scarce commodity, and the houses, consequently, all wear a dingy, decayed look. Though situated on a magnificent bay, a little below the confluence of three noble rivers, which drain a country of surpassing richness, and though the centre of the finest rice-growing district in the world, the town is dead. Every thing about it wears an air of dilapidation. The few white men you meet in the streets, or see lounging lazily around the stores and warehouses, appear to lack all purpose and energy. Long contact with the negro has given to them his shiftless, aimless character.

The ordinance of secession had passed the Legislature a short time prior to my visit, and, as might be expected, the political situation was the all-engrossing topic of thought and conversation. In the estimation of the whites, a glorious future was opening on the little State. Whether she stood alone, or was supported by the other slave States, she would assume a high rank among the nations of the earth; her cotton and rice would draw tribute from

every clime, and when she spoke creation would tremble. Such overweening State pride among *such* a people, shiftless, indolent and enervated as they are, strikes a stranger as in the last degree ludicrous; but when they tell you, in the presence of the black, whose strong brawny arms and sinewy frame show that in him lies the real strength of the State, that this great empire is to be built on the shoulders of the slave, your smile of incredulity gives way to an expression of pity, and you are tempted to ask if those sinewy machines may not *think*, and some day rise, and topple down the mighty fabric which is to be reared on their backs!

Among the 'peculiar institutions' of the South are its inns. I do not refer to those pinchbeck, imitation St. Nicholas establishments which flourish in the larger cities, but to those home-made affairs, noted for hog and hominy, corn-cake and waffles, which crop out here and there in the smaller towns, the natural growth of Southern life and institutions. A model of its class is the one at Georgetown. Hog, hominy and corn-cake for breakfast; waffles, hog and hominy for dinner; and hog, hominy and corn-cake for supper—and such corn-cake, baked in the ashes of the hearth, a plentiful supply of the grayish condiment still clinging to it!—is its never-varying bill of fare. I endured this for a day, *how*, has ever since been a mystery to me, but when night came my experiences were indescribable. Retiring early, to get the rest needed to fit me for the long ride of the morrow, I soon realized that 'there is no rest for the wicked,' none, at least, for sinners at the South. Scarcely had my head touched the pillow when I was besieged by an army of red-coated secessionists, who set upon me without mercy. I withstood the assault manfully, till 'bleeding at every pore,' when slowly and sorrowfully I beat a retreat. Ten thousand to one is greater odds than the gallant Anderson encountered at Sumter. Yet I determined not to abandon the field. Placing three chairs in a row, I mounted upon them, and in that seemingly impregnable position hurled defiance at the enemy, in the words of Scott, (slightly altered to suit the occasion:)

'Come one, come all, these chairs shall fly
From their firm base as soon as I.'

My exultation was, however, of short duration. Soon the persistent foe, scaling my entrenchments, returned to the assault with redoubled vigor, and in utter despair I finally fled. Groping my way through the hall, and out of the street-door, I departed. The Sable Brother—alias the Son of Ham—alias the Image of God carved in Ebony—alias the Oppressed Type—alias the Contraband—alias the Irrepressible Nigger—alias the Chattel—alias the Darky—alias the Cullud Pusson—alias the Great Cause—alias the Goose, had informed me that I should find the Big Bugs at that hotel. I had found them.

The ancient town boasts no public conveyance, except a one-horse gig that takes the mail in tri-weekly trips to Charleston. That vehicle, which appeared to have been originally used by some New-England doctor, during the early part of the past century, had but one seat, and besides, was not going the way I desired to take, so I was forced to seek a conveyance at a livery-stable. At

the only livery establishment in the place, kept as I learned by a 'cullud pusson,' who, though a slave, owns a stud of horses that might, among a people more *movingly* inclined, yield a respectable income, I found what I wanted, a light Newark buggy, and a spanking gray. Provided with these, and a ducky driver, who was to accompany me to my destination, and return alone, I started. A trip of seventy miles is something of an undertaking in 'them diggins,' and quite a crowd gathered around to witness our departure, not a soul of whom, I will wager, will ever hear the rumble of a stage-coach, or the whistle of a steam-car, in those sandy, deserted streets.

We soon left the village, and struck a broad open avenue, lined on either side by fine old trees, and extending in an air-line for several miles. It was skirted by broad rice-fields, and these were dotted here and there by large antiquated houses, and little collections of negro-huts. It was a week-day without work, no hands were busy in the fields, and every thing wore the aspect of Sunday. We had ridden a few miles when suddenly the road appeared to sink into a deep, broad stream, called, as the driver told me, the Black River. No appliance for crossing being at hand, or in sight, I was about concluding that some modern Moses accommodated travellers by passing them over its bed dry-shod, when a flat-boat shot out from the jungle on the opposite bank, and pulled toward us. It was made of two-inch plank, and manned by two infirm-looking darkies, with frosted wool, who seemed to need all their strength to sit upright. In that leaky craft, kept afloat by incessant bailing, we succeeded, at the end of an hour, in crossing the river. And this, be it understood, is travelling in one of the richest districts of South-Carolina!

We soon left the region of the rice-fields, and plunged into dense forests of the long-leaved pine, where for miles not a house, or any other evidence of human occupation, is to be seen. Nothing could well be more dreary than a ride through such a region, and to while away the tedium of the journey I opened a conversation with the driver, who up to that time had maintained a respectful silence.

He was a genuine native African, and a most original and interesting specimen of the *genus* ducky. His thin, close-cut lips, straight nose and European features were strangely contrasted by a skin of ebon blackness, and there was a quiet, native dignity in his manner which betokened superior intelligence. His story was a strange one. When a boy, he with his mother was kidnapped by a hostile tribe, and sold to the traders at Cape Lopez, on the western coast of Africa. There, in the slave-pen, the mother died, and he, a child of seven years, was sent in a slave-ship to Cuba. At Havana, when sixteen, he attracted the notice of a South-Carolina gentleman, residing in Charleston, who bought him and took him to 'the States.' He lived as house-servant in the family of this gentleman till some five years ago, when his master died, leaving him to a daughter. This lady, a kind indulgent mistress, allowed him to 'hire his time,' and he had since carried on an 'independent business,' as porter, and doer of all-work around the wharves and streets of Georgetown. In this way he gained a comfortable living, besides paying to his mistress one hundred and fifty dollars a year for the privilege of earning his own support.

He was in every way a remarkable negro, and my two days' ride with him banished from my mind all doubt as to the capacity of the black for freedom, and all question of the disposition of the slave to strike off his chains when the favorable moment arrives. From him I learned that the blacks, though pretending ignorance, are fully acquainted with the questions at issue in the pending contest. He expressed the opinion, that war would come in consequence of the stand South-Carolina had taken; and when I said to him: 'But if it comes you will be no better off. It will end in a compromise, and leave you where you are.' He answered: 'No, massa, 't wont do dat. De South will fight hard, and de North will get de blood up, and come down here, and wipe dem out, and den do away wid de *cause* of all de trubble — and dat is de nigga.'

'But,' I said, 'perhaps the South will drive back the North; as you say, they will fight hard.'

'Dat dey will, massa, dey am the fightin' sort, but dey can't whip de North, 'cause you see dey 'll fight wid only one hand. When dey fight de North wid de right hand, dey 'll have to hold de nigga wid de left.'

'But,' I replied, 'the blacks won't rise; most of you have kind masters and fare well.'

'All true, Massa, but dat an't freedom, and black man love freedom as much as de white. The same blessed Lord made dem both, and Hz made dem all alike, excep de skin. De blacks have strong hands, and when de day comes you 'll see dey have heads too!'

Much other conversation, showing a great degree of intelligence on his part, passed between us. In answer to my question if he had a family, he said: 'No. None of my blood shall ever be a slave! Ole Massa flog me and threaten to kill me 'cause I would n't marry; but I told him to kill, dat 't would be more his loss dan mine.'

I asked if the negroes generally felt as he did, and he told me that many did; that nearly all would fight for their freedom if they had the opportunity, though some preferred slavery because they were sure of being cared for when infirm, not considering that if their labor, while they were strong, made their masters rich, the same labor would provide for *them* against old age. He told me that in the *district* of Georgetown there are twenty thousand negroes, and not more than two thousand whites, and 'Suppose,' he said, 'dat one quarter of dese niggas should rise — de rest would keep still — whar den would de white folks be?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'they would be taken at a disadvantage; but it would not be long before aid from Charleston and other places came, and you would be overpowered.'

'No, Massa,' he replied, 'de chivarly, as you call dem, would be off in Virginny, and we could soon get aid from Massa Seward, who could land troops enough in Georgetown to chaw up de whole State in less dan no time.'

'But you have no leaders,' I said, 'no one to direct the movement. The negro is not a match for the white man in generalship, and without generals, whatever your numbers, you would fare hardly.'

To this he replied, an elevated enthusiasm lighting up his face, 'De LORD, Massa, made generals of Gideon and David, and de black man know as much 'bout war as dey did; besides,' he added, with a quiet humor, 'de black man *am* equal to de white. I know most of de great men, such as Washington and John and James and Paul and Deuteronomy and dem old fellers were white, but dere was Two Sand and Nigga Demus (Nicodemus,) dey were black.'

That was a knock-down argument, and I could say nothing. If the day which sees the rising of the Southern blacks comes to this generation, that negro will be among the leaders. He sang to me several of the songs current among the darkies of the district, and though of little poetic value, they interested me much, as indicating the feelings animating the slaves. The blacks are a musical race, and the readiness with which many of them improvise words and melody is wonderful; but I had met none possessing the readiness of my new acquaintance. Several of the tunes he repeated several times, and each time with a new accompaniment of words. I will try to render a few of these songs into as good negro lingo as I am master of, but I cannot hope to convey the indescribable humor and pathos which my darky friend threw into them, and which made our long, solitary ride through those dreary pine-barrens pass rapidly and pleasantly away. The first refers to an old darky who had been transplanted from the cotton-fields of 'old Virginny' to the rice-swamps of Carolina, and who evidently did n't like the change, but found consolation in the fact that rice is not grown on 'the other side of Jordan.'

'Come listen, all you darkies, come listen to my song,
It am about ole Massa, who treats me bery wrong:
In de cold, frosty mornin', it an't so bery nice,
Wid de water to de middle to hoe among de rice;
 When I neber hab forgotten
 How I used to hoe de cotton,
 How I used to hoe de cotton,
 On de ole Virginny shore;
 But I'll neber hoe de cotton,
 Oh! neber hoe de cotton
 Any more.

'If I feel de drowful hunger, he tink it am a vice,
And he gib me for my dinner a little broken rice,
A little broken rice and a bery little fat—
And he grumble like de debil if I eat too much of dat;
 When I neber hab forgotten, etc.

'He tore me from my DINAH, and I tought my heart would burst,
He made me lub anoder when my lub was wid de first,
He sold my picanninies because he got dar price,
And shut me in de marsh-field to hoe among de rice;
 When I neber hab forgotten, etc.

'And all de day I hoe dar, in all de heat and rain,
And as I hoe away dar, my heart go back again,
Back to de little shanty dat stood among de corn,
And to de ole plantation where she and I was born!
 Oh! I wish I had forgotten, etc.

'Den DINAH am beside me, de children on my knee,
And dough I am a slave dar, it 'pears to me I'm free,
Till I wake up from my dreaming, and wife and children gone,
I hoe away and weep dar, and weep dar all alone!
 Oh! I wish I had forgotten, etc.

'But soon a day am coming, a day I long to see,
 Where dis darkey in de cold ground, foreber will be free,
 When wife and children wid me, I'll sing in Paradise,
 How Ha, de blessed Jesus, hab bought me wid a price;
 How de Lord hab not forgotten
 How well I hoed de cotton,
 How well I hoed de cotton
 On de old Virginny shore;
 Dar I'll neber hoe de cotton,
 Oh! neber hoe de cotton
 Any more.'

The politics of the following are not exactly those of the rulers at Washington, but a few more Bull Runs may bring us all 'to this complexion at last:'

'HARK! darkies, hark! it am de drum
 Dat calls ole Massa 'way from hum,
 Wid powder-pouch and loaded gun,
 To drive ole Ann from Washington;
 Oh! Massa's gwine to Washington,
 So clar de way to Washington —
 Oh! won't dis darkey hab sum fun
 When Massa's off to Washington!

'Dis darkey know what Massa do;
 He take him long to brack him shoe,
 To brack him shoe and tote him gun,
 When he am off to Washington.
 Oh! Massa's gwine to Washington,
 So clar de way to Washington,
 Oh! long before de morning sun
 Ole Massa's off to Washington!

'Ole Massa say ole Ann will eat
 Dis nigga, all excep de feet —
 De feet, may be, will cut and run,
 When Massa gets to Washington,
 When Massa gets to Washington;
 So clar de way to Washington —
 Oh! won't dis darkey cut and run
 When Massa gets to Washington!

'Dis nigga know ole Ann will save
 His brudder man, de darkey slave,
 And dat he'll let him cut and run
 When Massa gets to Washington,
 When Massa gets to Washington;
 So clar de way to Washington,
 For Ann will let de darkies run
 When Massa gets to Washington.'

The next is in a similar vein.

'A storm am brewing in de Souf,
 A storm am brewing now,
 Oh! hearken den and shut your mouf,
 And I will tell you how,
 And I will tell you how, ole boy,
 De storm of fire will pour,
 And make de darkies dance for joy,
 As dey neber danced before:
 So shut your mouf as close as death,
 And all you niggas hole your breath,
 And I will tell you how.

' De darkies at de Norf am ris,
 And dey am coming down —
 Am coming down, I know dey is,
 To do de white folks brown!
 Dey 'll turn ole Massa out to grass,
 And set de niggas free,
 And when dat day am come to pass
 We 'll all be dar to see!
 So shut your mouf as close as death,
 And all you niggas hole your breath,
 Dey 'll do de white folks brown!

' Den all de week will be as gay
 As am de Christmas time;
 We 'll dance all night and all de day,
 And make de banjo chime —
 And make de banjo chime, I tink,
 And pass de time away,
 Wid 'nuf to eat and 'nuf to drink,
 And not a dime to pay!
 So shut your mouf as close as death,
 And all you niggas hole your breath,
 And make de banjo chime.

' Oh! make de banjo chime, you nigs,
 And sound de tamborin,
 And shuffle now de merry jigs,
 For Massa's ' going in '—
 For Massa's ' going in,' I know,
 And won't he hab de shakes,
 When Yankee darkies show him how
 Dey cotch de rattle-snakes!*

So shut your mouf as close as death,
 And all you niggas hole your breath,
 For Massa's ' going in '—
 For Massa's ' going in,' I know,
 And won't he hab de shakes
 When Yankee darkies show him how
 Dey cotch de rattle-snakes!'

The merit of the following is TRUTH. The incident is actually, literally, *damvably* true. A system which allows such monstrous enormities must fall by the weight of its own iniquity, if not assisted down by the application of outside pressure:

' Away up dar in ole Virginny,
 Oh! many years ago,
 When I was but a picanniny,
 I lub'd sweet Lucr Low;
 I lub'd her as I lub'd my life,
 And when I told her so,
 She said she'd be my own true wife,
 My own sweet Lucr Low.
 O Lucr! Lucr Low!
 Dey've tore you from your husband's arms,
 Dey keep you for a show,
 Dey sell for gold your lubly charms,
 My poor, lost Lucr Low!

* The emblem of South-Carolina.

'Your eyes was like de clouds of night
 Touched by de moon-beam's glow,
 Your skin, almost a lily white,
 Your soul, as pure as snow,
 Your lips as sweet as sugar-cane,
 When first de sap do flow ;
 But now I only tink wid pain
 Of you, sweet LUCY LOW.
 O LUCY ! LUCY LOW ! etc.

'Sad was de day de trader came,
 De saddest day I know ;
 He bore you to a life of shame,
 A life of shame and woe ;
 He made you what I cannot name,
 My LUCY, pure as snow !
 But though I grieve, I cannot blame
 My poor, lost LUCY LOW !
 O LUCY ! LUCY LOW ! etc.

'My breaking heart finds no relief,
 My tears refuse to flow,
 I 'm wearing out my life wid grief
 For my lost LUCY LOW !
 Oh ! that you now was laid at rest
 Below de winter's snow,
 'T would still de trubble in your breast,
 My poor lost LUCY LOW !
 O LUCY ! LUCY LOW ! etc.

'O righteous LORD ! wilt Thou look down
 On such great wrong and woe,
 Nor blast de wretches wid Thy frown
 Who gave de drefful blow
 Dat broke two hearts, and stained a wife
 As pure as any snow,
 And steeped in sin the soul and life
 Of my poor LUCY LOW !
 O LUCY ! LUCY LOW !
 De gracious LORD will sure look down,
 In mercy on your woe,
 And blast de wretches wid His frown
 Who wronged you, LUCY LOW !'

Poor Lucy ! The reader must not conclude that my darky acquaintance is an average specimen of his class. Far from it. Such instances of intelligence are very rare, and are never found except in the cities. There, constant intercourse with the whites renders the blacks shrewd and intelligent, but on the plantations the case is very different. The fact is, that over the whole South the plantation-slave is elevated but a little above the brute. Every avenue to knowledge is closed to him. His age, his origin, his country, his rights, are all unknown. There is his task, and he does it ; there his food, and he eats it ; but of the spirit within him, his destiny, the God who bends the blue sky above him, he knows nothing. An old negress, to whom I once read a few chapters from the BIBLE, telling her it was God's word, replied : 'Yas, Massa, it am God's word to de white folks, but not to de black. If it war, dey could read it.' The physical condition of the slave is not the real evil of the

'Institution.' His moral and intellectual degradation, which is essential to its very existence, constitutes the true argument against it. It feeds the body, but starves the soul. It blinds the reason, and shuts the mind to truth. It degrades and brutalizes the whole being, and does it purposely. In that lies its strength, and in that, too, lurks the weakness which will one day topple down this giant wrong, with a crash that will shake the continent. Let us hope the direful upheaving, which is now felt throughout the Union, is the precursor of the earthquake that will bury it forever.

The sun was wheeling below the trees which skirted the western horizon, when we halted in the main road, abreast of one of those by-paths, which every traveller at the South recognizes as leading to some planter's house. Turning our horse's head, we pursued this path for a short distance, when emerging from the pine forest, over whose sandy barrens we had ridden all the day, a broad plantation lay spread out before us. On one side was a row of perhaps forty small but neat cabins; and on the other, at the distance of about a third of a mile, a huge building, which, from the piles of timber near it, I saw was a lumber-mill. Before us was a smooth causeway, extending on for a quarter of a mile, and shaded by large live-oaks and pines, whose moss fell in graceful drapery from the gnarled branches. This led to the mansion of the proprietor, a large antique structure, exhibiting the dingy appearance which all houses near the lowlands of the South derive from the climate, but with a generous, hospitable air about its wide doors and bulky windows, that seemed to invite the traveller to the rest and shelter within. I had stopped my horse, and was absorbed in contemplation of a scene as beautiful as it was new to me, when an old negro approached, and touching his hat, said: 'Massa send his compliments to de gemman, and happy to have him spend de night at Bucksville.'

'Bucksville!' I exclaimed, 'and where is the village?'

'Dis am it, massa; and it am eight miles and a hard road to de borough,' (meaning Conwayboro, a one-horse village at which I had designed to spend the night.) 'Will de gemman please ride up to de piazza?' continued the old negro.

'Yes, uncle, and thank you,' and in a moment I had received the cordial welcome of the host, an elderly gentleman, whose easy and polished manners reminded me of the times of our grandfathers in glorious New-England. A few minutes put me on a footing of friendly familiarity with him and his family, and I soon found myself in a circle of daughters and grand-children, and as much at home as if I had been a long-expected guest.

There the reader will please allow me to remain for the present.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

BY CHARLES GODFREY IRLAND.

I.

WHEN I wandered in the land of Art,
 'Mid the sharp-tipped dreams, where blue Madonnas
 Sit like butterflies upon a sun-flower,
 Framed in fragments of the Golden Ages,
 Oft I noted that in all cathedrals,
 Here or there amid grotesquest carving,
One quaint symbol never was forgotten —
 Soon or later, I was sure to find it
 Lurking somewhere in entrellised columns ;
 Peeping strangely through a gnarling impost,
 Always came the strange Masonic symbol
 Of a warrior, helmeted and sworded,
 Fighting grimly with a devil-dragon.

II.

Good old priests have told me that the figure
 Simply meant St. George — you know the story —
 Great St. George, the fearful monster-killer.
 Deeper heads will have it, 'tis a symbol,
 Persian-old — the myth of Light and Darkness,
 Ahriman and Ormusd fiercely fighting,
 Ever fighting the great world-life battle.

And it *is* the fight of Light and Darkness,
 The great fight of God against the devil :
 The great fight of Tyranny and Freedom ;
 Truth and Right against foul Might and Falsehood :
 Many a thousand years the two have battled —
 Tell me, is it an unending struggle ?

III.

Many voices cry: 'It *is* unending ;
 Man is damned by birth, for black transgression
 And the lust of power are his nature,
 Slavery, like sin, must last forever :
 Wo unto the weaker — wo eternal ;
 God, and Sin, and Pain, have plainly spoken,
 And the earth will ne'er be free from bondage.'

IV.

Let me see once more that ancient carving :
 No ; it is not a mere balanced battle :

True the knight seems smothered by the dragon ;
True the foul and snaky folds are round him ;
True he gasps amid the flame and poison :
But his blade is in the monster's vitals,
And the grisly drake is slowly dying.

v.

Yes, although so slowly, he *is* dying ;
Many thousand years have fled in darkness,
Since the sword first cut his scaly armor,
And the red wound roused him into madness ;
But the good knight is of race immortal —
Ever young, and passionate, and fearless ;
And the strength which oozes from the dragon,
Blooms reviving in the glorious warrior.

vi.

Ancient dragon, you are slowly dying !
Golden warrior, ever fairer, stronger !
Child of light, my great Prometheus-Balder,
Dear, and beautiful, and never-fading,
Rouse ! for now the fire-drake makes him ready
For his maddest, fiercest, foulest struggle —
Rouse !
O countrymen ! men of the North-land,
All around you twines the Southern dragon,
All your life is blent with subtle poison,
All your veins are fired with heat infernal,
From the loathsome devil's spume and breathing :
Strike, my warrior, strike him dead forever !
End the world-old strife between the oppressor
And the oppressed : press on, for you *must* conquer !

vii.

Now the good knight frees him from the dragon,
Casts aside the ancient heavy armor,
Bathes him in the purest light of heaven,
In the intensest lucent-flowing spirit ;
White, and beautiful, and lithe, and naked,
Oh ! how golden-fair withouten armor !
True, it shielded him for many ages ;
True, it guarded him against the dragon ;
But it always was a heavy armor,
Girding, smothering, chafing unto bleeding
Those fair limbs of ivory-purest beauty :
Strange that thousands should have deemed that armor
Was his chiefest charm, and best worth keeping ; —
Soul of beauty, rule this world forever !

THE ROUGH RHYMES OF REVOLUTION.

I HAVE a great sympathy for collectors. I am not collective myself — that is to say, I will not deny the possession of a half hundred weight of miscellanieties of a curiositarian description which have stuck to me as I went along — but I don't *collect*. There are men who grow moustaches, and some who are too lazy to shave.

There are autographs. I have of them some few score of a very varied character. Goethe and Chang and Eng, Aldrich and Stoddard and P. T. Barnum; Messrs. Bunsen, Monod, D'Aubigné, and Lacordaire; Harriet Wilson, Aurora Konigsmarke, and Lola Montez. A note from Bayard Taylor in sixteen lines, every line in a different language, is there, and also manuscriptive notes or paragraphs from the hands of Hugh Fitz Hugh, who, taking a hint from Leigh Hunt's Indicator, intends to favor the world shortly with a Cannabis Indicator. Likewise from Charles A. Dana and Thackeray, from Bourcicault and Grisi and Ullman, and Sontag, and the Heinefetter, Taglioni and Grau, Delmonico, Jeremy Bentham and Count Gurowski. Then I have Helmine von Chezy, George Sand and Rose Terry — and take this opportunity to inform the publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER that I have just appropriated a nice little Harriet E. Prescott which he inadvertently left lying around loose, and which I prize even as one prizeth the prizieth of treasures!

Woe is me — this is not the collection of which I should be speaking. Not exactly. In the beginning I had under hand a small collection of the kind which Cobbett once referred to when he wished to show how far human folly and waste-time could possibly go — I mean ballads political — in this case illustrative of the history of the United States. And very rough and rowdy ballads at that. Not the polished or interesting lyrics which gentlemen place in volumes — oh! no. These are of the kind of songs which are *really sung*!

First among them is a Song of the Revolution, for which I return thanks to my solid and entertaining old friend, the Boston *Saturday Express*, and which it declares was poet-ized by Shubael Wheeler, a soldier of Captain Isaac Hodge's company of Rehoboth. It was written on the back of the muster-roll of the company — says the *Express* — and is to be found among the revolutionary rolls in the office of the Secretary of State. Rude as it is, there is more than one brave, hearty old verse in it, applicable to the present time.

AMERICAN LIBERTY.

A NEW SONG.

I.

Awake awake amarican
Put chearful curage on
If tyrants then shall you oppress
Arise and Say be gone.

II.

O let no papest bare the Sway
Nor tyrants ever reign
Treat such infringements of our rights
With resolute Disdain.

III.

Yet we will loyal Subjects be
To any Loyal King
and in defence of Such a prince
Spend evry preshus thing

IV.

But when our prince a tyrant grows
and parliments grows worse
New ingland blod will never bere
Their ignominious curse.

V.

Then let Lord north and hawcheson
And barnard do their worst
Their hatred names thru every age
For ever Shall be curss.

VI.

But mortal can nevr express
the grace that Shall decend
upon the head of every one
Who prove new england friend.

VII.

The navis do around us ly
The troops invade our Land
Yet we will defend our liberty
As long as we can stand.

VIII.

Theo fitting be our best address
we will bravely let them no
that we will fight with all our might
before our rights Shall go.

IX.

All for the sake of Liberty
Our Fathers furst came here
and hunger underwent and cold
and hardships most Severe.

X.

Then let no haughty tyrants think
Weere such a wretched brood
as to give up that liberty
our fathers bought with blod.

XI.

We gladly will concent to peace
on reason able tarms
our liberty once well Secured
we will lay down our arms.

XII.

But never will resign those rights
our fathers purchest so
whilst any of their noble blood
with in our vanes does flow.

XIII.

Domestick enimes we have
almost in avry town
Whoes names to unborn ages
Be all ways handed Down.

XIV.

With infamy dis honour yoke
Shall Sink them in dis grace
amongst the Son of Liberty
Till time it Self Shall cease.

XV.

unite unite amaricans;
with purse with heart and hand
divided we Shall Surely fall
united we Shall Stand

XVI.

And let our hearts be all as one
And all our veins be free
To fight and rather bleed and dy
then Lose our Liberty.

XVII.

Then cum o brave amaricans
Let Drink a loyal bole
may the dear Sound of liberty
Sink deep in every Sole.

XVIII.

here's helth to north america
And all her noble boys
their Liberty and property
And all that She enjoys.

So you see by that, reader, that the memory of the Puritan fathers was no small incitement in the early day. Should we who have not only Puritan, but Revolutionary — yea, and 'Last War' memories, be less forward in the good cause?

A long leap and we come to a song of the present day. Take off your hats — clear the kitchen — for the South-Carolina Gentleman approaches, as set forth in the latest Park paling ballad:

SOUTH-CAROLINA GENTLEMAN.

ALB. — The Fine Old English Gentleman.

Down in a small Palmetto State the curious ones may find,
A ripping, tearing gentleman of an uncommon kind,
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap who takes his whiskey straight,
And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate vengeance which a clergy-
man of high standing has assured must be a sinner's fate.
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

You trace his genealogy and not far back you'll see,
A most undoubted octoroon or mayhap a mustee,
And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on his brow,
You'll find that every other hair is varied with a kink that seldom denotes pure
Caucasian blood, but on the contrary betrays an admixture with a race
not particularly popular now.
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

He always wears a full-dress coat, pre-Adamite in cut,
With waist-coat of the loudest style through which his ruffles jut,
Six breast-pins deck his horrid front and on his fingers shine,
Whole invoices of diamond rings which would hardly pass muster with the
Original Jacobs in Chatham street for jewels gen-u-ine.
This South-Carolina gentleman one of the present time.

He chews tobacco by the pound and spits upon the floor,
If there is not a box of sand behind the nearest door,
And when he takes his weekly spree he clears a mighty track,
Of every thing that bears the shape of whisky-skin gin and sugar brandy sour,
peach and honey, irrepressible cock-tail rum, and gum, and luscious
apple-jack.
This South-Carolina gentleman one of the present time.

He takes to euchre kindly, too, and plays an awful hand,
Especially when those he tricks his style do n't understand,
And if he wins, why then he stoops to pocket all the stakes,
But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate stranger who had chanced to
win: 'It's my opinion you are a cursed abolitionist and if you don't leave
South-Carolina in one hour you will be hung like a dog.' But no offer to
pay his loss he makes.
This South-Carolina gentleman one of the present time.

Of course he's all the time in debt to those who credit gives,
Yet manages upon the best the market yields to live,
But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to heed,
This honorable gentleman instantly draws two bowie-knives and a pistol, dons a
blue cockade, and declares that in consequence of the repeated aggressions
of the North, and its gross violations of the Constitution, he feels that it
would utterly degrade him to pay any debt whatever, and that in fact he
has at last determined to SECEDE.
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

If 'Wrigley, Publisher of Songs, Ballads, and Toy Books, Conversation,
Age, and Small Playing Cards,' whose *imprimatur* colophons this lyric, had
only given the author's name, Albert Pike might have known who his rival is.

But the bard of the broad-side ballad never is known. He may 'start' a song which will live for centuries — but he cannot live with it — *il faut mourir*.

The next in order has a veritable camp-analogical ring to it. I clip it from the military correspondence of the Wilmington, Delaware, *Commonwealth*. It is a true chirp from a Blue Hen's Chicken.

THE DELAWARE VOLUNTEERS.

Come all you young men that do intend to roam
From the State of Delaware, a long way from home,
Cruising down around the banks of the Southern States hi O,
Through sweet and shady groves,
Through the rebel States we'll ramble and we'll hang Jeff Davis, O.

There's fishes in the Delaware that's fitting for our use,
Likewise the sugar-cane that yields to us its juice,
There's plenty of good Union men for the Stars and Stripes, you know,
Cruising down around the banks, etc.

Come all you young girls, and spin us some yarn,
You can make us clothing to keep ourselves warm,
And you can knit and spin, my girls, while we can reap and mow;
Cruising down around, etc.

If any of them Southerners dare to come nigh,
We'll rush into the States, and conquer or we'll die,
We'll rush into the ranks and strike a powerful blow;
Cruising down around, etc.

There is the chime of an older song in that Delaware chant — something recalling the blue briny, and a *real* pirate song — not a piano-forte pirate lyric. How was it?

'We met a gal-i-ant vessel, a-cruisin' on the sea;
For mer-cy, for mer-cy, for mercy she did plea,
But the mercy we gave her, we sunk her in the sea,
Cruisin' down on the shore by the coast of Bar-ba-ree!'

That was the first spark of 'The Delaware Volunteers.' Let the thousand-and-one poets who are writing soldier-songs, war-songs, and camp-songs at such a scampering rate in all the newspapers of the country, take a hint from this last lyric which has in it more intrinsic evidence of real *popularity* than all that has so far appeared in print. A song for the *soldiers* — for the rank and file — must not fly too high. A good old slow, nasal tune is a fine — I may say a *very* fine — foundation. A regular old North-east tune, one of the kind which Jack intones so monotonously, and wailing boisterously when heaving the anchor:

'Oh! Sa-lly Brown!'

Your *tune* once settled, let there be just enough of some older song in your verses to demi-semi-familiarize the auditor with the new one. It is hard to drum an entirely new song into proletarian popularity. Ninety-nine out of one hundred of all new airs — Dixie or Villikens — become common, simply

because they are a *rechauffée* of something already well known. For this reason the parody, especially in comic songs, has always enjoyed vast favor.

Apropos of which, I offer a parody of a song which has been — thanks to its doleful air — immensely beloved.

MY LOVE HE IS A ZOU-ZU ONLY NINETEEN YEARS OLD.

My love is a Zou-Zu so gallant and bold,
He 's rough and he 's handsome, scarce nineteen years old,
To show off in Washington, he has left his own dear,
And my heart is a-breaking because he 's not here.

CHORUS.

For his spirit was brave; it was fierce to behold,
In a young man bred a Zou-Zu only nineteen years old.

His parents taught him to be a Cavalier,
But the life of a Zou-Zu he much did prefer;
For his heart 's with his Country in right or in wrong,
And in Richmond with Farnham he'll be afore long.

CHORUS. — For his spirit, etc.

My fond heart is beating for him constantly,
But I fear his affections may waver from me;
For a sweet-heart can be found in each State, I am told,
By a young man, a Zou-Zu, only nineteen years old.

CHORUS. — For his spirit, etc.

And now for my Zou-Zu I grieve and repine,
For fear that his brave heart may never be mine;
All the wealth of Jeff Davis in cotton or gold,
I would give for my Zou-Zu only nineteen years old.

CHORUS. — For his spirit, etc.

Nextly, I commend, not on account of any poetical fitness or vim, for it hath none, being woefully like any 'fine poem' in a corner of the *Sledger*, the song which is presumed to be sung by the Wilson Zouaves. One thing is worth noting — the air to which it is sung was originally that of the Mexican *leperos*, who are in *some* respects not totally unlike Billy's men — albeit they lack their 'clear game devil spirit. Do you recall the tune, O old soldier!

'Marchemos voluntarios,
Al campo del honor,
Atacar à los Yankees,
Que vienen con Tay-lor!'

But I am outrunning my limits. Here concludeth with the song of

BILLY WILSON'S ZOUAVES.

AIR. — The plains of Mexico.

DASH on, dash on, my gallant Zouaves,
Where dangers darkly frown;
Let Freedom bravely nerve your arms,
Strikes every traitor down.

What though their murd'rous squadrons stand,
In stern and fierce array,
We'll make them feel our sweeping charge,
And quickly clear the way.

This Union which so long hath been
The shelt'ring home of all
Fair Freedom's valiant, holy band,
Shall not by traitors fall;
But it will stand, through storm and strife,
The home of Freedom's band,
And naught shall cause its overthrow,
While strength lies in our hand.

While life's bright blood shall warm our hearts,
Our arms shall e'er be strong,
To strike each plund'ring traitor down,
And triumph over wrong.
And though our bones may bleach upon
A distant, hostile plain,
We will be true to Liberty,
And keep her free from stain.

Though years may roll their onward course,
Our hands shall ne'er be staid,
Till Freedom's land be free from strife,
And in sweet peace arrayed.
And now, farewell ! to home and friends,
And if we ne'er return,
'T will be because the gallant Sixth
All death and danger spurn.

Perhaps no war was ever more fertile in songs than the present has been. To us of the time they may seem trivial enough — but looking forward to those patient brothers — the ballad collectors who are to flourish in — say the year 2061 — who will pay gold weight for these red and blue-edged penny productions, I would counsel preservation of many in historical and other libraries. Strange to think that the day must come when they will be 'old songs.' What will this great war have become in the histories of that day ?

THE CHARGE OF THE TWENTY-SEVEN:

AT DAVIS' CREEK.

BY RICHARD KIRKE.

THE brave Lieutenant then
Unsheathed his ready blade,
And cried: 'Now, charge, my men!
Now, charge yon false brigade!'
A moment, breathless still,
They halted on the hill,
And mutely turned to HEAVEN;
Then on the foe,
Who lay below,
Swooped down the TWENTY-SEVEN!

They charge with fire and steel,
They thunder o'er the plain;
The rebel legions reel,
The ground is piled with slain;
The stricken foes divide,
Like Jordan's fearful tide,
Smote by the hand of HEAVEN;
And right and left,
Their ranks are cleft
Down by the TWENTY-SEVEN!

They are but twenty-seven,
The foe are thousands strong,
And yet their swords have riven
A pathway through the throng;
But on that crimson plain,
Four fearless heroes slain,
Have passed from earth to heaven;
And never more,
Through death and gore,
Will ride the TWENTY-SEVEN!

As once the prophet rose
On flaming coursers driven,
So passed they from the foes,
Up-borne on fire to heaven;
And now, to after-times,
Like solemn vesper chimes,
Their death and deeds are given;
And freemen long
In tale and song,
Will laud the TWENTY-SEVEN.

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mistake me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PART II.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

It proved to be a night of adventure.

I had four avenues to traverse, and the storm coming from the north-east, drove violently in my teeth. I buttoned my over-coat about my ears, settled my hat close over my face, and presenting my head combatively to the tempest, I pushed on. I had in this way crossed from the Eighth to the Sixth Avenue, scarcely conscious of the progress made, when I struck against an object in the middle of the side-walk, and was saluted by the exclamation : 'Stop !'

Whatever alarm I experienced was immediately dissipated when I raised my head and got sight of the person who stood in my way. It was a girl, bare-headed, without cloak or shawl ; perhaps sixteen years old.

Before I could question her, she exclaimed : 'Mother is dying. Won't you come, quick ?'

Without a word being said, for she hurried me on too rapidly for conversation, I followed down the avenue to the next street, and turning into it, went perhaps half a block, when my companion entered a two-story wooden house, and ran rapidly up the stairs to the front-room. Here on a bed lay a woman moaning and gasping, and exhibiting symptoms resembling epilepsy.

'Do n't be frightened,' I said, 'your mother is not dying — is not going to die.'

'Are you sure of that?' said the girl.

Something in the sound of her voice strange and startling — a masculine vigor, coupled with an extraordinary maturity, caused me to turn and regard her. Large black eyes were fixed on me with a firm but unsatisfied look, as if they would say : 'Do not amuse me : I am no child. Tell me the truth.'

To these imaginary observations, rather than to the direct question I replied : 'I repeat, your mother is not dying, but evidently has had a fit of some kind. Is she subject to such attacks ?'

'No !'

She looked at me almost defiantly.

I was at a loss what to say or do when I was relieved by hearing the poor woman, who had regained her consciousness, exclaim, 'Matilda.'

Matilda, with entire composure, went to the bed-side of her mother, who asked what was the matter.

I replied that I believed she had been taken suddenly ill, and her daughter in alarm ran out for aid and met me. 'And now that I am here,' I continued, 'I shall be happy if I can do any thing to relieve you.'

'Give the gentleman a chair, my daughter,' said the sick woman, for although I had shaken the snow from my hat and coat, I was still standing.

The daughter obeyed, and I sat down. Meanwhile I had glanced about the room and taken a closer look at its inmates. The appearance was that of biting poverty without squalidness or misery. The girl was very handsome and well-formed, but exhibited in her demeanor no softness — indeed, little that was feminine. When I sat down, she seated herself at the window and looked out on the storm. There was something in the expression of her face which brought back some old association, but what I could not tell. The mother was evidently a lady and possessed of natural refinement and delicacy. She explained to me that she had been very closely at work all day with the needle, and as she was getting into bed she had been seized in a most alarming manner, and was for the time insensible. When she recovered she saw me standing over her.

It was the old tale of destitution, hard work, and a final breaking-down of a naturally strong constitution. Yes, the familiar story, so much so that the novel-reader who has persevered thus far, in the belief that some extraordinary incident would yet turn up, will exclaim: 'Pshaw! how very stale and common-place this meeting a girl in the street and being conducted up a pair of stairs to a sick-room, and so-forth and so-forth. To be sure, all this is very common — would it were otherwise, but God permits one class of his creatures to fare sumptuously every day, while another class starves, and the mystery of this we may not undertake to fathom.

The poor lady seemed so nearly recovered that there was nothing to be done for her. I asked if I could render her any assistance, and if she was suffering from any pressing want. She said she was not, and regretted that I should have been taken out of my way.

There was no reason why I should stay longer, yet I felt irresistibly impelled to speak to the young girl, who maintained her seat by the window, looking fixedly out of it. I rose to depart. Then I said, turning to her:

'You see I was right, your mother will be quite well by morning.'

She assented by a nod.

'Where were you going when I met you?' I asked.

'I thought mother was dying, and I started to find somebody to come to her. I did not dare stay to see her die.' And she looked again with that expression which had touched me, and which called up a strange feeling, like the memory of a half-forgotten dream.

'I think I must call and see you to-morrow,' I said to the lady, 'for we are in the midst of a heavy storm. I reside not far from here, and I shall see if I can't be of some use to you. Pray, may I inquire your name?'

'Mrs. Hitchcock.'

'And your husband?'

'Has been dead for a long time.'

'He was ——'

• 'A physician; Dr. Ralph Hitchcock.'

'Who graduated at Yale College, thirty years ago?'

'Yes.'

'Who resided in Cincinnati, and died there?'

'The same.'

'And you are Ralph Hitchcock's widow?'

'I am.'

'And this young person?'

'His daughter. The only surviving of five children.'

The room swam round. Frank Hitchcock, my class-mate, my room-mate in college, my beloved friend, my cherished correspondent, so long as he lived, cut off in the flower of his life; while already acquiring fame, and laying the foundation for a grand success, death had snatched him away.

I stood oppressed with these thoughts, not speaking, not moving. Mrs. Hitchcock lay waiting calmly for some explanation. She had been too long schooled by trouble to become easily excited. Not so the daughter; she rose from her chair, came into the middle of the room, and burst into a hysterical sobbing, which was so violent that it alarmed me. I had made no explanation, but my questions showed I was well acquainted with the one whose decease had caused such a revolution in their fortunes.

After a short pause, I said: 'My dear lady, I knew your husband well: more than that, we were the best of friends. It is now late; you are just recovering from this sudden attack. I shall be sure to see you to-morrow. God bless you both!' And I came away.

Desperate as my own affairs had been, here were circumstances much more discouraging. Reader, if you yourself are unfortunately borne down by the weight of what seems a calamitous destiny, cast about for some more afflicted, and take on you the office of aid and adviser. Assume a part of their burdens, it will help to lighten your own. You will be surprised what strength you will gain beside. It is so. For thus marvellously has God established the paradox: 'There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.'

I reached home about mid-night. Alice was waiting for me, and had a cheerful fire, which glowed in happy contrast with the night out of doors. I recounted to my daughter this last adventure, and she was eager to undertake any thing which could serve to aid my new acquaintances. She exhibited an especial sympathy with the young girl, and evidently appreciated her character better than I did. After many plans advanced, rejected, and approved, we concluded to wait till I saw Mrs. Hitchcock again before deciding on any.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

SOL DOWNER was discharged the next day, on his examination before the magistrate. Mr. Storms, his counsel, having carefully investigated the case, and examined the papers, came before the judge, indignantly denouncing the men who could swear to such affidavits as those on which the warrant was granted. These affidavits were made by the head-clerk of Strauss, Bevins and Company; and by Mr. Strauss, the senior partner. To be sure, the paper which poor Downer sold to the house was forged, and the house had purchased it. These were the only truths stated by them. The head-clerk had trans-

acted the business, and although he had not transcended the line of his duty, felt it necessary, or at least thought it would be highly praiseworthy to fix the responsibility somewhere by criminating somebody. As Downer's reputation was a good deal below par, he felt it would be safe to strain a point against him. The chances were (so he reasoned) that 'Old Sol' knew something about it, and an arrest might frighten the truth out of him. This was the logical conclusion arrived at by Mr. Tompkins, head-man of the the highly respectable and well-to-do banking-house of Strauss, Bevins and Company. Thereupon he visited the counsel of that establishment, who, taking the tale as it was told him, prepared some affidavits to suit the case *as stated*. The head-man, after considerable reflection, decided in his own mind that Downer told him in answer to a question, that the makers of the note *had* assured him, Downer, that it was all right. Of course the makers had done no such thing, and swore they had not, neither had Downer said so. What he did say was, as the note was a large one, that if it was thought best he could call and get the makers to say all right, and so forth; and since the head-clerk had thought it unnecessary, he felt the more aggravated by the swindle, as people always do when they neglect any simple precaution which would have made all clear, and saved loss and trouble.

Mr. Strauss and Mr. Bevins were good men in their way, that is, for millionaires. The former was a vestryman in the most fashionable church in the city; the latter a leading elder in a church of much greater wealth, but of a different persuasion, and of less worldly pretensions. Both those gentlemen were honest, straightforward business people, quite above trick or chicanery. Neither one would hardly commit a wilful perjury to save the half of his fortunes. But Mr. Strauss reposed great trust in his confidential clerk. He had seen Downer before the desk, probably heard a word or two drop in relation to the transaction, and that was all. But the dignity of the house had been assailed by a miserable fellow, without any character; what right had he to select them for his victims, for Tompkins could not be mistaken, and Tompkins said so? He felt willing to make any proper statement which should bring the man to punishment, and clear the street of rogues; and after reading the affidavit of his clerk, the principal remarked, that it seemed quite correct. The result was, the drawing up of another affidavit by the counsel, by which Mr. Strauss, being duly sworn, deposed and said, that he was present on the occasion of Solomon Downer's coming to their establishment to offer a certain note, etc. etc., as set forth in the affidavit of his clerk, (naming him;) that he heard a portion of the conversation between said Downer and said clerk, that he had read the affidavit of the said Tompkins, and *that the facts therein stated were true*.

By which it really appeared that two respectable witnesses swore that Downer said he was told by the makers the note was all right. When the fact was, Mr. Strauss knew nothing about it! Certainly a strong case for suspicion against the poor fellow, and likely to bring him into serious difficulty, defenceless as he was, without even the shield of good character to interpose against the oath and influence of one of the most respectable bankers in New-

York. But mark the sequel. Mr. Storms, an independent, quick-witted lawyer, had fortunately known Downer and his family for many years — known and sympathised with them in their misfortunes. He started, therefore, with the absolute conviction of the innocence of his client — a tower of strength always to a professional man. He had, too, in common with the better class of advocates, very little veneration for men simply on account of their position. I was myself so much interested in the case, that I determined to be present, and accordingly was already on the spot at ten o'clock the next morning, when Mr. Strauss and Mr. Tompkins presented themselves, for it was too late the night before to go into an examination. Tompkins evidently began to feel fidgety, to say the least, when he saw his paper case was to be subjected to a critical examination, and he along with it. He had not calculated on any thing of the kind. Supposed the statement he had sworn to would just do the business, and bring the culprit to light. Doubtless he really believed Downer was implicated, but how cruel and how wanton to endeavor to consign him to perpetual infamy on mere suspicion!

As I have said, Tompkins became nervous and fidgety. Not so Mr. Strauss, who took his seat in a patronizing manner, not far from the magistrate, with the air of a man who in leaving his business was making a sacrifice for the purpose of upholding the law. Mr. Tompkins was called on.

At this juncture, Mr. Storms said he had a special reason for requesting Mr. Strauss to withdraw during the examination of his clerk.

'Me, Sir!' said the banker in astonishment.

'You, Sir,' replied Mr. Storms quietly.

'Can you suppose, Sir, that my confidential clerk or myself can have any object to serve in this affair beyond the furtherance of justice?'

'Certainly not,' answered Mr. Storms, 'and it is simply to further justice that I must ask the magistrate to request your retiring a few moments.'

The magistrate assented to the demand. Mr. Strauss, taking up his hat, walked away into the next room. A little of the starch was already taken out of him.

Tompkins meantime had somewhat recovered; he felt that the best way for him was to fortify against the anticipated onslaught by making himself up 'hard,' as the phrase is. So he stood up with a bold and rather audacious outside, which said plainly: 'Now, Sir, come on, you will find I am ready for you!'

Mr. Storms, however, was too good a tactician to assail the enemy at a point where he was expected. On the contrary, he commenced in a mild and insinuating tone; he indulged most amiably in the merest common-place questions. He sought for information about unimportant details. The amount of the note, how long to run, if the house had lately purchased much of the paper, and so on, until the examination assumed a conversational shape. In fact, one would suppose that Mr. Storms was actually helping along the case.

Mr. Tompkins was finally put quite at his ease. He was neither fidgety nor defiant.

'By the way, Mr. Tompkins,' (this was run along into the examination in a most unsuspicious manner,) 'how came you first to suspect Downer?'

'Why, because he brought us the note.'

'Of course, of course; nothing more natural. Still, you would not suspect every body who should bring what turned out to be forged paper.'

'Certainly not, if they were respectable parties, but you know a man's character will tell against him.'

'I know it. That is very true. If Downer had been differently situated, no doubt you would not have thought of him as the guilty party.'

'Why, no, Sir. We do n't suspect men of character, of course, why should we?'

'Well, we should n't.'

'This gentleman's testimony,' said Mr. Storms, 'is very clear, very honest, and explicit, such as becomes the respectable house he serves. I think that is all.'

Mr. Tompkins was delighted; the 'bitterness' of the scene was past, he had come off with flying colors and with a compliment from the man he deemed his enemy. He was about leaving to ask Mr. Strauss to step in, when Mr. Storms exclaimed:

'By the way, just one word more. I do n't know as it's of much consequence, but I think you stated in your affidavit that Downer said the makers of that note *had* told him it was all right. Is there not a trifling error here? Did he not tell you the makers doubtless *would* say it was all right? *Think a moment!*'

The whole demeanor of Mr. Storms had changed with the words, 'Think a moment.' These were not uttered in a loud, severe or bullying tone; on the contrary, in a low voice, as if it were private matter between the witness and the examiner, with a look, an action which said: 'I know all about it, and you must tell the truth.' I found myself unconsciously holding my breath.

'Very possible, Sir, that was the expression,' answered Tompkins, a little crest-fallen, 'but that makes no difference, for it shows just as conclusively his determination to mislead me.'

'Precisely. I have nothing more to ask.'

Mr. Strauss was then ushered in. Mr. Storms's manner toward the banker was entirely different from that toward the clerk. It was severe and curt and off-hand.

'You are the senior partner of the house of Strauss, Bevins and Company?'

'Yes.'

'You purchased of the prisoner such a note?' (describing it.)

'It was purchased by Mr. Tompkins with my knowledge and assent.'

'And you were present and heard all that passed between the prisoner and Tompkins in relation to the note?'

'No, indeed, I heard very little.'

'But you were present?'

'I suppose I can say I was. The prisoner was at the counter, and I was

passing up and down from my own room to the middle office, in which he stood.'

'Can you recollect a single intelligible remark the prisoner made?'

'No. I paid no attention to what was going on.'

'But, Mr. Strauss, you have sworn in your affidavit that the prisoner told Tompkins that the makers said the note was all right.'

'I beg your pardon, I have sworn to no such thing; although I do say I believe he did.'

'Never mind what you believe. You have sworn that the facts stated in Tompkins's affidavit are true.'

'And so they are, as I honestly and conscientiously believe.'

'Now, Mr. Strauss, do you know, of your own knowledge, *any thing* about this case beyond what you have just stated? Mind, I say, of your own knowledge?'

'Sir, I have never professed to know any thing about the case, except through Mr. Tompkins, who, permit me to say, has the entire confidence of our firm, and on whose statement I most implicitly rely.'

'And that is all you meant by swearing his affidavit is true?'

'All, Sir.'

The case was at an end. The banker did not 'see it,' but the Court did. The former was consequently astounded when the magistrate announced that he did not wish to examine the prisoner, not feeling willing to detain him another moment, adding that it was highly culpable to swear so carelessly to affidavits.

'I do not know, Mr. Strauss,' said Mr. Storms, addressing the banker, 'what course my client will take; but if he follows my advice, he will commence an action for false imprisonment against you without delay.'

Mr. Strauss deigned no reply, but looked highly indignant. And thereupon all parties separated.

I walked down from the 'Tombs' with Downer and his counsel. The latter expressed his opinion in no measured terms about the affair. 'These men should be punished,' he said. 'They are as much to blame for their carelessness in taking an oath as if they had intentionally committed perjury. I am speaking about Strauss. Tompkins knew he was lying. But in Strauss's case, carelessness is criminality. You must make him pay for this,' he continued, turning to Downer.

'Not I,' replied his client. 'I am too old for that sort of thing. When I was a young man, I was ready to play give and take any day, although I never was revengeful. Now, I would not cross the street to do a harm to my worst enemy. It is unprofitable business seeking how to injure another. Never shall undertake it.'

'I declare,' said Mr. Storms pleasantly, 'I think a week's sojourn in the Tombs would do you good—at least, it might take some of this nonsense out of you.'

'Do n't believe it would,' responded Downer, 'but I do n't want a trial, though. I am content with my present experience.'

'By the way,' I remarked, 'I feared you were going to let Tompkins off without bringing him to the point.'

'Oh! no,' said Mr. Storms, 'I had no such idea. But the fellow was on his guard, and I had to work cautiously. I once cross-examined a witness more than half an hour, and actually put the only question I wanted to ask by carelessly stopping him after I told him he might go, and when he had actually opened the door and was leaving the room. I did not even request him to come back to the witness-stand. I gained my end, and got the truth out of him. A dishonest witness dislikes amazingly to return to the stand, especially after he has received a thorough overhauling. His nerves are relaxed as he steps away, and it is some effort to brace them up again. A single response he reasons, can't turn the scale, and so he answers right in order to prevent more questions.'

Downer did not appear greatly interested in the conversation, and on reaching Wall-street, Mr. Storms said, 'Good morning!' and went to his own office. I told Downer that I had called at his house as he requested, and prevented any alarm there. He thanked me. 'I have lost half a day,' he said; 'I must try and make it up.' And away he darted in the direction of his own place.

I have carefully described this affair of Sol Downer, because it is what happens too frequently. Beside, my object in these papers is not only to record some prominent events in my own life, but also to endeavor to show what is really going on in a locality where I spent ten years of it. I have often heard respectable lawyers remark about a peculiar habit prevalent in our business community, namely, that individuals otherwise straightforward and honorable do not stop much to examine an affidavit they are about to make when a debt is in danger, or they have already been swindled out of it. In this way many improper arrests are made, and great injustice done, and actually *perjury committed*.

The response of a large wholesale merchant in Water-street to his attorney, who was engaged preparing his client's affidavit in an important case, unfortunately is characteristic of too many. The merchant had called on the attorney, and told him what he wanted, to wit, to arrest a certain person. As the attorney proceeded to draw up the document, he kept asking his client if he could swear to this, if he could swear to that, and so forth.

The merchant got out of patience; the questions annoyed him: 'Look here,' said he, 'just draw the affidavit like a lawyer, and I will swear to it like a man!'

He might have said, 'like a knave.'

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THE events of the previous night and the incidents of the morning had quite driven Harley and his speculative schemes out of my head. When on reaching my office I did think of them, it was with a strange repugnance. While I was engaged in what called out the true and just emotions of my nature, I felt like myself; the moment I recalled my transactions with my new acquaintance I felt unnaturally — that is the word, unnaturally. I was either cast down under a sense of a certain humiliation or buoyed up with the glittering idea of

suddenly acquired wealth. My habits as a merchant had always been so legitimate ; my theory of acquisition was always so completely associated with industry and application, that I could not, at my age, reconcile myself to a speculative career. It was in vain I argued to myself, if I am fortunately possessed of a share in a valuable property or charter or privilege, and it can be disposed of so as to bring me a large return, why is that not a perfectly correct and business-like transaction ? I could not say it was not ; but my conscience, or rather the severe habit of a long and correct business life, said, Keep clear of all these sort of things.

And here I may as well speak of a class who form one element and a considerable one of the 'street,' I have undertaken to depict. I do not mean the class of visionaries already alluded to, nor any kind of broker, nor yet the adventurer who from time to time appears and disappears upon the stage to suit the occasion, but *par excellence* to the class speculative, to which belong Mr. Tremaine and Mr. James Algernon Harley. If the reader will run over his list of acquaintances, he will, I am sure, recognize some of this class among them. They are persons who, having failed in business, ordinarily twice or thrice, have become disgusted with trade, and are determined to take a short cut to wealth. They have generally good connections, socially and otherwise. Their wives spend a good deal of money, and do not know but that it is as easy for their husbands to furnish it as it was when they were in the wholesale business. These people are always respectable. They are in the best society. It is true a few of them were disappointed in getting tickets at the Prince's ball last year, but it was because things were not managed in the usual way, and their cards were disposed of to the presidents, cashiers and tellers of the larger banks. But generally, no such injustice is rendered to the class aforesaid. A portion confine themselves to the 'home consumption ;' they watch an opportunity when a piece of property goes for half-price, and by getting an advance from a wealthy friend, manage to control it long enough to sell it again for something near its value, and so realize a handsome profit from it. Or they encounter the owner of a coal-bed in Pennsylvania or Maryland, and like Tremaine, start a company out of nothing and work off the shares ; or they meet a man with a good invention, and getting the control of it, find parties who will take it up, advance what money is necessary, and allow a handsome sum from its earnings.

The operations of the other portion are more extended ; they vibrate generally between London, Paris and New-York ; they follow the run of the money-market, and 'put up' where it is most plentiful. From 1840 to 1854 it was a perpetual-gala day for the travelled class abroad. From the quieting of the railway crisis in England, in 1847, to the breaking out of the Russian war, in 1854, London was the favorite arena for the American speculator. No lesson of experience can teach John Bull. He is an incurable schemer. No person is so easily gulled if you will but lay the scene a good ways off. He is used to distances—India and Australia, for example. And he was completely gorged during the years just mentioned with all sorts of schemes, inventions, grants, charters, mines and patent-rights from over the water. This gave

brisk employment to the class to which Mr. James Algernon Harley belonged. The gentlemen who compose this class are *really* gentlemen. To be sure the regular man of business, who has a sure and reliable occupation, turns up his nose at them. Would not take their note for eighteen-pence, and sneers at the idea of their ever paying their debts. Herein great injustice is done them. It is true this class are generally so situated that an execution against their goods and chattels would probably reach nothing of consequence. They board at a first-class hotel, and have nothing to move when they change their lodgings, but their luggage. Still these people are in no sense dishonorable or dishonest. Sometimes, but not often—for they seldom take risks—they get swamped in a large transaction; but if they do, it is not the petty creditor who suffers. At times they are hard pressed for money, driven nearly to the wall; but something turns up to relieve them, and just as you expect to see one die out absolutely, you find him reárrayed in fresh plumage, on the top of a new and successful adventure. I repeat, these people are generally agreeable, kind-hearted, over-plausible, it is true, but well-connected, and in good society. Reader, I confess in the characters I here endeavor to depict, I have some difficulty in drawing the line between what is honest, and right, and true, and its opposite. I confess that while I have a strong conviction, that the life these people live is not the life to lead, and is such a life as I would not lead, yet there is another set of men who are to me much more repulsive. Do not start—I mean the hard-visaged, sharp-cut, angular mathematically honest man! You know such a person, and perhaps you dread his companionship as much as I. Perhaps you do n't. Perhaps you are the identical man himself! A man honest not from principle, but from a cold temperament, and a right-angled conformation. A man who never violated a moral rule; who, in the language of his friends, can be trusted with untold gold. Who performs and exacts to the uttermost farthing. Who could not cheat you in accounts, because it would disturb the proportions of his ledger. Who is without an impulse, an emotion, a desire. Every thing with him is by scale and measure—this or that; all justice, no mercy; all requirement, no allowance.

Such men are always rich men, because they are eminently selfish. Selfish and successful (as the world calls success) being true alliterations. To these persons the Eastern proverb applies: 'The extreme of right is the extreme of wrong.'

To return to the class speculative. The persons of this class are pleasant companions, and generous in their expenditure, while their money lasts. If bachelors, they occupy in the favorite hotel a seat next the host,* and are surrounded by good fellows at least five deep. The best wines are called for without stint, and the dinner is prolonged always into the evening. If married, a similar scale is indulged in, but in a different way. There are parties to attend, an opera-box, and possibly a carriage (if matters have gone right) to

* It is proper to state, for the benefit of the reader who resides out of New-York, that in some of the fashionable hotels (Anglice taverns) of this city, the proprietor (Anglice landlord) is accustomed to sit at the head of the bachelors' table, and by patronizing smiles and gestures manifest his approbation of those of his 'guests' who spend money most freely—decorous and praiseworthy habit this.

provide for. When things go adversely, the scene changes, an economical scale is submitted to, and they wait for another turn of the wheel. And so they manage to preserve a great deal of this life's romance — which is the true essence of life, after all — and which the treadmill man of business loses completely and forever by his iron course of existence.

The fascination which attends the labors of the class speculative is easily understood. There is a great charm in a pursuit where room is left for the imagination to have full sway. What cannot be reduced to a certainty, but is entirely subject to the calculations of a sanguine temperament, is sure to afford extraordinary pleasure and gratification; and while, after various experiences, I would avoid the career of these people, I still admit an extraordinary sympathy with them.

I beg to be distinctly understood, that in the classification I have made I do *not* include another species of the genus speculator, which also figures conspicuously in the annals of the 'street.' Those I have just described are respectable. Those I am about to describe are not. There are, by the way, other speculators, whom it is unnecessary to notice in this connection, whose transactions are ordinary and commonplace. Among them is the real-estate operator, who spends his time in changing city property into country, and then back into city, rarely touching any money, but always getting an excellent trade! the dealer in wild lands; the individuals who speculate at auctions, and so so forth, and who are honest, well-meaning people in their way. The class I now refer to is the counterfeit of the first class. A counterfeit so admirably got up that it is sure to deceive on first inspection. The appearance and habits of both are alike, so also the associates and the associations. The man of this class affects the same transactions, and boards at the same hotels. He too visits London and Paris, and is mixed with various schemes and adventures, but there is one grand distinction between the two. The counterfeit has not a particle of honesty in his composition, and he never pays his debts. To be sure, he is full of talk about honor, and honorable men — he himself, according to his own showing, *is* an honorable man. If any one presumes to doubt it, he shall insist on an explanation. I said, this sort of person never pays his debts. I am wrong, he does sometimes pay, but it is only when he thinks he can double his indebtedness in the same quarter by doing so. When he comes to town, he decides what hotel he will patronize, and generally manages to bring, or appear to bring, by arriving in their company, several respectable persons along with him, and thus, at the start, put the landlord under obligations to him. Once established, he calls on very expensive wines, and thus induces others to do the same. He frequently sends to the office for ten dollars, and tells the people to put it in the bill. He takes occasion to make a confidant of the landlord. Invites him to his room, shows him thousands and tens of thousands of dollars of fresh, alluring, bright-looking certificates of stock in a dozen different companies *about to be* launched, and explains of course, *apropos de rien*, how it takes all one's spare cash to start so many valuable enterprises, any one of which, when started, is going to give him all he wants, and he confesses himself in consequence hard-up for ready money, and

really so interests the good-natured host that he feels it would be cruel to pepper his guest with weekly bills, as is customary. In short, he makes up his mind, since it is sure to be paid in the end — oh! yes, for gentlemen always pay their hotel-bills — he can afford to wait on so good a fellow, who talks so ingenuously about his situation; besides, the landlord reasons, he really is of great advantage to the house, so let him stay. This man belongs to a set of what I term picturesque rascals, who never present a straight line or plane surface, but who deal always in the curvilinear; and so far as there are grace and elegance in curves, these fellows are essentially graceful, versatile, and what I call picturesque. What is wonderful, they make few enemies. When our friend thinks it time to leave the hotel, it is because his various enterprises take him elsewhere. These enterprises have not quite yet culminated, so he gives the landlord a note at ninety days, for the sum due; insists on leaving four times that amount, in good stocks, and quits the house as a gentleman should — all right. In the same way he arranges with his tailor and his boot-maker. He manages so to put every one of these people under some species of obligation to him, through his zeal in recommending customers, or by doing them some little favor, that they can't for the life of them abuse him. Now if our gentleman was really a sanguine, enthusiastic man, who expected to succeed, and really hoped to pay one day, one could have some charity for him; but this is not so. He is a cool, calculating, adroit knave, his blood is coagulated, not a warm impulse beats in his heart. He makes up his mind not only that the 'world owes him a living,' but it also owes him champagne, oyster-suppers, a fast horse, good dinners, the best Otard brandy, and Havana cigars; good seats at the opera and theatre, *and so forth* — a great deal being contained in that 'and so forth.' Since the world owes him these, he helps himself to them, and since the world is wide, and metropolitan cities large, with an ever-shifting population, he, with his nice discriminating qualities, collects his dues judiciously, and manages his various expedients as the Scotchman is said to get drunk — soberly and with discretion.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

I AM about to touch on another topic. I was for a time undecided whether or not to carry it along with my narrative, but as it is intimately associated with my reverse of fortune, and as I desire this reverse and its consequences to be fully presented, I determine to do so. I refer to my religious feelings.

I have already mentioned that I was subject, to a considerable degree, to what I believed to be a kind of sentimental piety, springing from a desolate sense of my misfortunes and an instinctive desire to find a safe shelter from them. My good sense rejected all this as not genuine. So that I finally discarded it when it appeared, as a make-believe — a mock sentimentality born out of mere weakness under the pressure of surrounding troubles. After I had become established in my humble abode, and my mind was more calm, I began to reflect. The sacred lessons of my childhood were not lost on me; they now came up with full force. As I have already remarked, I was not what is called 'religious.' My wife was a member of the church, exemplary and good, if

mortal ever was. I myself was a believer in the truths of our holy religion. But I had never felt the need of its 'saving influence,' which clergymen tell us must be experienced in order to secure a change of heart. After I had become domesticated in our new abode, it seemed as if God was nearer to me than in the handsome house in Broadway. I frequently felt the desire to pray to Him. But I repressed it. I could not escape from the conviction that it was a mockery to supplicate my MAKER *now*, when I had neglected to do so in the days of my prosperity. Yet I frequently felt in that little quiet home, shut out from the world and so forgotten by the world, a wish to commune with God, a desire to rise to the height of true piety — to be a good man. But, I say, I could not act on this. I dared not undertake it as a genuine performance. Place me suddenly back, with hundreds of thousands at my command, and what would become of the religious instinct? where would go those pious aspirations?

' WHEN the Devil was sick,
The Devil a monk would be ;
When the Devil got well,
The devil a monk was he ! '

I repeated frequently to myself as I asked the question.

You see, reader, I could not afford, poor as I was and almost starving, to become a hypocrite or even a self-deceiver. I did not *dare* to trifle with subjects which concerned the GREAT future. But I did feel that PROVIDENCE would sooner or later work out in me His own purposes. There is nothing to compare with the grand Calvinistic doctrine of INDIVIDUALITY, which admits the idea that every human being is the direct and immediate subject of God's watchful regard. Working heroism out of the egotism of mortal man. In no such strong degree did I feel faith or courage. Yet I did believe out of these stormy trials I should by-and-by come purified as by fire. So I daily asked myself the question : ' If you were restored to wealth, how would you feel ? what would you do ? ' And so long as I could not answer it, except to say I should become as I was in the former days, I knew I could not take credit for any change of feeling or purpose.

At length I began, as I thought, to gain fairer and clearer views of ' duty,' and to enjoy more of that calm spirit which is so comforting, when my acquaintance with Harley commenced. Its effect on these religious developments was unfriendly and chilling. The thoughts and emotions I was attempting to cultivate, and which were, as I was convinced, to afford me happiness and tranquillity, now gave place to feverish and disturbed ideas, until the former got to be distasteful. I asked myself why this change? Was there any thing about Harley, or what he proposed, which should in any way conflict with my sense of right and honesty ; if not, why should I not yield to some of the pleasurable sensations which his presence always produced? Might it not, on the other hand, be possible that the feelings I was endeavoring to cherish were sombre, morbid, unnatural, not the result of a manly effort to do right, but developed, as I have hinted, by the depressing circumstances which encompassed me?

I shall not here answer the question, but leave the reader to trace out the response to it as the narrative proceeds.

E M A N C I P A T I O N :

ITS INFLUENCE ON THE REBELLION AND EFFECT ON THE WHITES.

BY SINCLAIR TOUSSEY.

WE are in a rebellion, or insurrection of extraordinary magnitude. Common consent attributes it to the existence of Slavery. The cause being removed, the disease dies. The removal of a dam allows the free course of the stream. Remove the dam of Slavery from the broad river of the Union, and the pure waters of Freedom will speedily wash this foul scum of Rebellion into the great gulf of the Past. Slavery, however, is, in the opinion of many well-meaning people, a *constitutional* disease, to be removed only by a remodelling of that instrument to suit the new condition of the political patient. The honest scruples of these persons must be respected. Another large class assert that the disease is not constitutional, but in violation of that law of national life, and that all our political diseases arise from such violation. The opinions of these people are also entitled to attention, and however they may differ from the former on these matters, all agree that, had there been no Slavery in the South, there would have been no rebellious attempts to overthrow the Government and extend 'the institution.' This is the common platform on which all stand, one of its planks being a desire to end this rebellion and establish peace with honor to the Government and the people. So far so good.

Another plank in this political structure is the admission that Emancipation would end the rebellion at once and effectually. The first-named parties, that is to say, those who believe that the Constitution protects Slavery, are loth to adopt this course so long as there is any possibility of otherwise crushing the rebellion, but are willing to resort to this remedy if nothing else will cure the disease. I would willingly address a few words to this class. Many of the wisest and best men whom our country has ever produced, deny most emphatically that the Constitution protects or even recognizes Slavery, but for the present purpose let it be admitted that it does both recognize and protect that institution. Now, it is a principle of law, as well as of common-sense and common justice, that those who violate the law, do by such acts forfeit their right to enjoy the privileges the law guarantees to those who obey its provisions. Thus murderers, burglars, forgers, or any criminals who transgress the law, forfeit their rights under it, and are deprived of their liberties, or it may be of their lives, simply because they have done unpardonable violence to the law; and any attorney who should set up the plea that his murdering or thieving client was having his legal rights interfered with by the gallows or the prison, would naturally deserve and gain the contempt of the community. Violators of law forfeit their claims to the rights guaranteed to those who obey it. If such violators continued to enjoy the same privileges in

society as those who never offend, there would be an end to all law, and civilization be extinguished. Force would take the place of order, and the weak yield to the strong. The distinguishing trait of civilization is, that the weakest member of community is, in the eye of the law, strong as the strongest; were it otherwise, there could be no civilization. The South, or those living in the Southern States, *who have by their rebellion violated the Constitution, have forfeited their claims to its protection*, and are now, in their relation to the Government, in the same position as that of a convicted criminal toward society—they have no legal or constitutional rights left them, except the right of trial, and that trial is now going on from day to day in presence of the whole world, having DERRY for the presiding Judge and humanity for the jury, and must be dealt with by Government as the law and society deal with individual criminals. They must be *punished* for their transgressions, and as these have been greater than the transgressions of any single criminal, so the punishment to be awarded must be great in proportion, and the severest that can be inflicted is to deprive them of that institution for the perpetuation of which, as their so-styled Vice-President declares, they began the rebellion. Hence we may assume that it will be right, proper, and efficacious to proclaim Emancipation throughout the rebellious States, and that such declaration will not, for the reasons above given, be any violation of the Constitution or any infringement of their legal rights.

There are many who admit the efficacy of Emancipation, but who—timid and temporizing—invariably speak of it as ‘a last resort.’ And why *last*? It is admitted that this rebellion is purely and solely the work of the slaveholders. It is also admitted that the Government would be justified in proclaiming Emancipation ‘*as a last resort.*’ Allow me to ask what is meant by this ‘*last resort*?’ If it is meant that when the Government, backed up by the people of the loyal States, shall have tried by other means to crush this rebellion, and failing in all others, then, and not till then, Emancipation is to be proclaimed—if this is what is meant by a ‘*last resort*,’ allow me to suggest that it is a most ‘lame and impotent conclusion.’ Think. It is proposed to have Government do all it can by its armies, by blockade, by non-intercourse, by stopping mails, by fines, by imprisonment, etc., and failing with all these powerful aids to crush the most wicked rebellion that ever cursed humanity, then Emancipation may be proclaimed. The proclamations of a Government thus defeated in its attempts to maintain its existence by putting down such a rebellion, would not be worth the paper they were written on. *Who would respect them?* Not those whom its armies could not conquer; not those whom its fines and imprisonment could not intimidate; not those whom it would, by proclamation, liberate. Why? Because a Government thus weak, thus unable to maintain itself by enforcing its laws, would not have the power to make its proclamations respected. If such a proclamation is to be issued at all, now is the time, while the Government is strong, or has the credit of being strong enough to make its proclamation respected.

Thus much for the scruples of the temporisers, and their willingness to use Emancipation as a ‘last resort.’ Let us now discuss a side-issue, and one

that is often urged as an objection to Emancipation. I refer to the fear that a declaration of Emancipation would inaugurate a servile insurrection, and that a second act of the St. Domingo Tragedy would be enacted in our Southern States. But why should the slaves join in insurrection, and cut their masters' throats, *in face of the fact, that the Government had proclaimed Emancipation, and would in self-defence enforce such proclamation by its armies, just as it does and must enforce all its other acts?* The Government having proclaimed these slaves free, they then become men, would be no longer 'chattels personal;' and being men, would be entitled to the rights of citizens, and consequently to protection from Government. In enforcing this protection, Government might use these freed people themselves as instruments with which to execute its decrees, while at the same time this very use of them *implies the ability of Government to control them, and thus most effectually prevent all possibility of servile insurrections on the part of the blacks*, as it is now trying to do with the more dangerous insurrection of their white masters. The true and only way forever to prevent all slave insurrections is to have no slaves to rise.

There were no unusual or improper excitements when Emancipation took effect in the British West-Indies. There would be none here. As the hour drew near that was to set thousands of human beings free and transform them from mere chattels to human beings, every breath grew shorter, every pulse beat quicker, and every ear listened with intense eagerness to catch the first sound of that bell that was to proclaim 'LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF,' and when its last echoes died away in the valleys of those beautiful islands, there arose such a shout of joy as never before found vent from human lips. So would it be in our own South. Emancipation never begot insurrection. That is the natural offspring of Slavery.

I have thus disposed of the Insurrectionary objections, and will now consider the *conceded* rights of loyal slaveholders in the rebellious States, for it is admitted that they have rights which should be respected. Let Government lay a tax on the whole people of the Confederacy, loyal and rebellious, and collect it, when laid, at the point of the bayonet if necessary, (and this, as a matter of pecuniary economy, would be better than to carry on a long war,) and pay these loyal men for their slaves. Let the same be done with the border slave States, and thus by purchase from good citizens and by confiscation from rebellious ones, would be established UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION throughout our United States.

I have thus argued the case up to the establishment of Emancipation. I will now consider its influence as a means of crushing the rebellion. Facts warrant the assumption, that this rebellion had its origin in, and is carried on for the sole purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery. All the orators of the South, all the leaders of their public opinion, take this position; they even say that our present Constitution is good enough in every particular save one, and that one defect in that great document is, that it does not provide sufficiently for the extension, perpetuation and protection of slavery, and therefore, as they have not at the present time the *political power* to alter that instru-

ment (in accordance with its provisions) so as to suit it to their views, they resort to *physical force* and cover their States with great armies, with the avowed determination of destroying this Constitution and the Government founded on it, and thus making room for their own more perfect *Slavery-making, bondage-extending document*. This is their avowed object, patent to the world. Now, if we can by any means proper to use, put an end to this institution, will not such act put an end to this wicked rebellion? If we effectually extinguish slavery in the rebellious States, and prohibit its future introduction there, will we not establish peace? If cause precedes effect, we will most assuredly. The rebels must lay down their arms, and submit to the laws when we have deprived them of the power (I assume that we have the power to enforce our Proclamation, and if we have not, we are no longer a government) to continue the existence of their institution, and thus we shall see the positive influence of Emancipation as a means to crush the rebellion and establish peace. Let Emancipation be proclaimed, and down goes the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

Having thus established the position that Emancipation will crush out the insurrection, I will now consider its effects on the whites of both sections, South as well as North. I assume that there is a certain amount of labor to be done in the Southern States, and that the freed negroes, from experience and acclimation, are the best qualified persons to perform that labor, and would be employed to do it under a system of wages, (instead of the lash,) prices being regulated by the laws of demand and supply. These negroes being thus paid for their work, would consume more of the products of white men employed in the mechanic arts; more especially those products not absolutely necessary to life, as cheap ornaments, and those thousands of fancy articles that an uneducated people are so fond of, and which they always buy so freely in proportion to their means. But it may be said, this system of wages would enhance the cost of the products grown by the labor of these people, and this increased cost would have to be borne by the consumers of these products.

If this were true, it would be owing to the fact, that these black people free would get more for their labor than black people in bondage; and if this were so, then it would follow, that the freeing of these people would have the effect of '*levelling up*' the price of labor to a point where the poor white men of those regions could afford to do it, a condition of things not heretofore existing in any slave State, the rule there being, that the planter, who owns both capital and labor, can afford to do work cheaper than the poor white, who merely owns his labor, which he wishes to sell, and can find no market for, because he cannot work as cheap as the black slave of the capitalist. Hence it is, that there are so many of the 'poor white trash' scattered all over the South. Emancipation, according to this reasoning, (originated by the opponents of Emancipation,) would benefit the poor white most decidedly. The increased demand by the freed blacks for the products of the whites, both South and North, would add greatly to the demand for the labor of these whites, and thus Emancipation would benefit them pecuniarily, to say nothing of its removing the degradation now attached to labor in consequence of Slavery. Where there are no slaves, laboring men are respectable and respected. Where

Slavery exists, the laborer is neither. The New-England States illustrate the one condition, and the South the other. But, say some, if you emancipate the negroes they will not work ; the stimulus of wages is not sufficient to induce them to labor. Well, grant that they will not. Suppose they choose to drag out a miserable, hand-to-mouth existence, as the poor whites of the South now do, and earn barely enough under the pressure of starvation to support life ? What then ? If they refuse to work as regularly and efficiently as heretofore, will not *their refusal make a demand for the labor of the poor whites of both sections, and thus materially help to draw off from the great cities of the North the surplus labor, now vainly seeking employment, and thus greatly benefit those laborers ?* Such neglect to work by the freed negroes would have none other than a beneficial effect on the poor whites, by giving them the work that the free blacks refuse to do ; but if the freed blacks go on and work industriously for wages, then their increased ability to consume would of necessity make an increased demand for the products of white men, now employed in the manufactures consumed by the blacks. Thus Emancipation, like all good DEEDS, would bring its own reward.

I have thus endeavored to show that a proclamation of Emancipation would end the rebellion ; that its effects would be beneficial to the whites, and if my arguments are sound, let the People, who make and unmake administrations, demand of the present Government an immediate PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION.

THE DAY NOT LOST.

BY RICHARD KIRKE.

Do you talk of defeat,
And despairingly say,
That a few shattered squadrons
Have lost us the day ?

Do you talk of defeat,
With the Right on our side ?
When the cohorts of evil,
Our strength have defied ?

Do you talk of defeat
When a nation in arms,
Is sounding the war-cry,
Despite your alarms ?

Do you talk of defeat
While a God rules the world ?
Can Right from His throne
By the evil be hurled ?

No ! through shadow and darkness,
He now leads the way,
A fire in the night,
And a cloud in the day !

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE, Social, Political, and Military. Written for the London Times, by WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. New-York: JAMES G. GREGORY, 46 Walker-street.

DID these letters answer the expectations of the public? Are they what the world, English or American, expected from the great RUSSELL, speciallest of all special correspondents? Do they manifest that unmistakable *genius*, that unerring grasp at idiomatic truth in every form? Are they redolent of that humor which is inseparable from genius devoted to study of a people? Are they perfectly free from hackneyed observations? The answer is an unanimous negative. Had they emanated from some unknown writer, had there been no extra impulse of circumstance to force them up before the world, Mr. RUSSELL's letters might have died out in the corners of any journal, without attracting more than the certainly well-deserved comment of 'very good correspondence,' from its readers.

The general impression on the reader as to Mr. RUSSELL's impressions is, that he dislikes the North much, and the South more; although the polished manners and smooth Madeira of certain planters did on certain occasions produce a *je ne sais quoi* feeling not unlike a liking. As an honest Englishman, he hates the Institution; perceives its evil effect on the white man, and tells the truth of all errors. He is never guilty of deliberate misrepresentation, nor does he, like all other English writers on America, serve up eccentric and extravagant provincialisms as characteristic of our whole society. We believe that the originally English-coined word 'Britisher' does not occur in his epistles. But at the same time there is no genial sympathy in him with any thing American — none with either party in the present struggle. In some instances this frozen impartiality leads to downright silliness; in others to very narrow views, as when he declares that the South can never go back into the Union. Evidently the result of a declaration of Abolition by the United States Government, and the bringing of Canada down to the Virginia line, perhaps a little lower, in fact, never occurred to Mr. RUSSELL. The idea of a South *without slaves* never entered his mind. As a rule, he is neither general nor genial. He is a first-rate special correspondent in fact — just the man whom we would like to send to Paris or Berlin to describe a coronation, or to Sebastopol or — Bull Run to depict a battle. But in these letters he attempts the Herculean task of setting forth cotemporary history, and for this he is decidedly incompetent.

THE REBELLION RECORD. Edited by FRANK MOORE. Part IV. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

WHILE the Past was most interesting to readers, FRANK MOORE gave us his 'Diary to the American Revolution;' now that the Present is all-absorbing, he has turned his collective talent — no small one, by the way — to gathering up and classifying the facts, incidents and accidents of the present war, in the form of an excellent Diary of Verified Occurrences, Documents, and Narratives, and Poetry and Anecdotes, the whole set before the reader in a very attractive typographic form. Foreseeing the need of the future historian, we could certainly wish that the public would encourage Mr. MOORE to multiply the size of each number many-fold; as it is, we sincerely commend the work to all libraries whatever, as one interesting for present reading, and which will be greatly used for future reference. It is copiously illustrated with steel portraits of the leaders in the present struggle, and contains maps and diagrams of the principal battle-fields.

THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Second Series. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

ONCE in a while a book, and with it the author, start up into a deeply loved life. Those who read *it*, read *him*, and read a great deal. Especially is this the case when the readers are not philosophically critical, æsthetically analytical. They waive the weaknesses, enjoy the dainties, and when the work, as in the present instance, is in itself full of solid moral comforts — redolent with cheerfulness, and not devoid of clear, well-digested scholarship — it is no wonder that a very great number welcome it to their tables for the day, and to their libraries for all time.

In this second volume of a work eminently characterized in the manner above described, we find fourteen chapters concerning the parson's choice, disappointment and success, Scylla and Charybdis, churchyards, summer days, screws, solitary days, Glasgow down the water, life at the water-cure, friends in council, the pulpit in Scotland, future years, and — the conclusion. In all we find the same harmless pietism, free from offensive polemics; the same quiet views of life; the same pleasant literary reminiscences, which made so many friends in the first series, and the same refined tone. To a very large circle it will be *the* book of the year.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Letter from *Alart Sloper, Esq.*

New-Brighton, Staten Island, Sept. 12, 1861.

DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: It is greatly to be desired that the teachers and preachers of our American people should in these critical times, while urging all possible enthusiasm for the War, aid the great cause by soothing and modifying divers minor social topics which threaten, once in a while, to become of undue and greatly distracting importance.

There is a system of philosophy (do n't be frightened) which I rather admire, because its tendency is to induce its follower to regard any thing which 'turns up' as the positive of a magnet, which has also its negative — the two forming, if we can only see it, an identity, and very perfect arrangement. Its tendency is to make the thinker, like *PIETRO D'ABANO* of old, a *reconciler*. Let us take a case in point. Let us reconcile!

There is the squabbling between Protection and Free Trade. It is not many days since an eminently respectable and well-informed English friend informed me that any nation practically adopting Protection, thereby virtually outlawed itself in the opinion of all civilized people, and should be treated as if at war with England. On the other hand, however, are the old laws of England, which actually went still further on the other side — treating with a felon's death the breaker of certain Protective laws. Now, taking a short-cut through all the political economies and all the familiar arguments, do we not arrive at the conclusion that to perfectly carry out a general system of either Free Trade or Protection, each must borrow so largely from the other as to make a virtual Compromise or Identity? Let us see! With Free Trade or none, a government must have Revenue, which is the financial expression for all laws, regulations, and harmony. Raise your revenue in custom-houses, or on an income-tax, it will act quite as decidedly, and just the same, in the long run, on the importer and foreign manufacturer — in fact, I incline to think that the income-tax, as conducive to private economy, will be the greater check of the two on extravagance — alias 'silks, brandy, and cigars.'

'Three leading principles have we,
An OASIS's belt of stars,
To guide the nation of the free—
Silks, brandy, and cigars.

'Americans, ye are not now,
Like your old pa's and ma's:
They gave up tea, and with it too
Silks, brandy, and cigars.

'But ye go on, locked fast and tight
'Twixt French and British bars,
Selling your birthright, and for what—
Silks, brandy, and cigars.'

Excuse the digression. Revenue is a compromise with Protection. As for tariffs, they meet one practically every where. The Atlantic is a tariff—the tariff of transit must be paid in a thousand forms on every canal and railroad, while every broker, and shopkeeper, and clergyman, or editor preaching temperance and thrift, is a custom-house officer in disguise.

On the other hand, what exacts so much from its opposite as Protection? To encourage manufactures of many and the most important kinds, we must admit, duty free, many minor articles: say, for instance, chemicals, and in some cases the entire raw material. 'Here the fight comes in.' Who is to be preferred—wool-grower, or wool-spinner? My dear Public, sift the whole business down to facts; set one *private* interest off against another; make all allowance for war convulsions and proper times and places for protecting, and you will be astonished to find how nearly alike are this same Protection and Free Trade. Admit either to be true, and expediency will compel you, 'before you know it,' to set it aside for a season. If you want, however, a still broader principle, after admitting all this, adopt that of Protection first, for the sake of Free Trade afterward. That has been England's course.

The Credit System, and the old dispute between long credits and cash, is another of these questions which just at present demand prompt and vigorous examination on both sides, after the method above spoken of. The Credit System has built up the country, and again, after every panic, we hear that the Credit System is ruining the country. Something of a margin there! The experiences of Southern trade with large chance profits and long notes, every other note involving an extension, and every other extension a failure, have taught a good lesson, and men are minded to profit by the experiences of '57, and other hard times. But there is such a thing as over-doing temperance and total abstinence—especially on subjects who have the 'horrors'—and, if I am not very much mistaken, our New-York jobbers, and collaterally many others, have just at present the horrors, to a startling extent. The importing doctors who have turned off credit from the jobbers, as though it were a stop-cock to be managed with the turn of a finger, may find that such summary and sharp dealing will not only kill the patients, but their own practice. The present troubles are founded on quite other causes than the crisis of '57. *There never was a time when credit of any and every kind was so much needed as now.* The manufacturer practically acts on this principle when he strains every nerve to keep his mills or factory going, in order to employ his operatives: why should not the importer? Mutual confidence is what the country needs just now, *on any basis.* Let the importers simply consult their ledgers; see what obligations are entered there, and ask themselves how their jobbing debtors can meet their accruing liabilities at maturity, and yet pay *cash* for their stock! 'Buy and sell;' therein lies the whole panacea for hard times; it *was* not wise to make and take risks *once*—it would be eminently wise and liberal to do so now. Allow me to quote in support of this reconciling policy the judicious illustration of 'A Chambers-street Jobber,' in the *World* of August 17:

'The Importers at this moment hold a position toward the jobbers, very much like that held to the whole mercantile community by the banks in 1857 and 1861. Had those banks, in the former year, pursued the same judiciously liberal course that they did in the spring of 1861, the worst of the panic would have been prevented, and hundreds of houses would have passed triumphantly through the trials of that year, that were driven to the wall by the illiberal course pursued. It lies to-day with the Importers of this city to throw out of business more than half their best customers, lose a large proportion of the money due from them, and seriously aggravate the general distress by rigidly following the new 'cash' system, or to ease the wheels of trade, secure most of their demands, and do something toward carrying the country through its present difficulties, by pursuing a more far-sighted and liberal policy.'

The Credit System, to return to our first principles, is, as compared to the old mediæval cent per cent cash system, very much like railroads as compared to stage-

coaches. Once in a while there is a smash, and a fifty-killed-catastrophe, such as stage-coaching never saw; but in the long run there are inconceivably fewer lives lost. Only the credits must not be over-done, nor the locomotives over-run. There are such things as 'busts.'

Finally, I see and hear all the while no small amount of squabbling between the old Democrats who claim that they are doing most to sustain Government and the twenty-four carat Republicans, whose lamps have been filled and burning, it may be, ever since the Philadelphia nomination of '59. Friends all, for the love of Heaven keep your political enmities down *now*, if you ever did, and grasp boldly at the TRUTH irrespective of platform or party. Reconcile facts; and do n't quarrel over *names*, for the sake of letting a few wretched political hacks continue to play on the multitude the same old juggles and humbugs which the South for years played on the North. In its Jeffersonian birth the Democratic party was, according to the then lights of the age, the equivalent of the present Republican party, while the Opposition was conservative. In 1834-'35 Democracy was reproached with favoring the same *isms* which have since been transferred to the extreme left of their opponents. In the days of the 'silk stocking' Whigs, Abolition sidled up to Democracy. Since then there has been a gay shaking up — so very gay that it would be a hard thing to pick up a consistent 'politic' out of the shifting mass. The needs of the day call aloud for a new party — a new creed — *or a short cut to what we want, right through all platforms.* 'We are fighting for the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was,' and not for the Chicago or any other platform. If 'the Irrepressible Nigger' be an abomination and a vexation, let us have him out of the way — not on Abolition, or any other grounds save those of expediency and the strong will to conquer for the Right. My Democratic friend, and my Republican one, not less, if you were unarmed in a fight for your LIFE with an armed murderous adversary, would you stop to query where the six-shooter came from which some good fellow put in your way? Have you any lurking scruple of regard for your would-be murderer, and are you willing to sacrifice to that scruple your life — yes, and the whole welfare of your children? Gentlemen, many of us have those scruples, have them strongly, but we do n't intend to sacrifice to them what is not in justice our own. Democrats, the Republicans have long been an unit with you in respecting the rights of labor; the 'harmony of interests' doctrine has long been bravely enforced by them; drop your nominal differences: take hold manfully for the Union, and nothing else, and sustain Government through thick and thin. Grumblers, you little realize the disaster which would ensue from a crisis and a change at Washington in these times; the jubilant yells which would arise from the South, and the encouragement which it would give to the army of DAVIS. Not *now*, come what may. Sail the old ship through the rapids first — through at all hazards — and *then*, after we get into clear water, have a reckoning if you will, and a squaring of accounts. But let us take hold with all our might *now* — boggling and quibbling at nothing — influenced by no old party catch-words, or sneers, or 'customs' — intent only on conquering the foe at all hazards. If Abolition MEANS are necessary to save the country, adopt them without taking Abolition principles; take the facts and drop the 'philanthropy.' We are coming to this; the whole country asks it — why not grasp it?

I am trespassing more largely than I intended on the patience of the KNICKERBOCKER, but I cannot conclude without a comment on a paragraph or two in the last letter to the London *Times*, by Mr. RUSSELL, and to which I refer as specially illustrating certain remarks recently made by me in the KNICKERBOCKER, to the effect that John Bull in his representative, remains persistently blind to the true principles involved — or rather that he is unable to see any thing more than partial and delusive portions of the whole. The remarks to which I allude are as follows:

'The contest has been variously characterized, but its material issues lie between commerce and manufactures on the one hand, and agriculture on the other; and in this region where commerce is despoiled, it is regarded by many as a struggle between overshot wheels and human labor as submissive as the spindles they drive. *For with all deference to Mr. SEWARD, his speeches and their plausible generalization, and to Mr. LINCOLN and the Chicago platform, it is a fallacy to style this a strife between free and slave labor.* Wherever the former can thrive, it is as sure of finding its way as water its level. There are still millions of acres open to the white agriculturist.'

Passing over the superficial manner in which Mr. RUSSELL gayly trips over the difference between agricultural and manufacturing society, without reflecting that this in a continent is simply the difference between all that is most conservative on the one hand, and most intelligent and progressive on the other, I come to that monstrous blunder, so replete with ignorance of American feelings and interests, where he declares that it is a fallacy to style this a strife between slave and free labor. Apart from long-continued, direct efforts of every description to injure the North in its commerce and manufactures by public legislation and private thievery, there is a subtle and goading warfare which has gone on for years, and which will continue to go on so long as an arrogant slaveocracy lies bound to us by the same river and sea. Mr. RUSSELL has not lived from boyhood in American cities to feel the evil effect of an insolent and assuming self-styled aristocracy, professedly vicious, provincial, and lazy, upon the unthinking youth of the North of every class and calling. The poison has permeated every where; every youth until recently, thought it rather the fast thing to admire the South—to ape purely Southern vices—to praise slavery, and be in a small though even vulgar way, a 'cavalier.' Naturally industrious, naturally inclined to dignify labor, the Northern, Middle, and Western States have been for years surcharged with this foul gentility, according to which all work is low, all laborers 'greasy mechanics.' To be sure, the prairies were open to these white niggers to work freely; but no sooner did there spring up in a new-born Western village some little wealth and respectability than in came the Southern chivalry in some form or other. We wanted this war if for nothing else than to put an end to a far more deadly one which had been going on for years—a war between free and slave labor.'

Did Mr. RUSSELL never reflect on the 'rowdies' of our Northern and Western cities, and the strongly-marked *Southern* contrast which they offer to the remaining population of their habitat? It is to *Southern* manners and influences that we owe this bowie-knife and revolver society—for the Yankee untouched by Southern influence revolts at duels, drunkenness and all rowdism whatever. And through all this terrible drawback on free white labor, morals, dignity, and progress, creeps one black cause—the *virtual opposition of Negro Labor.*

Mr. RUSSELL, depend upon it, though you may not think so, Secretary SEWARD and President LINCOLN are far better acquainted than you with the true phases of this great struggle, and with the real character of the American people.

With all respects to the KNICKERBOCKER reader, I am,

His very truly,

MACC SLOPER.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—In looking over a bundle of very old manuscripts and letters, the other morning, in search of autographic and chirographic favors for an esteemed friend in the 'Far West,' we came across a note from the then versatile and racy editor of '*The Sunday Mercury*,' the lamented SAMUEL NICHOLS, whose sudden death by a rail-road accident, several years since, will be remembered by many of our readers. It was dated twenty-two years ago, the present autumn, and was accompanied by a brief communication, modestly 'submitted for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, if deemed worthy of a place in its pages.' Mr. NICHOLS was an Englishman, and a London Englishman, at that; but his was a liberal and catholic spirit, and he never obtruded his nationality offensively upon any one. He had returned from a visit to 'Old England,' not long before; had visited the Field of Waterloo; and he gave us several '*Extracts from the Waterloo Album*.' Understanding French perfectly, he translated felicitously, and gave us a most amusing *mélange*. Perhaps, hereafter, some wandering visitor to Manassas, Bull Run, Stone Brook, or whatever else it may be called, may find kindred and unkindred 'sentiments' expressed in some future '*Bull-Run Album*,' as are contained in the collection to which we have alluded. Let us hope, however, that before an album like this shall be half-filled, such 'snarling' animosities between two sections of a glorious common country will have been banished forever from the heart of every true American. We present a few brief excerpts:

'THIS plain, celebrated by the valor of the English, has been visited by three English travellers. They are three geese, you will say, to come so far to see the theatre where so many friends and enemies, mortally wounded, now lie confounded, and where poor NAPOLEON received a fatal blow. Our English hearts beat with pleasure; and this being the case, we hasten to bid you good night!'

'A vexed commentator added the following note:

'*Que de stupidités, hélas ! Nous fournit ici la plume d'un sot Anglais !*' 'What stupidity, alas ! is here exhibited, from the pen of a silly Englishman !'

'The annexed lines, written on the back of the cover to the first volume, breathe, without doubt, much liberalism:

'AVROMFORT, and his friend GASLEBOIS, have run through this book, and have shuddered to see its pages soiled with abuse. To a man *de cœur*, there is no nation.'

'But the absurd paused not for this. *Voici*, what is to be found by the side of these lines:

'Mr. BURRA, of London, writes upon this book, in the hope that his friends will remember his name. This is a very bad pen.'

'Farther on:

'TOM SERLE, an English actor, who played the principal parts at the Brussels theatre, has visited this place, with BOB ROBERTS; both have been *assez bêtes*, to feel hot, and to be tired !

'The words *assez bêtes* were underlined, and a critic makes this remark:

'*Celle est la nature de Tom Serle et de Bob Roberts.*'

'Farther on are the following lines, applied to the same personages:

'*Vilains animaux*, if you should ever attempt to get up a subscription at Brus-

sels, instead of giving any thing, I shall most certainly claim back the four francs which I was *assez bête* to pay to see you !'

'The following inscription, '*Montargis, Ali Ben 29me, année de l'Hégire 1169,*' gave rise to this annotation :

'This is a Turk, I suppose !'

'Then came this *petit morceau* of prose, dictated by that military sentiment which the French call *chauvinisme*, and written by an old soldier :

'Here I am, returned to the spot which has been the witness of the high deeds of the heroes of the Iberical peninsula. The remembrance which they recal, is of a nature to rejoice the heart of an old soldier. The task was a hard one : we had a critical position on the eighteenth of June. Poor — ! But the fortune of war so willed it. A day will come, when I also must quit this world ; whatever may happen, I shall never be able to do so in a more honorable manner, than those brave fellows who fell on the field of battle. Oh ! if they had seen with what intrepidity the whole line charged the enemy in the evening ! Huzza !

UN OFFICIER QUI A VINGT ANS DE SERVICE.'

'The corrective of these lines is close upon them :

'O age ! reasoning and reasonable. A hundred thousand Frenchmen came here for the purpose of destroying an equal number of their fellow-beings, and of sacrificing themselves, to defend the cause of a despot, whose iron hand would never have accorded to them the advantages of a representative government. Oh ! the wisdom of our generation !

B. STEELE.'

'Lower down :

'Here was spilled the blood of the young and the brave ; here fell the hope of a father, the lover of the young maiden, and the husband of a young wife, *tendre et fidèle*. Here death was triumphant ! This earth was made drunk with human blood, and the scene of carnage of which this place was the theatre, was the work of the ambition of a single man, of *une pauvre creature humaine*, who received life and intelligence in the same way as did the most humble of the soldiers who perished for him. O men ! men !'

'Others, instead of philosophizing, turn their sympathy for the dead into a matter of speculation, by giving birth to an announcement, a sign, or an advertisement, after this fashion :

'FITZ PATTERLEY has come here to render homage to the manes of his father, who died upon the field of honor, and who was furnishing-saddler to the first regiment of dragoons. FITZ PATTERLEY has inherited the patriotism and the trade of his father ; and he continues in the practice of both, at London, Number 40, Leicester Square.'

'Underneath is this remark of a Frenchman :

'This reminds me of the following epitaph, which I read one day upon a tomb *au Père la Chaise* :

'*Ci-git N. N —, marchand mercier de la Rue St. Denis, Nombre — ; la veuve, desoléé, continue le même commerce, et espère conserver la faveur public.*' 'Here lies N. N —, a haberdasher of Number —, Rue St. Denis. His afflicted widow continues to carry on the same business, and hopes for a continuance of public patronage !'

'Farther on, we read :

'IRVING BROOK, of London, has visited, for the third time, the plain of Waterloo, this 26th July, 1826. He thanks heaven that it has freed the world, by the bravery of his countrymen, of the cruellest tyrant that ever wielded a sceptre.'

'This tirade is followed by these epithets :

'*Chien d'Anglais ! Brute ! Bête !*

'Lower down, are these Anglo-Français lines :

' *Goddem, goddem, pour moi bateau à vapeur, moi partir pour Londres, les Français ménager pas nous !*
BISTEE ET ROSSIF.'

'Near these lines, is this phrase:

' *Benies soient les ames des braves, qui sont morts pour sauver leur pays !*
'Blessed be the souls of those brave men who died in the defence of their country !'
'UN HABITANT DE LONDRES.'

'Then this *vivat* *bachique* :

'Waterloo, Belle Alliance! Imperishable name! Huzza for old England, and the English army! Let's drink: here goes!'

'GEORGE D. CLARK, from London, who visited this place the fourteenth of September, 1838.

'M. GOUBAU, a lithographer from Brussels, expresses the sentiments which his journey to Waterloo inspired within him, thus:

'As putrefaction engenders life, and misfortune happiness, so the field of Waterloo, which saw the destruction of so many people, gave life to lithographs. I rejoice, then, at this common misfortune, or ill, as it has made my own particular happiness.
'GOUBAU.'

'Mr. GOUBAU is thus anathematized:

'Brigand, dog, hog, and egotist, of the first order! Without doubt a Flemish man.'

'It is worthy of remark, that the softer sex has been the first to renounce this exclusive spirit of patriotism. *Les femmes* have first attempted that fusion and system of alliance, subsequently accomplished by M. de TALLEYRAND. Thus have they written:

' *Je rougis de la haine et de l'orgueil des Anglais.*

' *J'aime les Français, de tout mon cœur, et j'espère toujours vivre parmi eux; car les Anglais sont des préjugés et des bêtes.*

' *Une Anglaise, nommé Georgiana, qui a un amant officier Français: twelfth September, 1826.*

' *Et les Français sont des amours.*

'I blush at the hatred and pride of the English.'

'I love the French with all my heart, and I hope I shall always live among them, for the English are full of prejudices, and are brutes.'

'An English woman, named GEORGIANA, who has a lover, a French officer: twelfth September, 1826.'

'And the French are loves.'

'One Englishman can lick three Frenchmen at once!' exclaims, in burlesque French, writing *battir* for *battre*, some cockney, scandalized at this avowal. But this explosion in no way arrests the sensibility of our *belles* compatriots. In another page are these two inscriptions:

'My soul experiences here no sentiment of pleasure or of pain. My lover, who is a Frenchman, is not with me.
MARIA TEMPLETON.'

'Then follow these two lines:

' *Je verse une larme de regret
Sur le sort des braves Français.*

'EMILY PAYNE, an English woman, who loves the French with all her heart. Twelfth October, 1826: now staying at St. OMER.'

'May I lose the remembrance of this fatal battle!' writes Signar CARAVILLO.

'Next come some lines in Spanish, of which the following is the sense:

'NAPOLEON received at this place the price of his perfidious invasion of Spain. Thus perish all those who would wrong my country!'

'Farther on are these words, the imprint of a mind imbued with a sense of justice and generosity:

'I have run through this book, and I have found in it an *esprit de parti*, and of partiality, which should never be allowed to exist in well-cultivated minds. '*Honneur au courage*,' is my device, whether it be the courage of a Frenchman, a German, an Englishman, or of any other nation: honor to all those who have said, '*Le garde meurt, mais ne se rend part!*' They have as much right to celebrity as those who during one entire day, resisted a whole army. I speak of the brave Forty-Second Highlanders.

GEO. CHAPIN DE BAZZ.

But leaving these buffoonish attacks, these queer replies, questions and answers—these 'peppered commentaries'—let us not forget the *Real* of Waterloo; that immense text, that Homeric subject, that modern epic. Several years after the battle of Waterloo, WASHINGTON LIVING visited the world-renowned scene. And his reminiscences of the same, written and addressed to us, in his fair hand-of-write, are before us now. Nothing more melodious in its pure English, more picturesquely 'GEOFFREY CRAYON'-ish than the following passage ever came from his polished pen:

'THE English and the French are the two great nations of modern times most diametrically opposed, and most worthy of each other's rivalry; essentially distinct in their characters, excelling in opposing qualities, and reflecting lustre on each other by their very opposition. In nothing is this contrast more strikingly evinced than in their military conduct. For ages have they been contending, and for ages have they crowded each other's history with acts of splendid heroism. Take the Battle of Waterloo, for instance, the last and most memorable trial of their rival prowess. Nothing could surpass the brilliant daring on the one side, and the steadfast enduring on the other. The French cavalry broke like waves on the compact squares of English infantry. They were seen galloping round those serried walls of men, seeking in vain for an entrance; tossing their arms in the air, in the heat of their enthusiasm, and braving the whole front of battle. The British troops, on the other hand, forbidden to move or fire, stood firm and enduring. Their columns were ripped up by cannonry; whole rows were swept down at a shot: the survivors closed their ranks, and stood firm. In this way many columns stood through the pelting of the iron tempest without firing a shot; without any action to stir their blood, or excite their spirits. Death thinned their ranks, but could not shake their souls.

'A beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are prone, is given in the case of a French cavalier, in the hottest of the action, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault that his adversary had lost his sword-arm, dropping the point of his sabre, and courteously riding on. Peace be with that generous warrior, whatever were his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foundering fortunes of his chieftain, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave! and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amidst the tempest, unconscious of defeat, than to survive, and mourn over the blighted laurels of his country.

'In this way the two armies fought through a long and bloody day. The French with enthusiastic valor, the English with cool, inflexible courage, until Fate, as if to leave the question of superiority still undecided between two such adversaries, brought up the Prussians to decide the fortunes of the field.

'It was several years afterward that I visited the field of Waterloo. The ploughshare had been busy with its oblivious labors, and the frequent harvest had nearly obliterated the vestiges of war. Still the blackened ruins of Hougoumont stood, a monumental pile, to mark the violence of this vehement struggle. Its broken walls, pierced

by bullets, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within; when Gaul and Briton, hemmed in between narrow walls, hand to hand and foot to foot, fought from garden to court-yard, from court-yard to chamber, with intense and concentrated rivalry. Columns of smoke turned from this vortex of battle as from a volcano; 'it was,' said my guide, 'like a little hell upon earth.' Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank, unwholesome green still marked the places where these rival warriors, after their fierce and fitful struggle, slept quietly together in the lap of their common mother earth. Over all the rest of the field, peace had resumed its sway. The thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet's clangor; the team slowly labored up the hill-side, once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons; and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldiers' graves, as summer seas dimple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried.'

Is not this 'beautiful exceedingly?' - - - We have a shrewd suspicion that there was a poetical partnership in the production of the following clever 'hit' at the *London Times*: and neither of the bards is unknown to our readers:

The London Times on American Affairs.

JOHN BULL vas a valkin' his parlor von day,
Ha fixin' the world wery much his hown way,
Ven igstrawnary news cum from hover the sea,
Habout the great country vot brags it is free.

Hand these vos the tidins this news it did tell,
That great YANKEN DOODLE vos going to—vell
That he vos a volloped by JEFFERSON D.,
Hand no longer 'sum punkins' vos likely to be.

JOHN BULL, slyly vinkin, then sed hunto me:
'My dear TIMES, my hold covey, go pitch hinto he;
Let us vollop great DOODLE now ven he is down,
Hif ve vallops him vell ve vill 'do him up brown.'

'His long-legged boots hat my 'ed he 'as 'urled,
I'd rather not see 'em a trampin' the world;
Hand I how him a grudge for his conduc so wile,
In himportin shillalahs from Herin's green hile.

'I knows JEFFERSON D. is a rascally chap,
Who goes hin for cribbin the guvurnment pap;
That Hexeter 'All may be down upon me,
But as JEFF 'as the Cotton I'll cotton to he.

'I cares for the blacks not a drat more nor he,
Though on principle I goes for a settin 'em free;
But hinterest, my cove, we must look hafter now,
Unless principal *yields*, it are poor any how.'

So spoke JONNY BULL, so he spake hunto me,
Hand I 'inted it slyly to JEFFERSON D.,
Who wery much pleased, rubbed his 'ands in his joy,
Hand exclaimed: 'You're the man for my money, old boy.

'Go in, JONNY TIMES! I will feather your nest,
Never mind if you soil it, 'tis foul at the best:
Strange guests have been thar, but my cotton is clean,
And a cargo is yourn, if you manage it keen.'

So I pitched hinto DOODLE like a thousan' of brick,
May'ap it warnt prudent to do it—on tick;
But JOHN BULL is almighty, he'll see I am pade,
And my cargo of cotton will brake the blockade.

PART SECOND.

So BULL he went hin the blockade for to bust,
The Christians they cried, and the sinners they cussed ;
There vos blowing and blusterin, and mighty parade,
And hall to get ready to break the blockade.

Ven hall hof a sudden it come in the 'ed
Hof a prudent hold covey who hup and 'e said :
' Hits bad to vant cotton, but worsen by far
His the sufferin' hand mis'ry you 'll make by a war.

' There his cotton hin Hingy, Peru and Assam,
Guayaquil and Jamaica, Canton, Surinam ;
' Arf a loaf, or 'arf cotton tight papers hi call,
But a 'ole var hentire his the devil and hall.'

So he sent not 'is wessels hacross the broad sea,
Vitch vos hawful 'ard lines for poor JEFFERSON D. ;
Hand wrote hunto DOODLE, 'Old hon and be true !'
And JONATHAN hanswered BULL, 'Bully for you !'

SEQUEL BY AFTER-TIMES.

Has BULL vos a valking in London haround,
'E found the TIMES lying hupon the cold ground,
With a big bale hof cotton right hover 'is side :
Says BULL : ' Hi perceive 't was by cotton he died !'

A 'Punch'-ish squib, this 'Part Second.' - - - An English weekly journal has been *Reviewing the London Directory* ; a work, next to a large quarto dictionary, which we should think the least interesting, in a literary point of view. But the 'extracts' quoted by the reviewer will amuse, if not instruct. The classification of many of the names is a curious feature of the 'notice.' The critic is first struck with the names denoting color, such as BROWN, BLUE, BLACK, BLACKSTONE, BLACKWOOD, GREEN, GRAY, PINK, and WHITE ; next with others expressing some comparisons of color, as LIGHT, DARK, DARKER, etc. After citing some few instances, wherein the names of color unite in interest, as BROWN and GREEN ; BROWN, WHITE and BROWN, the reviewer proceeds :

'Of the names of animals we find — BUCK, BULL, BULLOCK, COW, DEAR, FOX, HARE, HART, HOG, LION, ROEBUCK, WOLF ; CHICKEN, COCK, DOVE, DRAKE, DUCK, FINCH, GANDER, GOLDFINCH, GOSLIN, GULL, HAWKS, JAY, LARK, PEACOCK, WOODCOCK ; CRAB, DOLPHIN, DOREY, GUDGEON, HERRING, SALMON, SEAL, WHALE ; WASP.

'Of names expressive of qualities of character, there are — BLUNT, CROSS, (just the name for a bachelor,) GREEDY, IDLE, JOLLY, MANLY, NICE, NOBLE, PATIENT, (a capital name for a husband,) PRETTY, SURLY, SLOW, SHARP, SLY, SMART, and TAME.

'An odd class of names are — FUDGE, GABE, GAMMON, FRETWELL, and the like.

'Mr. SPRING, Mr. SUMMER, and Mr. WINTER, are to be found ; but Mr. AUTUMN does not appear.

'A feast without food might be contrived by calling together FRESHWATER, BACON, BEER, BUTTER, CAKEBREAD, CREAM, HAM, PARSLEY, PEPPER, FIGG, and ORANGE. And especially if Messrs. EATWELL and DRINKWELL were invited to attend.

'The following group comes together in natural order : CHURCH, CHURCHYARD, PARSON, CLERK, GRAVE, SEXTON !

'EAST, WEST, NORTH, and SOUTH, might 'cross hands' in a quadrille with great propriety !

'The following should always get on in the world : Mr. SILVER, Mr. GOLD !

'In the long category of names both ANGELS and DEVILS are to be found.

'Of natural phenomena we find SNOW, RAINBOW, RAINS, DEW, FOG, FROST, GALE, FLOOD, and WIND ! It would be a novelty to see them all together !

'The transposed arrangement of the Christian and the Surnames in the Directory causes the reading to appear very dull at times, thus: FRY JOSEPH, STORRE & SON; FRY HENRY, FRY GEORGE, and FRY CHARLOTTE! Again: IDLE GEORGE, IDLE JAMES, and IDLE CHARLES and SARAH! Then we have JOLLY JOHN, JOLLY JOSEPH, and JOLLY SAM; the latter keeps 'The Bank of Friendship.' To crown all, we have KING JOHN, cow-keeper; KING HENRY, umbrella-maker; and KING MARY ANN, who keeps a lodging-house.

'Of the names of countries we find — ENGLAND, FLANDERS, FRANCE, HOLLAND, IRELAND, and SCOTLAND.

'Among the fair people, we have FAIRHEAD, FAIRFOOT, FAIRBROTHER, FAIRCHILD, and FAIRBURN.

'Among the loving ones are — LOVEDAY, LOVEGROVE, LOVEJOY, LOVELACE, LOVELAND, LOVELOCK, and LOVERING.

'Among the good folk are — GOOD, GOODALL, GOODAY, GOODBEHERE, GOODBODY, GOODCHILD, GOODMAN, GOODSIR, GOODALE, GOODFELLOW, GOODHEART, GOODSPEED, GOODWAY, GOODWILL, GOODYEAR. Allied to these are ALLGOOD and FAULTLESS.

'Sometimes it happens that the name and trade of an individual occur in peculiar association. Mr. ALEHOUSE keeps the 'King's Head'; Mr. BACCHUS the 'Rising Sun'; Mr. BREWER is a brewer; Mr. LIQUORISH keeps the 'Ship'; Mr. HOPPS is a wine-merchant; Mr. DEATH is a butcher; Mr. BLACK an undertaker; Mr. WEDLOCK a locksmith; Mr. FIELD a land-surveyor. Although HEMP is not unsuitable for a sheriff-officer, it would have applied better to a hangman!'

There is something 'in a name,' after all. - - - We are pained to hear, by the arrival of the last steamer from Europe, of the sudden death, by disease of the heart, of Mrs. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED. She died at Baden-Baden, on the fifth of August. She was a woman of great personal and mental attractions, which she inherited from both her parents, (the late HENRY BREVOORT, of New-York, and LAURA CARSON, of South-Carolina,) as well as of a most enchanting sweetness and gayety of disposition. In Baden she was universally loved and respected. The inhabitants and residents attended her funeral with almost regal honors; members of the Diplomatic Corps came from a distance to be present at the ceremony; and ladies of the highest aristocracy followed the procession to the grave. She was but thirty-seven years of age, and in the zenith of her matronly bloom and beauty. Her loss will be severely felt in the brilliant circles of which she was so bright an ornament. Mrs. BRISTED's maiden grace and loveliness have been celebrated in verse in these pages, by the polished pen of 'JOHN WATERS,' the late HENRY CARY: and it seems but yesterday, that in company with the accomplished father, and the beautiful mother and daughter, we sat at the refined table of our admiring eulogist, and felt how just were his fervent praises. And now *all* are gone!

'So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er:
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore!'

Our readers will sympathize, as we do, with our friend and correspondent, the bereaved young husband: but for *him*, alas! he can only feel the impotency of consolation. - - - OUR old and esteemed friend DEMPSTER, the inimitable Scottish vocalist, now in England, (for the purpose, we are glad to hear, of bringing his beautiful songs before the London public,) our old
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friend, we say, has sent us a little pamphlet-volume, entitled '*Genius and Morality of Robert Burns.*' It is a 'Lecture' or 'Eulogy,' delivered at the 'Cottage Festival' in Ayrshire, on the Twentieth-fifth of January last. The author is P. HATELY WADDELL, Minister of the Gospel at Girvan, Scotland. It is the most comprehensive and eloquent exposition and defence of BURNS that we have ever encountered : and we rejoice that a Scottish clergyman, of a class renownedly 'strict,' should have 'spoken his mind' so freely. We marked many eloquent passages as we read, but can find space only for the subjoined : beginning with one which sufficiently establishes the high estimate in which the genius of the 'Peasant-Bard' is held by the reverend author :

'ROBERT BURNS is to be ranked as near to SHAKESPEARE as a purely lyric poet can be to a great dramatist — to the greatest dramatist, in fact, of the world. In the vitality peculiar to lyric composition, he is even superior to SHAKESPEARE ; in universality and dramatic power alone, he is inferior. He is essentially a different man from both MILTON and HOMER ; but in his own peculiar sphere of poetry he is abreast of all three. Whatever they were, he, *par eminence*, is the impassioned athlete of the soul ; the spiritual melodist and humorist ; the immortal wrestler with grief and joy, with love and pity, with madness and folly — yea, with shame and with remorse ; who challenges and scorns competition with the whole world, soaring aloft in an atmosphere of genial frenzy, sympathy, and strength ; the very foremost lyric man since the days of DAVID. SHAKESPEARE and HOMER, to him, were companions, not rivals ; he does not want any pity of ours — any consolatory compliments ; and would not feel in the slightest degree obliged to us for the most liberal allowance. To come a little closer, he takes the right-hand of GOETHE, and is far before Lord BYRON. In the second place, with respect to the Scottish language in which he wrote, it is not a mere dialect, as the vast multitude of untranslatable, that is, strictly original terms, to be found in it, sufficiently proves ; not a mere dialect, but a tongue cognate with the English ; proper and peculiar to a race of men who are brothers, and were long enemies of the English — the oldest and only invincible enemies they ever had. The Scottish language is not a dialect of the English, but a dialect of the Teutonic, even as the English itself is ; both having been modified, softened, and enriched from other sources, especially from the Latin, from the French, and from the Celtic. The introduction and influence of the Celtic is easily accounted for, both in England and in Scotland ; it is, in fact, the old red sand-stone of the language, where all its curiosities are imbedded, and on which the superincumbent layer of modern Saxon rests. Every where, like Druidical remains and the foundations of strongholds, it crops and shines out imperishable, among the cultivated green fields, and flower-gardens, and waving woods of popular phraseology, to remind us that our fore-fathers were the aboriginal tenants of the soil — demon-worshippers, painted savages, brethren of CARACTACUS and FINGAL.'

The following, to our conception, has all the terseness and energy of the best passages of CARLYLE :

'No man then living, it is true, could cope with him in brilliancy, or delicacy, or richness of conversational power ; in a certain fascinating witchery of talk, for amusement or for triumph, in any society, from the Free Mason's lodge to the highest aristocratic circle ; yet it was rather foreign than otherwise for him to use pomatum or to appear in spangles : and although superior to thousands of the fashionable and would-be literary folks who crowded around him, like a new wood-land deity in periwig and velvet, and might esteem a word from his lips, or a glance from his eye, as favors from APOLLO, even in that disguise ; he is never judged, nor even seen to more disadvantage, than

when thus presented to us in court attire. He is ever most courtly, most exquisitely refined and polished, most dignified and imposing, when at home; in the fields, or at the fire-side, solitary or social, in hodden-gray. The grand peculiarity of his genius was its undisguised and cordial nationality. Although he did speak and write occasionally for the court, and did fascinate and outshine courtiers, both in speaking and in writing, he was still the poet of the people; the singer of the multitude of his own people, the representative and laureate of the vernacular. Other Scotchmen, preëminently gifted, both poets, historians, and philosophers, had appeared before him, as we have already said; and these had all achieved renown for themselves, but not as Scotchmen; and for their country as well as themselves, but not in her native dialect, nor by the native handling of themes that were peculiar to her; and many more, in like manner, have since appeared, whom we need not now specify — all peculiarly distinguished, but all more or less identified with modern English — **WALTER SCOTT** foremost. **BURNS** alone, of all his fellow-countrymen, dared to assert the prerogatives and capabilities of the mother tongue. He discerned there elements of melody, and a vehicle of passion, and a ground-work of immortality. Hodden-gray and home-spun, in his estimation, might rival the gold and silver tissues of the purest classic fabrics; and to present this unpromising element for universal criticism in the eighteenth century, after an epoch of the most fastidious pedantry in style and composition, he devoted the energy of his whole nature. He deliberately and confidently espoused it; he determined to die for, or to exalt it. Sublime, perilous adventure! When the world had just ceased rehearsing **POPE**, and was anew smitten with the voluptuous elegance of **THOMSON**, **ROBERT BURNS** appeared; and avowedly home-spun, confessedly hodden-gray: an unmitigated son of the soil — with the tongue of the soil; with the associations of the soil; with the sympathies and sorrows of the soil, but also with the gifts and triumphs of the soil; with the eloquence and the richness, the fertility and music of the soil — the soil of Scotland! The world for a season was dumb with incredulity. His brethren themselves, his own countrymen, and the sons of his mother, believed it not. Was that a voice? Did the rock speak? Did the earth cry out? Did the woods sing? Or have we been beguiled by witchcraft? Are we to be startled from all the proprieties of criticism by the whistle of a ploughman, and constrained to bow to hodden-gray on the highest peaks of Parnassus? Why did he not write in English? in the speech of the court? in terms that were already classic; and in a dialect that had been accepted of the Muses? The man — the fellow! Because said dialect, for the time, had been overdone; and because his mother-tongue had been neglected; and because he, **ROBERT BURNS** — born in home-spun, swaddled in home-spun, rocked and reared in home spun; tricked out for market and marriage, for kirk and fair, in home-spun; and, above all, recognizing in home-spun the element of his country's thrift, of his country's honest independence, of his country's indomitable strength, of his country's warmth of love and true tenderness of sympathy — had, of his own free will and deliberate election, adopted home-spun; and would raise it to the third heaven of popularity, side by side with breathing marble, or the beaten gold, in face of mankind. Heaven and his mother's sons forgive him, when he disowned that! Was not this the garment of her weaving in toil and sorrow for five hundred years? — the only garment she could weave, withal, by reason of her afflictions? This home-spun of frugal honesty, this hodden-gray of truth? Simple, unpretending, rough; but warm and true? Dyed in the wools; fast-colored; blood-red in martyrdom, or on the field of battle? Ay, and gemmed with the richest ruby drops of self-sacrificing heroism in Europe?

'**SUCH** was the aspiration, and such has been the deed of **ROBERT BURNS**. Not his country alone, but the world has adjudged him victorious. Foremost in the van of all

social progress is this singer and psalmist of the people, who despised not, nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; this prophet in home-spun, with the leathern girdle of intellectual manhood on his loins. His image, like a star, shines on every helm in the hosts of industry; and his voice sounds in every ear, above the din of factories, and the ring of hammers, and the echoes of the dreary mine, and the howling, uncultivated storm-wastes of the distant wilderness. SCOTT, CAMPBELL, BYRON, SHELLEY, WORDSWORTH, and WILSON; CHALMERS, IRVING, ANDREW THOMSON; BURKE and BROUGHAM; DICKENS, THACKERAY, CARLYLE; LOCKHART and JEFFREY; painters, preachers, poets, orators, and statesmen; soldiers and diplomatists; critics—all that have followed, have followed all with some token of reverence or of love for him; doffing hats, and lifting coronets, and lowering swords of state, before that tripod of genius where the spirit of the soil ascended fierce, and licked its very way to heaven through the atmosphere of Ayrshire.'

In reference to BURNS's unprecedented melody and force, the writer says: 'Through the chink alone of Scottish song could the sun that was in him shine at all, and it shone intensely: ' and he adds:

'On themes of love and humor and pathos alone could he speak in the circumstances; and he had elected to speak singing. The river of his genius was thus dammed up, and dyked in to overflow. Through rocks of difficulty, therefore, and over all the artificial restraints of fashion, of custom, and of criticism, will it inevitably burst one day and surprise the world. Patiently, patiently, loving heart! Wisely and truly, ecstatic soul! Let the waters gather and accumulate and settle; let them purify! Wait submissively for the former and for the latter rain; for the drops from heaven that must fill the pools; for the rise of the waters, for the rush of inspiration! And then—listen all you that have ears; and you, ye deaf and dead, awake; for the sluice-bolt of melody has been drawn, and a marvel will be heard in Israel! Bright and sparkling first, tingling with animation and colored all hues of the rainbow, in the sunshine of eighteen or twenty, it issues somewhere about Kirkoswald or Tarbolton, with 'Tibby, lass,' and 'Nanny, O!' And so for a while it runs, playful, wild and jocund. As the tide of passion and of experience deepens, we have waters of a heavier volume, and sometimes of a sadder cast, tinged with pity, swollen with grief, darkened with melancholy and despair; but sweet and clear, always sweet and clear; always deep and pure; always profound, simple; truthful and transparent to the very bottom; radiant, or at least illuminated with love and genius. Where joy is not brimful, grief is; where satisfaction abounds not, sorrow does; or they are so truly mingled and blended together, that as you drink, you must taste them all. The most perfect musical ecstasies in the world of love, of joy, of pity, and of pain, are to be found among these effusions; for effusions in reality they are—out-pourings of the poetic soul of the man, through the main of song, with sufficiency and with force enough to penetrate and refresh a city! 'Of a' the airts the win' can blaw; 'Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon; ' 'Ye banks and braes and streams around the Castle o' Montgomery; ' 'Thou lingering star, with less'n'g ray, that lov'et to greet the early morn; ' 'Oh! wha is she that lo'es me?' These are specimens. With the maturity of manhood, in the mean time, has come acquaintance with the world, fed by a thousand rills of observation and experience; not always pure, not always happy—for what thing not pure can be happy?—but always honest, always undisguised, even in remorse and shame. During this period, which (as we learn from biographers) was much absorbed in difficulties and temptations—at Masonic Lodges, at convivial meetings, at forgatherings in Ayr, and Mauchline, and Kilmarnock; and finally in Edinburgh and Dumfries—dangerous, and still more dangerous; with eaves-droppers, drunken parasites and nobles; we have many of the sub-

limest, and some also of the most questionable manifestations of his genius ; grand over-flowings, with occasional storm-bursts at mid-night, of uncontrolled and perhaps of uncontrollable passion. Sun-light and heaven-light abundantly we have, as at the Cottar's fire-side worship ; also torch-light, or at least, very questionable lamp-light, at unseasonable hours, in tap-rooms and in public-houses — flickering and flaming with epigrammatic, portentous levity on the face of the troubled waters ; through which the man himself looks up oftentimes sorrowful, self-reproaching, sad.' . . . 'Anon, he is himself again : and we have the deep and solemn tones of pathos, as before ; of admonition, of fraternal warning and rebuke ; then more floods of sarcasm, more torrents of ridicule, more unmitigated satire and abuse ; then touching, deep-sounding, deep-searching fables, and divine morals ; plaintive recollections, tear-stirring memories and *auld langsynes* ; prayerful hopes, and aspirations, and resolutions, and contrite confessions ; with noble prophecies of manhood, and sublime lifting up of the whole soul to converse with God ; or the quiet, child-like resignation and fading away of every thing into the land of the leal : in which holier and happier moods, the whole surrounding landscape of his beloved Scotland — from the shaggy mountain, with its oaks and ashes, to the green mossy dell, with its quaking ferns and pale blue violets, or twinkling daisies ; its very harvest-fields and lea-rigs — are all reflected prismatically, and printed off in living hues upon the face of the waters : and all this gushing stream of life — this issue of the eternal fountain ; restless, vehement, profound ; echoing, musical, harmonious ; grand and vital ; turbid and sometimes dangerous, but always true ; never false, never deceitful, never treacherous ; was suddenly arrested, sucked downward in its mid career ; sanded, stranded, choked up, and absorbed forever in the remorseless gorge of premature death ! It was like the cutting off, or swallowing up of the river Jordan, never to return again, before all the people. Lament for him, lament for him — because he is no more !'

Speaking of BURNS's satirical and so-called profane or irreligious writings, the reverend author observes :

'I HAVE simply to affirm that they are *not* profane ; that they are not irreligious at all. They are deliberate, straightforward, undisguised assaults, with his own peculiar weapons of offence, on the strongholds of iniquity and falsehood. In such warfare, men must fight as God equips them. They can neither choose nor change their armament. DAVID might not encounter his giant of an antagonist with shield and spear, but with a sling-stone from the brook — for so had his God appointed him. BURNS might not enter a pulpit, nor sit at a professor's desk ; that would have been incompetent and profane. He was denied the artillery of doctrine, and the authority of the scribes ; all heavy equipment, therefore, he abjures. But he will fight notwithstanding ! The far and deadly-hitting shafts — the winged words of scornful satire, shall he from the quiver of song distribute with right good will ; and with what effect they knew, among the adversaries. He was a humorist in short, and shall fight as most be- seems him. One of the most deadly humorists indeed, was he, that ever lived or fought for truth and reason. Not deadly, in the sense of devilish, like JONATHAN SWIFT — not devilish ; not spiteful and vicious. No ! but frank and honest, strong and cheerful ; gay, masterful, and pithy ; exuberant and resistless. Such was he ; and it is not for us to quarrel with, but in the like genial spirit of manliness and humor, if we can, to profit by his performance.'

'A QUACK in religion, in literature, in life, or in politics, was an abomination to BURNS, and the object of his relentless persecution. But he was neither an enemy to true criticism, because he smote its hirelings ; nor a dishonest man, because he lam-

pooned rogues; and why should he be branded for profane, or a blasphemer, because he exposed both hypocrites and hypocrisy? What higher morality indeed, religion or reverence, could you look for in a man that was equally compounded of love and rage? As we have already said, he did not hate and could not curse the enemies of God, like DAVID—had no authority for that; but DAVID could not chastise like him. Every satire of his was like the stocks; every lampoon like the pillory. His victims were all rogues (at least in his own belief) political, moral, or ecclesiastical; and you see them there, quaking and trembling before him—a set of intermeddling, pragmatical, busy block-heads, with custom or with law upon their side, bent on making human nature contemptible; till such a rebel rose, and stript them naked, and so dealt with them till the world roared. Such were they, under styles and titles, entirely worthy of such a fate! But the real object of his hatred and of his scorn, withering as it is, was not so much themselves, as the lie that was in them. His punishments are a bridle for the horse, a whip for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back; but his vengeance is for the falsehood or the folly that was incarnate in these. The systems of iniquity, of superstition, and of bigotry, which they represented, were what he intended to destroy; and although he seems to skip within an inch of the profane verge himself, in the levity of his persecution, it is only that he may kick and whirl and fling *them* more completely into perdition!

Much as we should like to present three or four extracts which we admired and indicated as we read, we must close with the following:

‘THE great morality of BURNS, as we understand it, is to be found in the moral influence of BURNS—in the amazing impulse given by his mere words to the dormant sympathies of a whole nation. It was like a magical awakening, or resurrection from the dead; invigorating, refreshing, exhilarating, contagious, to the uttermost bounds of the empire; thrilling, and echoing like living water, from America to the Indies. The death-wrestle of the soul with skepticism, and the horrors of atheism, and the despair of spirits in prison, had been changed by the notes of a shepherd's horn into songs of deliverance. The souls of the people that had been bewitched or stupefied, that had sunk down benumbed in hopeless apathy, or rebelled indignant against hideous despotisms, were reanimated and soothed. The obscenities of VOLTAIRE and the whims of ROUSSEAU; the grave doubts of HUME, and the scandalous blasphemies of NAIGERON; the cant of hypocrites, and the torment of the damned; were all, for a season, hushed and superseded. Mankind, astonished, heard God returning and calling to them aloud in the songs of a ploughman. What a miracle was here, let whoso will consider it! Your philosophers and dogmatists at last—souls who can do nothing but worry you into acquiescence in their faith, are nowhere! When you have wearied, perplexed, or terrified yourself with their metaphysics, profane or senseless subtleties; their theories and dreams of the universe, as if men could not believe in that without them—you turn unexpectedly to ROBERT BURNS, and console yourself that there is still a MAN! You listen, you laugh, you weep, you rejoice, you believe and live with him. The long philosophic night-mare of your infidelity, of your practical irreligion, of your unconscious hypocrisy, is broken; and you start up amazed. Here is a man who raises you instantaneously to the rank and endearment of a god-like brotherhood; who carries you, as he did the profoundest philosophers themselves, and the most accomplished wits of his day, ‘off your feet,’ on a stream of confidential eloquence; to which you yield with all the reverence due to genius, and all the love which cordiality inspires. You forget for the moment that you are the *reader* of his works; that his lips are perhaps forever dissolved, and his deep, dark orbs eclipsed in a deeper and darker night! You seem to listen to the very tones of his musical voice, and to feel a present inspira-

tion from his beautiful eyes. In a word, his whole heart and mind, in all the fulness of passion, sentiment and opinion, and in all the nobility of honest confidence, overflow upon you; and you are swept in a delightful dream away from the noise and bustle of a vulgar world, and the uproar and tumult of sectarian disputes, to the hallowed and beneficent seclusion of the poet's hearth. There you seem to join in his conviviality, if he is convivial, and to pledge with him; or to listen with unfeigned and reverential sympathy to the histories of his loves and disappointments. If he sketches with the pencil of humor—that inimitable pencil of his, which not even Death nor the Devil himself can defy—you seem to follow his strokes, and grasp in convulsions of laughter the hand of the departed artist; and when he rises to bid you farewell, with the beaming look and majestic air of the patriot and philosopher, you seem to attend, in the mute abstraction of admiring pupils, till you glow with his own enthusiasm, and reiterate his advice. And all this you seem to enjoy in the very midst of an age that was drifted clean over, like a barren wilderness, with the sands of an infidel philosophy; the one only good, better, and best thing available as yet for the public ear, being BLAIR'S Sermons! The spiritual history of a whole nation, in short, and of the human heart every where for five hundred years, epitomised and made vocal, is presented to you in this man—think of it what you may! Refreshing and delightful it must have been to all sympathetic souls.'

Do not these extracts fully justify the praise which we have awarded to this Lecture or Eulogy? - - - OUR friend RALPH RANDOM sends us

The flight of 'Our own Correspondent'

I ~~see~~ him riding o'er the hill,
Now fleeing fast and faster still;
Now coursing o'er the dusty way,
As if the devil were to pay,
His pallor speaking deadly fear:
What can the fellow think is near?

I see him coursing o'er the plain,
Much like a frightened hurricane,
Aroused by fiends from out its lair,
And chased adown the summer air—
What means the fellow's mad career?
What can the fellow think is near?

His hair is streaming on the wind,
His coat-tails lag a mile behind;
He surely rides a livery horse,
Or else he'd feel some slight remorse,
And stay his headlong, mad career—
What can the fellow think is near?

Who can he be whose headlong pace
Would beat Old NICHOLAS in a race?
Who rides to death that livery horse,
Nor feels the least humane remorse?
Those checkered pants and modish hat,
Are marked enough to answer that!

It is! it is! I clearly see
It is the famous LL.D.!
The *Thunderer's* joy! At thundering pace
See how he rides, with none in chase!
He's coming from the great Bull-Run,
And, as a Bull, has surely won!

'Won what?' you ask. Why, won the race,
And with it, too, complete disgrace:
He now can well *our* Panic scan,
For he was there, and *led the van*:
He frightened all our brave array:
They fled—because he led the way!

THE notice of the demise of the late lamented Captain GEORGE H. DERBY, which we presented from a daily journal in our July number, we learn from the best authority, embodied many important errors of fact. The true history of a man so beloved, and of a writer so well known to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER as Captain DERBY, should be preserved in its pages. The subjoined, which we copy from the *Boston Post*, is brief, comprehensive, and authentic:

'CAPTAIN DERBY was born in Norfolk county, Massachusetts, and was a lineal descendant from E. H. DERBY, of Salem, who fitted out many armed ships during the war of the Revolution, and was the pioneer in opening the trade from Salem to India, China, and the Baltic. His mother was a daughter of the late Judge TOWNSEND, of Norfolk.

'Captain DERBY was noted at school for great quickness of parts. Entering West-Point, he soon attained to a prominent position in his class, graduated with honor in 1846, and was at once promoted to the office of Second Lieutenant in the ordnance.

'For his excellence as a draughtsman, he was transferred in 1847 to the Corps of Topographical Engineers.

'Severely wounded in the battle of Cerro Gordo, in 1847, he was breveted to the post of First Lieutenant 'for his gallant and meritorious conduct' on this occasion.

'He subsequently rose to the rank of Captain, and for two years past was employed by Government to erect several light-houses on the coast of Florida and Alabama.

'In the discharge of this duty he exposed himself to a sun-stroke which affected his sight, and resulted in a softening of the brain, terminating his life in the prime of manhood.

'He was alike distinguished as an officer and a writer. His wit has enlivened the whole country, and his 'Phoenixiana' has circulated from California to Maine, while his brilliant talents, genial humor and sparkling wit, endeared him both to the army and a wide circle of acquaintance.

'The country loses in him one of its most valuable and promising officers at a period when it had need of his services. His widow, a lady of St. Louis, and his children, lose in him an endeared protector.'

Captain DERBY's funeral was a forcible testimonial to his distinguished professional career, and his many virtues. We have the annexed account of his obsequies:

'THE funeral of Captain GEORGE DERBY, U.S.A., whose remains were brought to this city on Sunday, from New-York, took place at the St. GEORGE's Church, yesterday afternoon. After brief services at the residence of the wife of the deceased at Carondelet, the body was conveyed to St. GEORGE's Church, under the escort of two companies United States Regulars, Captain TOTTEN in command. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Hon. J. R. BARRET, Captain SAXTON, General SWEENEY, Captain KELTON, and Major SCOFIELD. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Mr. SCHUYLER, and consisted of the reading of lessons and prayer from the burial service of the Episcopal Church. The services were solemn and impressive. The troops remained outside during the service, and the beating of muffled drums, and the customary military ceremonies followed the removal of the body from the church to the hearse.

'The body was accompanied to the Bellefontaine Cemetery by a large concourse of relatives and friends. There were many who had known the deceased intimately; who

were familiar with the many genial qualities of his head and heart; and as they followed his body to its final resting-place, the regret that one of the most successful and popular of American humorists had thus been cut down in the prime of life, and in the full tide of success and usefulness, could not well be concealed.'

ONE of 'ADAMS AND COMPANY'S Express' messengers — an observant wag, we'll be sworn, as most express messengers and rail-road conductors are — gives the following amusing account of the freaks of a boar, 'a regular snorter,' which he was 'expressing' southward, among other 'dry goods':

'He was confined in a strong wooden cage, but 'seeing himself' in a large mirror, which was also being transported by express, he became enraged, crushed through the top of the cage, and alighting upon the floor of the car, threw himself into position, and marched sideways upon his reflection in the mirror. The first touch of his tusk broke the glass, its fractured particles then exhibiting a dozen boars in formidable battle array. Our ferocious hog then seeing that the enemy had the numbers, turned his back upon the discourteous swine, and observing me alone and defenceless, rushed upon me. I beat a hasty retreat over trunks and boxes, bumping my head against the roof of the car as I went, until I found a place where a hog larger than myself could not get. When I looked back, my anger became excited. This infernal boar would pick up way-bills in his mouth, and run about the car shaking them, as if to say that he was the messenger and that I was the hog. At length he took my receipt-book in his mouth, raised his nose, and ran sideways. I could not stand it any longer. I got hold of a pair of ice-tongs, and rushed upon him. I struck him a blow on the left eye, and he fell. I then inverted the cage upon him, and 'coerced' him, as I would have done with any other hog!'

We know of a school of scribblers who would have taken a page or two to elaborate this well-told incident; but in doing so, they would simply have spoilt it, 'to our notion.' - - - We noticed recently, in a paper upon Wit and Humor, in one of the foreign reviews, an assumption, with illustrative citations, that SYDNEY SMITH was indebted to other sources than his own imagination, for not a few of the best of his 'utterances.' But one thing is quite certain: that if SYDNEY SMITH ever *did* avail himself of the germ of another's thought, he always embellished or strengthened it, and made it every way better and more forcible than the original. Here is a single instance, which we have just met for the first time: He was contrasting, one morning, the condition of a well-paid dignitary of the English Church, and that of a poor curate: he spoke of them as the 'Right Reverend DIVES in the palace, and LAZARUS-in-orders at the gate, *doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs!*' This clerical discrepancy is an old story, but who ever exposed its injustice so forcibly before? - - - 'BILLY SHIELDS,' of Jacksonville, Florida, is a poet and patriot, if he *does* 'expand and burgeon' in a 'Secesh' region. 'He is now,' writes our obliging correspondent 'F ———,' 'a tenant of the county jail, for striking a man a little too hard in a row: in fact, his pugnacity has kept him in hot water for the last five years; but the recent anniversary of the Fourth of July has stimulated his patriotism, and he has 'ventilated' himself notably.' We have n't room for the whole of '*The Eagle and the Harp*;' but PATRIOTISM forbid that BILLY should not at least *partially* be heard among his brother-bards in these pages:

'THEY sons of the Union unite and be Jolly,
 For each gallant hero, by it was set free,
 To expel wile decision, and dround melancholy,
 And hence forth in friendship, lat all men agree.
 They put down the tea tax, which was banished for aver
 And libertys cause, true our nation Shall rain.
 And the rights of decision, which aver Shall persevere,
 Its all for the Union, our Freedom and Laws,

'O Noble WASHINGTON, the star of our nation
 Far twelve long years, he did persevere.
 For to gain for his country, A free independence.
 He did faithfully struggle, most hard and sincere.
 His noble exertion and a wakenful slumbers.
 They sons that he freed far aver shall sing.
 In prais of our hero and Voices like thunder.
 Its all far the Union our Freedom and Laws.

'Its on the fourth of July, all hail on next morning.
 When libertys sons in our country did shine.
 And freedom gave bounty, our nation a dorning.
 Still makes us remember the year seventy six.
 Our fetters that day the were burst asunder.
 Which did to our country prosperity bring.
 And did banish the evils which had us incumbent
 It was all for the Union Our Freedom and Laws.

'Britains proud army, we made them for to yeld
 And freedom established true out our domain.
 Three million of heros did make them surrender,
 And did fight far our cause, while blood in there veins.
 So we now can contend, I am sure with each nation,
 Since each religious sect has taken a wing.
 For to show we are worthy, of free independence.
 We will die for the Union Our Freedom and Laws.

'Here is to the true hearted Irish, the did boldly assist us.
 Its to them we will be grateful untill time is no more.
 They stud true to our colors, and bled for our freedom.
 And fought on the seas till our battles was won.
 What they then did seek for, was our consolation.
 And away with ascendancy, no more for to rise.
 They skys did resound, with blessings from heaven,
 It was all the Union Our Freedom and Laws.

'Success to each hero who Join in this struggle,
 And all that took part in so glorious a cause,
 Who did face every danger and berave every truble,
 In order to banish those wild english laws.
 Its for THOMPSON, and MONTGOMERY, OBRIEN, and JACK BARRY
 With FRANKLIN and JEFFERSON, in prais lat us sing.
 And all our friends that fought in that chanal.
 It was all for the Union Our Freedom and Laws.'

Explanation on them Verses.

those Verses is composed, from the history of the revolutionary war of the thirteen colonies in which there people did remain true and faithful subjects to the british crown, far about A century. But fortunately far our country, the british government thinking that her subjects in the colonies, was getting to rich. they thought it best at the close of the century, for to impose heavy taxes on them, in order to reduce them to the same poverty as her home subjects, but Our heros well knew, that it was the appressions of that government. that planted them in the wild forest of this country. they knew that there fathers had to fly from her tyranny, then into uncultivated land without money, where they ware exposed to all the hardships, to which human nature is liable, and a mong those to suffer the savage cruelty of the natives found in this country, and yet actuated by principles of true English liberty. the met all those hardships with plasure when compared with those they suffered to home from the tyrant hands of

those that should have been there friend. But they did defend them selfs. Established a country and raised there colors, on the forth of July 1776. such been the date of that celebrated document. the Declaration of Independence of the thirteen Colonies. there first president Washington.

'Hooray' for 'BILLY SHIELDS!' - - - We have tried not a few gold pens in our time, but have never met with any which wrote so smoothly and so well, as those manufactured by Messrs. MABIE, TODD AND COMPANY, at No. 17 Maiden-Lane. They *shed* ink freely, without rolling it off in *drops* from a greasy surface: and this is a *desideratum*. - - - The following note will interest many readers beside our old friend and correspondent Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT:

'Post-Office, New-York, August 10th, 1861.

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.:

'MY DEAR SIR: There is in the last KNICKERBOCKER an article on Indian derivatives by Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT. I think that the learned antiquary is mistaken about one of the names given. I refer to 'Poughkeepsie,' which he derives from *Apokeepsing*. It is an English family name. A few days since I had a question of over-charge on a letter from England referred to me. The letter in question was addressed to 'JOHN POUGHKEEPSIE,' at Danbury, or some other New-England town.

'I do not write this in a spirit of criticism, but as an item of information.

'Yours truly,

R. O. MORGAN, Secretary.'

THE subjoined should have appeared in its place at the end of the letter of MACE SLOPER, Esq., in preceding pages, but it came too late for insertion in that 'locality':

P. S.—Since that last line, FREMONT has burst upon us with the first historical *act* of this war. That proclamation of August will be in this era what LUTHER's reply to the Pope's Bull was in the Reformation—in practical energy it rather resembles his burning of the Bull. 'Hurrah for FREMONT!' Over four volcanic years there comes echoing again that brave old cry: 'Free soil, free men, and FREMONT!' He is making the old war-cry good with warlike deeds. Hurrah for FREMONT!

I specially rejoice at the bold measures adopted by FREMONT in emancipating the slaves belonging to contumacious rebels in Missouri, and at the very general and enthusiastic indorsement of it by the whole North, Northern-Border, and West, since it is all an approval and confirmation of the policy first urged in the KNICKERBOCKER, months ago, and subsequently insisted on as the platform by which alone a reconciliation could be hoped for between jarring elements, at a time when harmony is all-essential. Now that FREMONT has indeed followed WHITTIER's advice—

'Rise up, FREMONT, and go before!'

taking the lead bravely, will the Administration—will the great body of the American people—will all true patriots—will the *straight-forward men of common-sense* who want to cut the knot, follow FREMONT? That is the question. For my own part, though it be the last word I ever write for old KNICK, I shall not cease to cry: '*Emancipation for the sake of the white man!*' For the sake of humanity; for the North, and for the South itself, mangled and torn even as we are being torn, let the word be, EMANCIPATION! Forgetting the Negro, who has been hitherto the only object regarded as entitled to consideration—or rather giving him the second place—let us now boldly settle the trouble *by putting it out of the way!*

Reader, are you a White Feather-brain?—I beg pardon—I mean a Peace-hunter? Well, then, *be* one! But suppose we say Emancipation first, peace afterward? Depend upon it, you'll not get your peace until the great cause of the disturbance is removed. Put that plank into your platform.

'Let us alone!' sayeth Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. Yes, when we have legally freed the 'chattels' of every rebel, and paid for every honest Unionist's black property, *then* we WILL let you alone. Selah!

A WRITER in one of the daily journals, defending the *Close planting of Trees in the Central Park*, which had been assailed, remarks:

'THE Central Park, though seven or eight hundred acres in extent, is comparatively a very limited space. To secure *effect* within such limits as those of the Park, dense planting becomes a necessity. Trees and shrubs flourish best in the embraces of each other; and where early and healthful development is an especial object, the more crowded the plants, the sooner they 'nurse' each other beyond the chances of decay, and the extra cost of massing them together for that purpose, will find an ample return, not only in rapidity of growth, but in the certainty of a sufficient number from which to make judicious selections to be spared by the 'grub' or pruning-knife, on the day of 'weeding.' The remedy for excess will at all times be immediate;—that for paucity and meagreness would be the work of years.'

We regard this as judicious and sensible; and 'therewithal as we read,' came to mind this exquisite stanza from the late Rev. W. B. O. PEABODY'S sublime '*Hymn to Nature*:'

God of the Forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up imploring arms to THEE:
But more majestic far they stand,
When side by side in ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm!

We scarcely know any thing in modern poetry finer than these eight lines. They 'stir one like a trumpet!' - - - HA! ha!—that is 'a good joke,' sure enough! The '*Water-Melon Story*,' sent us by a new correspondent, is one of our own boyhood's experiences, recorded in these pages some twenty years ago. It is *we* who 'remember the plugged fruit, and the consequences resulting therefrom.' Good old 'Uncle BEN's preventive-plan held great enmity with the 'inner ADAM'—medicined-water-melons being 'bad to take.' There is a wag of a gardener on Long-Island, whose is 'the efiest way.' He was troubled with the depredations of thievish boys in his 'water, mush, and other million' patches; but he utterly abated them with this terrible *affiche*, printed in large letters, and pasted upon a tree near the ground devoted to the desiderated fruit:

☞ 'Whoever is found trespassing in this field will be *spacified*!!'

This 'vermilion edict' was entirely successful. There was not a vagabond boy in the neighborhood who dared, after that, to run the risk of being '*spacified*!' - - - 'I THINK,' writes a Western friend, 'that the inclosed will convince you that the school-master is abroad. It was sent to a teacher in one of the public schools in this place, directed thus:

'PRESENT TO THE TETCHER.'

It reads as follows:

'*febery the 23 1861.*

'Noties thir will be a cooldr Laidey preach at the culird methides chirch this evining at half pas 7 o'clock by devine premishun pleas tell the children to tel thir pairence to
Miss HALE.'

THE patriotism of our old friend 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' shines bright and clear ; as who that knows him (even *without* knowing that he is the Military Bard of the '*Putnam Phalanx*') could for a moment doubt ? But listen to his stirring appeal :

'HARK ! hark ! to the tread
Of men of olden time,
The footsteps of the mighty dead
Still sounding on sublime.
Our Union's strong foundations
They planted broad and deep,
And we, among the nations,
Our own proud place will keep !

'CHORUS.—Join hearts ! join hands !
A wreath of glory twine,
Of palm and mountain pine.
Strike hands !
The Union stands !

'Now, now is the hour
To let foul Treason know,
That patriot legions have the power
To work its overthrow ;
That while the conflict rages,
And hearts are sorely tried,
The HAND that guides the ages
Is lifted on our side.

'Tell, tell to your sons
The story of your sires,
And that the pledge forever runs
To guard their sacred fires.
Tell them the great AVENGER,
Unsheathed his awful sword,
When FREEDOM was in danger,
And smote the rebel horde !

G. H. C.'

Pure poetical Patriotism ! - - - THE following pretty little '*Child-Fact*' is mentioned in a recent letter from an esteemed 'occasional contributor,' writing us from a western city : 'When 'the PRINCE' was in B——n, last autumn, my youngest boy, then five-and-a-half years old, was first taught 'God Save the QUEEN.' He was full of it, and perpetually singing it about the house. One day, in the midst of a powerful 'God save,' he stopped, and said : 'AUNTY, you be the PRINCE, and I will call to see you.' Whereupon 'AUNTY,' drawing up in her chair, assumed the expected 'princely port.' Retiring an instant, he reëntered, bowing, cap in hand : 'Good morning, Sir ; how are you, Sir ? I hope you are well, Sir.' He was answered with gracious condescension, but somewhat briefly. Finding the burden of conversation thrown upon him, he was slightly at a loss ; hesitated, and then gathering himself : 'Er——, er——, er——. I hope your mother will be *saved*, Sir.' The 'PRINCE' collapsed.' - - - 'HIBBLES,' in whom we recognize an old and always welcome correspondent at Portsmouth, (N. H.,) sends us a little sketch of '*Lawyer B——'s Maiden Speech*,' delivered at the bar of an adjoining county : 'It was a criminal case, and Lawyer B—— sustained the prosecution. His client, a newly-married man, was serenaded on the evening

of the wedding; and as an after-piece, the boys, full of fun, made a 'forward movement' on the hen-coop, adding the melody of the barn-yard to their already hideous strains. The Benedict could not stand this, and came down out of doors, clothed in the merest trifle of a garment, and boiling with wrath. Somebody was in command of a 'masked battery' behind the door, and on the approach of the enemy, drenched him thoroughly. The parties were discovered, and a case was brought for trespass. B——, who was evidently aiming at a 'sensation,' after a running view of the evidence, appealed to the 'twelve of his enlightened countrymen' as follows: 'Gentlemen of the Jury: when a man for the first time has been and got married, and has retired to his slumbers, and some of his neighbors come and kick up a row in his hen-pen, gentlemen of the Jury, and he goes forth to protect his rights, as a good husband had ought to do, and a bucket of cold water, gentlemen, is thrown all over him, from head to foot — then if the law do n't give no remedy, *it an't no use!*' The Court found a dollar or two and costs — as a 'remedy.' - - - 'A Victim' writes us to give warning against transmitting money in answer to the following advertisement:

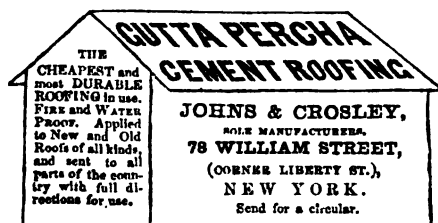
'A GREAT BARGAIN. — To all who may inclose \$1, I will send, by mail post-paid, a finely-cut engraved portrait of GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country, together with an elegant portrait of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN — either separately at four shillings. Address H. C. C., — street, Boston.'

The fellow actually sent back a three-cent and a one-cent postage-stamp, ornamented with the 'finely-cut engraved' heads! - - - 'DID the late lamented Lieut. DERBY ('JOHN PHENIX') writes a 'down-east' friend, 'leave articles enough unpublished to make a book somewhat near the size of *'Phenixiana!'* Will it ever be published, if there *is* material?' We wish it were in our power to answer both these queries in the affirmative; but we do not know. - - - DEAN SWIFT, in his amusing burlesque of handling a ship in a storm at sea, should have had our backwoods minister at his elbow, to enlighten him as to the use of the anchor. Having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, he described its use in the following lucid manner: 'An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and when a storm arises, they take it on shore and fasten it to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over!' - - - THE increase of travel on our '*Northern Rail-road of New-Jersey*,' (which was never better officered, nor carried more, or more gratified, passengers, than at this moment,) makes our enterprising and accommodating news-agent, Mr. HAESELBARTH, somewhat uncertain as to the demand for papers: and hence sometimes, although rarely, complaints of local and travelling readers of a short supply. We commend to buyers and the seller this advertisement from an Eastern journal:

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This article forms the *most durable, easiest, best, and cheapest Bed* of any other in the world. They are easily adapted to all kinds and sizes of *Bedsteads*, ship-berths, etc., are now in use in many of the principal hotels in the States, on first-class steamers, etc., and have given universal satisfaction.

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For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Rail

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Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,500,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of \$30,000,000. In 1850, the population of the forty-one counties through which it passes was only 200,000, since which 479,293 have been added, making the whole population 679,293—a gain of 142 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,000,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

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ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE.

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TWENTY Per Cent. WILL BE DEDUCTED

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THE

NOVEMBER,

1861.

Snickerbobbers



OR

NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



New-York :

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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER begs to inform its readers, that the 'REVELATIONS OF WALL STREET,' which have attracted so much attention to its pages during the present year, will be concluded in the early part of the ensuing volume, when they will be followed by a NEW SERIAL of similar character, and of equal interest, by the same eminent author. The other popular writers who have contributed to the Magazine during the present and previous volumes will continue to enrich its pages, and to make the KNICKERBOCKER more and more deserving of the liberal support it has for so many years received.

The Publisher being desirous of entering upon a wider field of monthly journalism, yet wishing to preserve to the KNICKERBOCKER all the characteristics which have for nearly thirty years attracted to it so many friends, would also announce that, while this old favorite will be continued without change, he likewise proposes to embark upon a fresh undertaking, which will include many new and peculiar features. About the first of December next will appear the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, a publication intended to present, in addition to the Literary attractions of the KNICKERBOCKER, a vigorous American element, to be mainly directed to the subject of Political, Social, and Educational questions, which will be treated in an independent manner, unrestrained by party claims, and unembarrassed by entanglements with any sect, society, or clique.

Terms for each Magazine: Three dollars per year; two copies for five dollars; three copies for six dollars.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

No. 5.

SERVILE INSURRECTION.

BY CHARLES GODFREY IRLAND.

AND now the war is coming upon us in tremendous earnest. The gale of marching myriads has long sounded in our ears, the pattering of bullet-drops is not strange to us—we only wait the blinding flash of lightning and the crashing thunder-roar which tell that the whole North, roused to *fury*, has been impelled to the inevitable Extreme which alone can clear the atmosphere of its fearful foulness. In God's name—let it go! We are ready.

The leading journals of the country, taking their cue from the bolder minds who were first to 'master the situation' and fearlessly proclaim the Inevitable Result toward which we are drifting, are beginning to counsel a freer and stronger policy on the part of Government and of the public. People are breathing more boldly and breaking their old bonds of cant and prejudice with the all-smashing hammer of *facts*. Timidity, gabble and gammon are at a discount, and the old fear of 'abolition' and of 'exasperating the South,' seems to sensible men the paltry phantom of a 'screeching ghostliness,' which, in popular parlance, is 'about played out.' In the West, Fremont the Path-finder has cut the Gordian knot with a rip and a slash which went with a thrill of joy to every heart. In the East, LL.D Russell, who is rapidly learning a thing or two, proclaims most intelligently that 'for good or for evil, the issue between North and South is rapidly approaching to that which the South predicted and feared and the North at first disavowed and does not now altogether accept: the struggle if it continues will be narrowed to a strife between slavery and 'abolition.' And as it becomes apparent to every one, that whoever wins or loses, *the thing has gone too far now to admit of any other than an emancipative solution*—people are becoming really astonished to find how easily their minds expand to great truths and a new status. When we shall *all* have become daring enough and great-minded enough to see this struggle and its result free from all old party prejudices, then it will be 'all up with the South.'

Let us try to master the situation — see things *as they are*, without wandering off to side-issues. It may be, that long before these lines meet the eye of the reader, a terrible battle will have been fought, and cries of joy or woe have rung over the land. But the end will not be yet. Government may have followed public opinion up to the point of freeing the slaves of rebels. But the end will not be yet. Government may go further still, and with a righteous besom of wrath sweep the Curse out of the Border Tobacco States and leave them free to take rank among civilized countries. But the end will not be yet. It *might* be here, if the South chose. Just where they now stand an apocalyptic heaven flash of common-sense — a miracle — *might* by inducing the South to implore peace and go home to a 'Slaveownia,' reduced to Cotton-dom, avert the stupendous disaster which now hangs over them. But dark, dreadful, damnable, I see the Inevitable Horror — awful to me as to the South — creeping up sluggishly from the swampy poison-land — the dim devil-spectre of SERVILE REBELLION !

When Emancipation for the sake of the White Man, and *not* of the Negro, and *not* on 'abolition' grounds, was first urged in these pages, it was received with incredulity and objection from vigorous minds of *all* sides. Since then it has been freely discussed as a national measure and as an inevitable Expediency. If *promptly* acted on, in connection with certain other war-measures, it may even yet — nay, very probably will — serve to settle the great problem. But the action must be very prompt, nay, more, it must be executed in connection with certain other administrative and military measures, the whole requiring a comprehensive and *energetic* talent of the very highest, nay, of the most unusual nature — on the part of Government.

That Emancipation will be a terrible weapon against the South, no one doubts. Within two days' foot-travel of Mason and Dixon's Line are nearly one million blacks ! Suppose Canada brought down to Mason and Dixon's — as it has been effectually for some years to a few thousand negroes in Delaware and Maryland — and many more than a million will become as Delaware slaves now are, practically more than half-free. A Delaware slave, who lives within an afternoon's run of the Underground Railroad is treated like a white farm-laborer, and is a very different person from a Virginia 'field-hand.' That he is insolent, lazy and miserable, is nothing to the purpose. That he is inferior to a white servant, is nothing to the purpose. If their masters prefer them, let them. But there should be no robbery of Union-loving slaveholders on the Border. Pay such men for their slaves, exacting the strongest guarantees of their fidelity. The debt will be enormous, I doubt not. But a more effective means of building up a Union party in the South does not exist. Those who wish to be *paid* for their chattels will at once stand opposed to the rest, *and a Union party be formed*. Let this be remembered. Let the payments be like those now made in the South for large transfers of slaves, *in instalments*, the subsequents to be contingent, in our bargain, on good conduct on the part of those to whom they are due. Those who will not sell their slaves to Government will, in all probability, at once send them down to Cotton-dom, which will, by getting them cheap, have yet another laugh on their Tobacco-Border

dupes. Let the tiger-cat's paw be by this method amputated, and we need have no fear of the old Cotton cat. There, down in their rattle-snake and yellow-fever realm, the 'elite' may plan and plot Mexican conquests forever. Since the war begun, thousands of slaves have already been sent further South to avoid their total loss. The numbers which would be sent after them in case of a declaration of Emancipation would materially diminish the amount which we should be called upon to pay for the remainder.

But as ninety-nine Southerners in a hundred, when one speaks of free-labor on plantations, begin at once to talk about *rice-fields*, just so do many Northerners, when Emancipation is proposed, begin with a doleful cry as to what shall be done with one or two, or say three million free blacks? In HEAVEN'S name, can nobody rise above the consideration of the welfare of two or three million *negroes* when the dignity and prosperity of twenty or thirty millions of WHITE MEN are at stake!! Just now there are in the South four million negroes who degrade, provincialize and vulgarize thrice their number of whites, while they are a curse and a torment to twenty million of the most advanced of white men in the North. A pretty scruple of conscience this, and a nice donkey side-gate to strain at, while we make no bones of the great camel portal of a war! But the free blacks will starve! Well, *let them starve!* Better that than starvation for all of us. Do you believe, potterer and dough-face, that the South is going to *turn back!* As well expect the roaring tornado to turn back from its course. But really there will not be any starvation or un-manageability in the case. White labor will flow in, scattered here and there even a few millions of lazy, miserable blacks will vanish—as they have done in the city of New-York. The day of emancipation will be the beginning of the salvation of Virginia, a State which should, and shall yet be, as glorious in prosperity as she is beautiful by nature, and has been eminent in history. From the day in which the filthy curse of Slavery is removed from her, her land will rise twenty per cent per annum. Mark the prophecy. I know now of more than one Virginia land-holder who has urged this war on because he foresees its *inevitable* termination, and in it his own augmented prosperity.

I call this the *inevitable* termination, because I see that every victory, either of the North or the South, portends increased exasperation, and an approach to Emancipation. The Fugitive Slave Law is dead as a door-nail, and the coming results of its death are plain to every one. But unless we give in to this fact, nay, even if we proclaim Emancipation, as we *shall*, and unless the North speedily coöperate with the South to settle the trouble, I see a storm rising which may yet settle every thing with fire and blood. I have spoken: I mean Servile Insurrection. While we are fighting, strangling, ravaging, and starving on the Border, the devil is raising his head away down South in Dixie. It is not the petty knowledge of the daily habits of the black which in such tremendous times as these can avail to prevent the comprehension of a great, unavoidable, horrible truth. No use to tell me that Joe and Cuff and Yellow Bob are going to fight along with old Master. You fools! Do not you yourselves say that the negro is a mere grown child, an inferior animal, a black blunderhead, given to impulse? Well, I do not deny it. But by the Power of

Vengeance, if he *is* so, look out for yourselves ! Are there not in Carolina, as in Guinea, here and there on every large plantation, what you call 'tonguey niggers' ? Is this great black mass entirely without heaven ? Does it not sweep into wars, revolts, and Satan's own carnivals even in Africa ? Will not some 'tonguey nigger' here and there, some fine day, start some mad Obeah notion ; some crazed blood-and-bones, half-Methodist, half-African frenzy, which will go rolling on like a wave over the fire-sea of an inferno ? Just at present they have caught up your military anti-Northern frenzy. Do you not think that your own madness will pass over to them, and take a *negro* form ? A gang of monkeys know enough for such hideous pranks ; when a thousand negroes find in one spot that they are too strong for the home-guard, then the gunpowder goes !

Could I speak to the South, I would implore them to avert this demon's drama. I contemplate it with a fear and awe which would counsel *any* measure, however desperate, to avert it. Of late weeks information from those now most practically familiar with the state of the plantations in Cotton-*dom*, has poured into me — *not* from Abolitionists — and the blackness of desolation which the calmest view *must* take from such facts is terrific. It is not that an overseer has been murdered here, or a gang been refractory there ; it is the *suppressed conviction* in so many intelligent Southern minds of *WHAT IS COMING*, which awes me. Woe, woe, woe to the South ! When the whole intelligent white mind of a Continent is rolling in convulsions, tearing up society to its roots, overwhelming fortunes, ways of life, *lives*, turning priests to warriors, women to men ; can it be expected that the fierce, half-animal, vindictive negro will escape ? Happy ! Yes, he *is* happy — as a gorilla in a cocoa-nut tree. And the gorilla, when he is 'mad,' drives the lion and tiger before him, just as the wild blacks of San-Domingo overwhelmed superior numbers of the old French troops, whose mustaches had grown gray in the wars of the Republic.

Woe, woe, woe to the South ! Do you think, Southerners, that *these* are hard times ! Wait and you shall see such disaster as humanity never dreamed of, not when Goth or Vandal ravaged Rome. May God avert it ! but I cannot forget that there is a God, and that years of such fearful insolence of oppression and of outrageous sneers at the very ground-principles of humanity, as taught by JESUS CHRIST, must call for some expiation. O my countrymen all ! for the love of that God, forget something of these past wrongs, and *act quickly and promptly*. In mercy to the South, and for the credit of our common humanity, rally and prevent this coming evil. Limit it by Emancipation, abridge it by the most strenuous and energetic measures in war. For their own sakes, as well as ours, conquer the South speedily. Strike, strike furiously, by land and sea. Fast and deep — cut and scarify — capture every sea-board town, at any and every sacrifice ; hold to the West, pour down your legions from the North, pour in your millions of money — all that a man hath will he give for his life — ah ! yes, and if he had fairly *slain* a brother in battle, even as much to bring that brother back again to life.

Woe, woe, woe unutterable to the South unless its career be speedily

checked! Of all the curses ever dreamed of, its victories over the North will be the cursedest. When this bloody drama first swept on, I prayed and hoped for Northern success as an impulse to the holy cause of free labor and of Progress. But now I await it in agony as the preventive to such a diabolical disaster as will rend the heart even of an enemy, and make Christendom stand aghast. *Act*, men of the North — come down by millions — pour out blood and gold — do any thing, *every thing* to avert these horrors. Strengthen the brave McCLELLAN — let your press and your orators urge Border State Emancipation as the greatest public measure; let there be waves on waves of fresh enthusiasm for the war; be fierce and wild if you will, for verily if you are to have a father-land united and free from the greatest horror of history, nothing less will save you. And you, O women of the North! regard this crisis with your dear womens' hearts in its deepest home significance. If you would see peace, aid war. The more you urge and aid now, the sooner will you have the dear ones again with you. But oh! above all, remember that for the sake of your foes themselves, you should do all in your power to overcome them. It is but the subduing of a delirious patient for his own good.

Woe, woe to the South! Not by my will, not by thine, but by that of a terrible avenging Destiny. Ah! there is good cause to fear that all is well-nigh too late. The supine, dilly-dallying, palliative course which our Government once pursued, is now bearing its crop of curses thick and fast. He who saw in a vision Hell uncovered, and the fiends streaming on in dense torrent toward the doomed city, saw nothing more horrible than what clear, impartial, common-sense sees sweeping toward the devoted South-land. Let those who wonder at the fearful majesty of the Fate of the old Greek drama, which rolled in solemn horror down over the doomed generations under a mythic malediction, now look upon a greater and more stupendous catastrophe than Æschylus ever dreamed of. Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed. But *what* murder is here meant? I tell you that there is a deeper murder than that of the body — the slaughter of the soul, the crushing down of human dignity, the reviling of FREE LABOR, the preaching of Mud-Sill doctrines, the sneering at poor humble toil, the mocking of white serfs, the crushing out of poor sufferers in the social scale, the breaking utterly of those whom God has already bruised. *This* is the murder spoken of, *this* is what Jesus CHRIST, the first great democrat — I speak in all reverence — spoke against and died for. In every form, theoretically and literally, you have for an age practised this art of murder on your slaves at home, and not less bitterly, when you dared, on us, who were allied to you. Your legislators treated ours as the representatives of menials and mechanics. Your whole word and work from alpha to omega, was a cursing of the poor. *The poor!* His children, your humble, lowly brothers! Did you see no storm gathering slowly far in the distance? Had you no faith in the awful and mysterious Law of Nature as of God, which brings all at last to a level? Know you no compensation? Now the hour has come.

Not but that we too of the North have sinned, and are to have some punishment. Merchandising to the swallowing up of the soul; dollar-hunting even

to a proverb; out Jew-ing the Jew, and shaming the Gentile; displaying the shallowest and most pretentious Pharisaism; forgetting the Beautiful in mere Mammoned ostentation; suffering all possible scoundrelism in the councils of every city; defiling every legislative body with a lobby; knowing and suffering justice to become such a mockery, as it has been and *is* in this very New-York; tolerating officials who should grace the gallows; smiling tolerantly on open humbug; encouraging journals to become common sewers; making divinities of apes, knaves, and fat-headed Philistines, who had piled together fortunes; elevating any 'popular' demagogue above men gifted with pure genius — all of these, my friends, form a black bead-roll, and for these you must suffer. There must be a thunder-storm to clear the air; thank God, this war is rapidly enough raising your minds to a higher standard, and inspiring you with great and noble ideas. But of the *great* sin I acquit you; you have not depreciated LABOR, nor cursed the poor. *There* your hands are the cleanest in the world, and for that I love you. No boy, however wretched or humble, has been without a chance among you to rise as high as the highest. For that, God bless you! In the shallowest, vainest, most would-be-aristocratic society of your cities, there is more tenderness toward misfortune, and less blunt allusion to 'inferiors,' than can be found elsewhere in the world. You do n't talk of a *canaille* or of 'mud-sills,' and it is no flattery to call you both great and good-hearted. For all that, God bless you! You have given the widest scope to new inventions, new projects, new theories, new plans of every sort, size, shape and color, like good, brave, enterprising fellows, as you are; and nobody is regarded by you as less of a gentleman, or F. F., because he has invented an apple-paring machine, or a patent mouse-trap. You have over-reached your brother, and 'done' him very frequently on a trade in a most shameful manner; but you have not outlawed or trampled on him, and slain his soul for very malevolence; on the contrary, you have with the greatest good will 'set him up again,' and borne it with great philosophy when he treated you in like manner. As you have sinned, so shall you be punished in the storm of wrath now raging around us. And as you have done well, so shall you be rewarded when it passes away.

But woe, woe, woe unto the South in that storm, unless by a miracle they escape its horrors! Suppose them victors over us — suppose them masters of Maryland and Washington, and what you will. Will *that* conciliate into inert submission twenty millions of stubborn Northerners, who have thus far been stimulated more by reverses than by success? Why, our whole industrious lives are but one conquering of adversities, and struggling with difficulties. Life, which flows away as a river in Dream-land with all of you Southrons, is a fight and a wrestle with Fortune for nearly all of us; and when it is not so we *make* it such. When a Yankee turns boot-black, and gives up forever because he has had a note protested, then and not till then will he give up the idea of warring on you. Woe, woe, woe! Do you not know that the 'fanaticism' of the North is now only just *beginning* to kindle? Do you know what your own overwhelming enthusiasm is? I will tell you. It is the vindictive hatred of a race inferior in many things, and absurdly vain of its superiority

in a few gifts toward another which is greater in almost every thing which constitutes real *superiority* in this age. *That* is your enthusiasm — a hatred as malignant as that of a lashed slave. Do you think that your chances will be better when a hatred quite as bitter, and ten times more stubborn, rages all through our twenty millions! 'But we of the North always hated you.' We did not. When this war broke out there was not one Northern man in a hundred who would not have gladly left you in peace with your slaves, to do what you pleased forever, South of the isothermal line. The present Administration would have only been too glad to let you alone, and have protected you with all its armies. But you *would not* know the truth, you teased your fancied sore, you fed yourselves fat and foul with lies, you sowed the wind — and you must reap the whirlwind!

The end is not yet. But we are at the beginning thereof. Through fire and smoke, cannon-thunder and the wail of myriads, we see greater convulsions, but still we know what must come, and are conscious of our own strength to take us through. Bear one fact in mind, the whole country has ere this determined that as a preliminary, *Slavery in the Border States must be destroyed!*

LOVE-SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE TURKISH OF AALI EFFENDI.

BY JOHN F. BROWN.

'Ay! Shah i Shahan,
Ay! Noor i Yezdan,
Tahtindî var al
Feriman i Shadan.'

O QUEEN of all Sovereigns!
O Light of all Lands!
Ascend thy proud throne,
Make known thy commands:
All the world will obey thee,
Let it know but thy will;
Thy subjects adore thee,
As bound by a spell:
Like an artist-drawn spirit,
Like a star from the sky,
'Tis thy beauty enchants them,
As the moon from on high.
The tongue speaks thy praises,
Hearts echo the sound,
Both are pierced by thy beauty,
Yet are proud of the wound.
As the rose-garden gladdens
The sad lover of Art,
So thy presence, O fair one!
Gives Spring to each heart.

Constantinople, April 10th, 1861.

THREE NIGHTS IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR.

I do not pretend to give, in my rendering of the following strange story, either the manner or the language in which my friend related it as we sat through the long night, he speaking and I listening. I cannot reproduce his manner. I have forgotten his words. I tell the tale in the first person, because that form of narrative gives more effect to its horrible features, and the horror that is in it constitutes, to my mind, its chief value and interest. As for its truth, I can only vouch for my friend's ordinary and usual accuracy of statement. Here is his story :

Several years since, just after Death had been fearfully busy in our family, sundering tie after tie, and leaving this world almost too dismal for existence, my only remaining sister and I resolved to leave New-York for a time, and to seek in the far country that peace of which familiar sights and sounds deprived us. We sought neither fashionable watering-place nor crowded mountaintops, but rather some secluded village, where there were none to know or disturb us, and where we might possibly gather our shattered lives together again and prepare for the work of the world that still lay in the long track of the life-pilgrimage before us.

With this intent I went to Vermont, and pursuing my search with little other purpose than a vague longing for retirement, selected as our abiding-place a small village, hemmed in by mountains, and silent, save what babble was made by a stream that ran darkly and furiously down between rocky borders. On every hand, beyond the narrow valley, a giant growth of pines frowned upon the place, and above the pines there stood up against the sky rugged and gray rocks, around which in times of tempest the lightnings seemed to play as by right. It was a dreary place, that seemed to have been overlooked and forgotten by the great world without.

'This,' I said, 'is the place we seek. In its strange apathy and silence we will sleep away the sorrow that possesses us!' The very air and spirit of the spot were akin to my feelings and my grief.

I learned that there was a house to let a short distance from the long street that formed the village. This house had been some time without a tenant, and was to be had at a low rent. Finding the agent for the property, I learned that the owner resided in a distant State, and that the building, though somewhat out of repair, could readily be put in a habitable condition. With the agent I walked up the avenue leading to the mansion, to ascertain by personal examination whether his tale were all exaggeration. I found a high, square, red brick building of two and a half stories, standing in the midst of a waste of overgrown, neglected lawn and garden, with a few shambling out-houses in the rear. The fences had fallen to decay ; there were no blinds to the tall and nar-

row windows; no cornice to relieve the bare and blank aspect of the walls. The chimneys stood up stiff and straight, with no warmth of homely smoke rising from their black throats; all was desolate, dreary and uninviting. Still, the house had an air of faded respectability, and seemed to wear even its thread-bare decay with a certain pride. It was like some men we see — poor fellows in mouldy and ragged clothing who 'have seen better days.' 'It cost more to build it,' the agent said, 'than any two houses in town.'

'It is just the place,' I thought; 'my soul is in unison with its desolation and decay.' As we stood gazing up at its exterior, a solitary crow flapped slowly overhead, and turning its eyes down upon us, gave one cracked and doleful croak, and then passed on.

We entered the building, and passed through it from cellar to garret. It had once been a fine house. The rooms were high, the hall broad, the stairs of easy ascent. In the kitchen was a wide and deep fire-place, in which hung an old-fashioned iron 'crane.' The last occupants had left behind them a broad, high-backed settle, upon which doubtless, in years gone by, there had been no little tender love-making. The hearth-stone was a large slab of white marble. I noticed it particularly on account of an unsightly crack across its centre.

Beside the kitchen, there were, on the lower floor, a large dining-room, two parlors with folding-doors, and a room opening into both kitchen and hall, in the rear of the dining-room, which, though small, would accommodate my desk, a study-table, and the few books I should bring with me. This room opened into the hall directly at the foot of the broad stair-way.

Through the centre of the house, from front to rear, ran the hall, and the solid stair-case, with a heavy mahogany balustrade, rose evenly and gently to the second story. The rooms on the second floor corresponded in size and position to those below, and there was over all a large and lofty garret, lighted by half-windows. One portion of this space was partitioned off, and it struck me that my guide slightly shuddered as he turned the key in the lock to the chamber thus formed. Indeed he had made a feeble attempt to ignore its existence, but I insisted upon seeing the entire house. There was nothing remarkable about the room, excepting a portrait in oil of a thin, dark-featured old man, that hung upon the wall. It was poorly done, and yet it had a certain life about it difficult to describe. You have met just such old men in the streets hundreds of times, I dare say, and passed them with an involuntary feeling of dislike and dread; some faces, after many years, gather so much of the Satanic in their expression.

'Who was that?' I asked.

'An old man who lived here years ago,' the agent said.

'Was he not insane?'

'I believe so,' the man said shortly, and then he rather hastily closed the door, and we descended to the ground floor.

The house was damp and mouldy from long disease. Dust was piled every where, and there was a silence not known to human habitations. We seemed, indeed, to be the only living things that had disturbed this deathly silence for long years. Even the spiders had died from want of prey, and their forsaken

webs fluttered tenantless in the corners, or hung from the ceilings in dingy and useless festoons.

Before we parted, I had hired this dismal house for a year. Several weeks were occupied in getting it into a habitable state, a feat finally accomplished by the agent, aided by half the old women in the village. Then we brought up such furniture as we needed for the kitchen, dining-room and study, and for three bed-rooms on the second floor, our maid-servant positively refusing to sleep in 'that lonesome garret.'

I consider it somewhat remarkable, that in all the time from my hiring the place to our finally moving into it, no one in the village had even so much as hinted that it was haunted, or given us a single clue to the awful mystery that hung around it. Some knowledge they had, I know, of the terrible tragedy long ago enacted there, although they were not acquainted with its entirety as I so fearfully became.

Do you believe in clairvoyance? in spiritualism? or in the power of the soul during sleep to receive intelligence denied to it while awake? Can you tell what sleep is; what dreams are, or in how much a life separate from the body is permitted to the soul, under certain circumstances, before death? Or how far disembodied spirits have the power to haunt old scenes and reproduce old actions, so that living men, influenced by the dead, shall say: 'The place is haunted'? The speculation is extensive, never-ending. Every man has read and heard of ghosts, witches and hobgoblins. Listen and you shall hear what befell me, living, breathing, sober and sceptical.

We entered our new home on a cold and gloomy Friday in November. The rain fell in torrents from the leaden clouds, and the wind souged and moaned through the dreary pine forest. Naught was to be seen from the windows but dark mountains and dull sky, and within was little to cheer us by its contrast. Fires had been lighted in all the rooms. On the kitchen-hearth a great pile of logs roared defiance to the blast, and yet there was a certain cheerlessness and chilliness about the place that no artificial warmth seemed able to dispel. My sister Alice trembled and shivered as we entered, and when we sat together after tea, soberly discussing our simple plans for the year's life before us, she pressed close to my side, glancing timidly now and again about the room.

After she had placed a lamp upon my study-table and kindly taken down one or two old favorites from the book-case for my possible necessities, she turned to kiss me 'good night,' and placing a hand upon my shoulder, said in a low and fearful voice: 'Henry, what if the place is haunted!'

I had not thought of that before. What if it were? Well, we had no reason to fear the power of evil; of all others, my sister had least cause, and so I told her as cheerfully as I could. But still, after she was gone, the thought clung to me: 'What if the house *were* haunted!'

I banished the thought, and taking up a book, was soon lost in the quiet past. Thus I read until the kitchen clock had struck eleven, when I closed the volume, and passing up the stairs to my bed-room, was soon asleep.

It was singular that in my dream I should know that old man so well: a

hard-featured, mean-spirited, and thoroughly selfish wretch, with more intellect than feeling, and not too much of either. It was strange that I should so thoroughly, and yet so briefly, have knowledge of all his past life, all his petty meannesses, his lusts, his sordid selfishness. It was passing strange that I should become so incorporated into the very essence of his soul that I discerned even the minute gradations by which he changed from an innocent child to the evil thing I saw him. It will be fearful if, at the Day of Judgment, men's souls shall be so laid bare to the souls of other men!

This old man, in my dream, had saved and scraped together money, little by little, till at length his sole labor was to increase by usury and careful speculation the wealth he had amassed. He had a certain pride, too, and he built this gaunt, brick house and buried himself in it—buried himself with an ancient house-keeper as miserly as himself. From day to day this pair vegetated, unwholesome human fungi, dry and useless excrescences on life.

Vegetated thus, till there came one day a letter, edged with black, informing the miser that a very wealthy kinsman, dying a widower, had designated him as guardian to his only child and heiress. Thus it came that a dark-haired beauty glided, calm and self-possessed, into the mazes of my dream. She was haughty, and of a commanding presence, with large hands and feet, great length of limb, and an imperial bust. Fond of dress, of rich food, and, I fear, of wine. Not particularly given to lovers, too self-reliant and too proud for that.

They were an odd family, and it will seem strange to you that she should have desired to remain under her guardian's roof during even the few months that were wanting to her majority. It was not strange to me, though, who saw the pleasure she took in making the old man cringe before her haughtiness, and in humbling the pride of the ancient house-keeper.

I saw in my dream all the ward's scorn for the guardian; all the guardian's hatred of the ward. I saw, also, the glitter of his wicked eyes when her lovely arms wore bracelets heavier than common, or jewels of rare brilliancy flashed in her hair or heaved upon her bosom. As for the house-keeper, she loved and hated with her master. It was a pleasant household during those few months—a lovely household and cheerful to contemplate! So much so, that in the contemplation—with all the varying emotions of its members laid bare before me—I grew quite weary, and longed to recover the individuality I seemed to have strangely lost.

The months glided swiftly on, and the time for her final departure drew nigh. As it came nearer, I saw that the old man's eyes glittered more and more as he gazed at her, and that within his soul a dark and terrible purpose was beginning to be formed. I followed its growth, day by day, as in the French models one follows the chick, as, change after change, it progresses during incubation from the formless germ to the young bird that finally chips the shell. Thus there was growing in the miser's soul a dreadful form of evil. It took no step backward, but ever increased in outline and strength, until it grew ready for the hatching.

Presently the day came preceding that fixed upon for her departure. There was a strange and unusual gayety upon her that day. She laughed and sang

bits of songs as she tramped about the house. She had the step of a grenadier, this full-blown beauty, and never tripped daintily as slighter and more fairy-like women do.

As for the miser, he was a smouldering passion all the day. The chick in his breast was pecking at the shell, vigorous and ripe for the hatching. And the house-keeper, with a strange intuition of her master's purpose, hovered near him all day long, her face working with an agitation she strove in vain to control, and her nerves strung to the highest pitch of human endurance.

So the day passed. At dinner, and at the supper-table the heiress was in the fullest flow of spirits. She took a whim, too, to wear some of her most brilliant ornaments on this last day, and the rings on her fingers, the pendants in her ears, the brooch upon her bosom, shone with more than usual lustre. Fastened artfully in her hair, so that they only here and there peeped out from among the dark braids, was a string of large and perfect pearls. At all these things, and at the lovely woman who adorned them, the miser gazed with evil in his eyes, and the house-keeper silently nerved herself for what was to come.

So the day passed, and at night the maiden stood within her chamber completing her preparations for the morrow's journey. On the toilet-table beside her reposed the silver-bound casket in which she kept her jewelry. What she had worn that day lay with the rest, save only the pearls which still swam in the waves of her dark hair.

Thus far I dreamed, when a terrible night-mare took possession of me. I fancied two figures creeping through the night. From his chamber in the garret crawled the miser in stocking-footed stillness. He carried no light, but in one hand gleamed a long and cruel knife. From the cellar, where she had all the evening crouched like a venomous reptile, came the house-keeper. Beneath her apron she held fast to some heavy object. I knew that the steps of both were bent toward the chamber of the beautiful and unconscious girl.

My personal identity was now so far restored that I longed to fly to her and warn her of the danger, but I was bound by the horrible bonds of night-mare, and could stir neither hand nor foot. I felt, now, that this was all a dream, yet the cruel agony of witnessing that murderous approach upon innocence and beauty, without the power to avert the coming blow, drove me nearly frantic. I strained and tugged at the bonds of the demon who held me, and at length, with a cry that must have sounded far beyond the house, I awoke!

The damp, gray dawn was peering in at the windows. Dimly and half-awake—as I lay for a second or two motionless on my bed, the fearful passages of my last night's dream still fresh in my aching brain—I gazed with an unquiet apprehension about the chamber, half-expecting to see the tall and voluptuous beauty disrobing before the mirror. Then I remembered it was only a dream, and blessed God that it was so.

These emotions passed rapidly away, and I was soon aware of quick footsteps hurrying toward my chamber. Arising hastily, I slipped on my pantaloons and hastened to the door. My sister Alice stood there, her face very white and her hands crossed flutteringly on her bosom.

'Oh! what a shriek!' whispered she. 'Did you hear it, Henry? It

sounded so fearfully through the house. Oh! I know it's haunted! I am *sure* it's haunted!

'It was only I,' I said; 'I was troubled with an awful dream, and in breaking from it I cried out!'

'Oh! dear,' the poor girl whimpered, 'I am so afraid to stay here, I am indeed! It is so lonely and so gloomy. Hear how it rains; I don't believe the sun ever shines here. Listen! what is that?'

'Nothing,' I said; 'I hear nothing.'

'Ah! well, but I heard it in the night. I lay awake and I heard something creeping, and creeping down the stair-way from the garret — I *know* I did! And then I felt that *it* was passing my door toward your chamber, and then came that horrid scream!'

What could I say but that the poor child, rendered nervous by her late griefs, was grown full of woman's fancies? What could I say but that it was nothing? This I said, but still Alice was not convinced. She was certain she had heard *something*, and that was sufficient to drive her half-crazy for the day.

After an early breakfast, for no one thought of sleep again that day, Bridget favored us with a lengthy address, on the subject of a banshee hereditary in her family. She concluded by stating that she was a poor orphan, with an old mother in Ireland, and that she could n't think of bringing trouble upon us along with the family ghost. After which she brought her trunk down to the lower hall and departed for the village.

I believed no more in ghosts before I entered that house than I did in a personal and substantial Devil, going up and down the world like a roaring lion; but this testimony, in addition to my strange dream, somewhat staggered me, and I caught myself repeating: 'What if the place *is* haunted!'

It made me nervous and unstable for a time; I could neither read, write, think nor converse. Bridget's sudden departure, entirely aside from our house-keeping and domestic arrangements, rendered the loneliness of the place yet more appalling.

Outside, the rain still fell with a heavy slant against the windows, and the sky was of the color of lead; within, the great fires still waged an unequal combat with the dampness and desolation of the rooms. Unable to bear up against the dreary influences of the scene, my sister Alice at length sat down in mute despair and gave herself up to a fit of silent weeping.

Fortunately, just when our spirits were at the lowest, a lumbering stage-coach drove up to the door, and my kind-hearted aunt Cherrystone clambered heavily out. Here was really and truly an acquisition. She had come, she said, to help set things to rights at our commencement at house-keeping, and she meant to stay with us a week, at least. That we were glad to see her, I need not say, and we quickly made her as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

She was a companionable and lively person usually, but even on her the blight of this cursed house seemed to fall as she crossed its threshold. Even

her elasticity of spirit was not proof against the drip of the dreary rain and the souging of the east wind in the pines.

It was a cold, damp house, she said; not a home-like place at all. Very lonesome and dismal, she thought, to live in. Did we believe that houses were ever haunted?

Haunted! Alice had said the same thing when we first entered it. That was not so strange, but that this aunt of ours, generally so free from thoughts of fearful things, should be filled with the same idea. Still I had little faith in either ghosts or dreams.

The day passed very slowly and rather sadly, the rain never ceasing, the fires never warming the damp house, the dreariness never lifting from off it. The day passed slowly and cheerlessly, and night came on again — night and sleep.

The proud girl, disrobing slowly in her chamber, laid off her outer garments and stepped before the mirror for a moment to admire the gloss and heaviness of the dark hair ere she loosened its fastenings and let down its raven beauty to the night. One large, plump hand, white and lovely as ever was kissed, she plunged into the maze of braided locks, and turning this way and that, regarded the black and white contrast in the glass. Black hair, lustrous and beautiful, and soft, milky-white hand, half-hidden in the blackness, she stood gazing upon for an instant. Then she raised the other hand toward her head, and suddenly stood petrified with a momentary and terrible fear!

She saw in the mirror the figure of an old man standing in the door-way! It was her guardian, with an unholy and baleful light in his devilish eyes, pausing at the entrance to her chamber!

I cannot describe the majesty of her slow turning toward the door. No words can fitly tell with what stern grandeur she swept her round, white arm in one great gesture of rebuke, contempt and command. Standing with heaving breast and pointing finger, slowly bidding the beast begone, no language of mine can tell how queenly she was, nor how much a beast was the intruder.

But what if he will not go? She does not think of that. She feels the force of her own strong nature, and proudly and fiercely casts on him an imperious rebuke. But with the man at the door her rebuffs go but a little way. He clutches more firmly the knife that he has thrust into his sleeve, and advances a step into the chamber. She feels, with a sickness almost too terrible to be borne, that his nature is as hard as her own, and tougher by all the difference of age and sex. Then for a brief second of time she sinks into a great faintness, but rallies bravely, clutching at the toilet-table beside her.

Is there no weapon in the room? Eagerly examining the apartment, she can discern no implement ready to her hand. Ah! how she longs for one of those handy stilettoes with which jealous Spanish dames are said sometimes to meet their lovers or their rivals! How she longs for any thing with which to repel this hideous old man, whose purpose shines in his eyes.

Robbery, beyond a doubt! Are there not jewels here rare enough to tempt the miser, who loses his ward to-morrow?

He has brooded over it day after day, till his poor and greedy soul has become filled with this single idea. Why did she so bedeck herself, so flaunt in her precious gems, each one setting off those yet more priceless, yet more to be coveted charms. Ah! why, in very wantonness did she tempt the old man with a wealth of which he could never honestly become the possessor?

Day after day he has brooded over it, and the fell purpose, slowly growing beneath the heat of his withered breast, has hatched the foulest of mid-night birds this night.

So he strides another step into the room.

She stood for an instant like one frozen, and then, her great womanly fear — now that the man had shown his carelessness for her commands — overcoming her, she whispered with whitening lips: 'What do you seek here?'

He could not answer for a moment, and when he did, his voice was thick and uneven, and he shook from head to foot. It is no matter what he said. The queenly woman stood now in queenly wrath, and gave him back scorn for his insults, daring him with rash anger to lay his hand upon her.

And all this time, crouching just outside the door, like a cat watching for prey, the housekeeper, who had crept there from her hole in the cellar, lay in wait.

Then the old man advanced another step into the room — and another — and another, till he stood directly in front of the woman, his purpose glittering yet more fiercely in his eyes and illuminating every feature.

Then, in my dream, I heard her beg him, by his old love for her dead father, by his respect for what was holy and of good repute, to spare her. Yet he stood with a hard smile on his thin lips, trembling but cruelly determined, and would not hearken to her prayer.

It had not as yet occurred to her to use any physical strength against the man. She, who could have throttled him with that firm, white hand of hers, as easily almost as a cat chokes a mouse, had not yet arrived at the thought to do it. But when he approached in his mad folly close to her, she spurned him with a quick, vigorous blow that sent him reeling to the floor.

The knife dropped from his grasp as he fell, and the ring of it awoke in his heart that last, most cruel thought of murder. Gathering himself up, he seized the weapon and rushed upon the defenceless girl.

She was alone, with that fiend hacking at her with the knife! Would no one come to aid her? God give her strength for this most fearful and unequal contest!

He struck her at length, cutting a long, deep gash in her left arm.

Then the tiger in the woman was aroused, and with the look and snarl of a beast of prey, she threw herself upon him. Threw herself upon him with a fury that overbore all resistance, carrying him backward to the floor and sending his knife flying far across the room. Then kneeling upon him, she instinctively closed her white fingers about his throat till I could see the face growing purple and the tongue protruding.

Just at the instant when, in my dream, I savagely exulted over the terrible

triumph of the girl, the figure outside the door stole swiftly in and swung aloft a heavy axe —

Loud knocking, and my sister's voice at the door: 'For goodness' sake get up quickly, Henry, there is some one in the house!'

I arose hastily and opened the door. There stood my sister and aunt, trembling with affright.

'O Henry!' my sister said, 'we have heard such fearful noises in the house. Such woful sounds! I am sure some one has broken in upon us. There are burglars here, you may depend!'

Said my aunt: 'The house is haunted!'

Dressing ourselves as speedily as possible, we descended to the dining-room, where we lighted the lamps, and whence I made a careful search over the building. Windows and doors were all fast, and the only sound I heard was the dreary pelting of the rain and the perpetual murmur and sobbing of the wind in the pines. There was surely no one in the house.

Looking at my watch, I found the time to be about six o'clock, corresponding with my awaking the previous morning. I remembered my fearful visions distinctly, but forebore adding to the evident terror of the women by relating them. Sufficient unto them was the evil whereof they knew.

We ate no breakfast that morning, the uneasiness even of my aunt having deprived her of her usually good appetite. As for me, I was constantly repeating my two nights again, and dreaming those terrible dreams of Beauty and the Beast. We drew our chairs together near the kitchen hearth, and I piled great logs upon the glowing fire. The flames roared fiercely up the chimney and flashed a deep red lustre out into the room, but still the apartment wore a doleful look, and still the dreary and uncomfortable dampness hung about the house.

At length said my aunt: 'How much like a grave-stone this white marble hearth is; it should wear 'In memory of' upon its surface.'

'Look!' my sister cried, 'the ashes have formed a Death's head near its centre, and an ugly crack divides it there!'

Surely a whimsical fancy might trace some likeness to the outlines of a skull in a little collection of ashes, whisked together by the draughts that wandered uncertainly about this strange house.

We left the kitchen and established ourselves in the dining-room. Toward noon my aunt brewed a dish of strong coffee, and I fetched a bottle of old Madeira from the cellar. Sipping the coffee and the wine, our spirits rose to that extent that we ventured to partake of a slender and cold dinner — the remains of our yesterday's provision. Shortly after the sun came forth, the clouds rolled away, and outside the house, at least, a certain cheerfulness began to prevail. The sun-shine was soon followed by my friend the agent, who knocked at the kitchen-door and then entered without a bidding. He came in quietly, but with a certain concern visible upon his face, and seated himself without a word. Then he looked about him with the air of one who has come expecting to hear complaints of some sort, and is prepared to answer them, but

who hesitates to open the subject. No one volunteering any thing save the common salutations and a word or two upon the weather, he at length ventured to remark that he hoped we had found the house sufficiently commodious. Quite so, we assured him.

'Not so lively, perhaps,' he queried, 'as we had been accustomed to?'

'Not *quite*,' my aunt remarked, 'and yet not altogether free from *noise*.'

The agent looked disturbed. 'The wind *does* make an awful moaning through the pine-trees of windy nights,' he said, 'but then we shall not have such nights as the last two, long, I hope.'

'I shall not, for one,' quoth my aunt, with great firmness of manner; 'I shall leave the house this day.'

'Then I shall go, too,' said my sister; 'I would not pass such another night for any thing in the world.'

The agent did not seem so much surprised at these rather startling announcements as I should have anticipated. 'Heard any noises, ma'am?' said he to my aunt.

'Most fearful ones,' she said. 'The house is haunted!'

'Just so!' quoth the agent with imperturbable gravity; then turning to me: 'No mention was made in our agreement concerning any abatement in rent on account of a ghost, I believe?'

'None at all, Sir,' I said.

'I've heard talk,' he continued, 'of there being noises here, but I never put much faith in the stories. There has n't been a family in since I had charge of the property, and I had an idea the noises were all child's play. I did n't want to lose the chance of a tenant, so I did n't mention the nonsense to you. Any how, I reckon my principal will want his cash for the year, whether you stay or go.'

'Alice and I must leave this fearful place to-day,' said my aunt, 'and I hope and pray *you* will not think of remaining in the house, Henry.'

'I think I shall try the ghosts one night more, Aunt Mary,' I said.

In fact, I had become interested exceedingly in the tragedy that haunted my slumbers, and I wished, if possible, to see it played out. My skepticism was still so strong that I felt no fear in connection with our nocturnal visitations, being inclined to believe that I could yet explain them by other than supernatural causes, and to hope that they would cease to return if I faced them boldly. So I said: 'I think I shall try the ghosts one night more, Aunt Mary.'

It was vain for the women to endeavor to deter me from my purpose, I had become too earnestly determined to see the end of the business, and they finally relinquished the attempt as useless.* Then came the question as to where they should go for the night, for it was as vain for me to urge them to sleep again in the house, as it was for them to argue me into flying from it. The agent said his wife had expressly commissioned him to say that she would be happy to accommodate any or all of us. Possibly I would go, too, 'just to humor the ladies!'

'You knew 't was haunted,' cried Alice, 'and you had no business to let us come here without telling us.'

'That was just my business,' he replied; 'I was acting under instructions from the owner.'

Presently the agent drove away, promising to return at nine o'clock in the evening to drive the ladies to his residence in the village. We passed rather a dismal afternoon and evening, even the hot tea and biscuit, produced in my aunt's well-known style, failing to cheer us, and I felt somewhat relieved when nine o'clock brought the agent, and ten minutes past nine carried him and the ladies off to the village.

I had determined not to go to bed this night, but rather to keep myself awake in my study, and so take the ghosts at an advantage. As a preliminary to my watch, I lighted a lantern, and beginning at the garret — where the old man of my dreams mocked me from the canvas on the wall — made a thorough exploration of the house. Every thing was in perfect order, all doors and windows fast, and so far as bolts and bars could protect me, I felt safe from harm. It was only when I reached the cellar that I recollected that I had no sort of weapon in case of an attack from mortal foes. As this thought struck me, I noticed an old and rusty iron bar standing in one corner of the cellar, which I appropriated and conveyed to my study. It was a somewhat clumsy weapon, but still formidable enough to repel any ordinary attack. Placing it at a convenient distance from my seat, and taking down a volume of 'Percy's Reliques,' I lighted a cigar and resigned myself to my watching.

I watched long and wearily, consuming cigar after cigar. It must have been past mid-night when sleep at length overcame me, and my head sank forward upon my arms, folded before me on the table, in which position I found myself on finally awaking from my third horrible night-mare in this house.

It appeared to me that I sat in my study-chair, smoking and taking occasional sips of brandy-and-water, until the kitchen clock had struck twelve, one, two, three, four and five. The little bronze receptacle for cigar-ashes had long since risen to a gray mound upon the table, from the summit of which appeared the Cupid's head that formed the handle, peering out from the midst of dust and ashes. The bottle was half-emptied; the book was stale, and the loves of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid had no charms. Still I sat there, and it was now past five o'clock when I heard a singular sound, as of something unwieldy and unhuman stumbling slowly down the broad stair-way. It certainly was not the step of one person, nor did it sound exactly like the steps of two. I listened, holding my breath, and then arose and stole quietly to my study-door, which opened directly at the stair-case foot. There they came, surely. A most horrible spectacle, too. She, old, ugly and shaking with terror, bore upon her shoulders something bulky and limp, that trailed behind her — white, red and black. He followed, holding aloft a candle. A cloth bound about his head rendered yet more conspicuous the ferocity of his face, while the terrible fear that possessed him added to his evil aspect.

But what is it borne slowly and painfully by the woman, one end upon her shoulders, the other striking flabbily and dully from step to step as she descends? See the white night-robe and the long, black hair dripping blood

down the stair-way as the toilsome descent continues; and observe in the masses of the hair those pearls, unsought and uncared for, now that lust has brought forth death!

'Hurry! hurry!' whispers the phantom with the light, 'the day dawns and men will be stirring!'

'How can I hurry,' hisses the grizzly phantom tottering below him, 'with this cursed body on my shoulders? Why could n't you let the girl go in peace?'

'I did n't kill her!' cries the other; 't was none of my doing!'

'Ha! but she would have killed you but for me; she would have killed you in one minute more!'

'Well! well! Hurry! hurry! for day-light is coming, and men will be stirring!'

'What will you tell them,' cries the phantom with the burden; 'what will you say when they ask where your ward is?'

'Let us bury her first with dispatch, and hide her clothes and her cursed jewels, and then we will consider what we shall say.'

'Murder will out, though—murder will out. Why were n't you satisfied with me, without bringing us to this, through your cursed fancy for a pair of white arms and a round shoulder!'

'T was the jewels, I tell you, the jewels! Who ever saw before such diamonds, such opals, such pearls! I never intended to kill the girl.'

'No, but she meant to kill you! She'd have done it but for me.'

'I wish she had!' groaned the man; 'on my soul, I wish she had! But why do you stop at the foot of the stairs? We must get her out of sight before the day-light!'

'Get her out of sight!' sneered the hag, 'get her out of sight! I tell you she will be found if you sink her a thousand feet!'

With her back to the other, the woman could not see as I could, how dark his brow grew at these words, and what a dangerous light glowed in his eyes as he looked down upon her. Still he only said: 'Hurry! hurry! for day-light comes and men will be stirring.'

Then the phantoms raised the body between them, bore it slowly past me, without heeding my presence, and passed with it into the kitchen.

Drawn by an impulse perfectly irresistible, I followed softly.

They bore it toward the door leading to the cellar-stairs, and in doing so passed the fire-place. Here the old man paused and uttered a low ejaculation, which caused the other to drop her end of the burden to the floor. As it fell, the pearls knotted in the hair clashed together, but the twain took no heed of the sound.

The old man pointed with a grim glee to the marble hearth-stone. 'There is a hollow beneath that stone,' he said, 'that I provided long ago for the concealment of precious things. We can place it there without fear of detection. Quick-lime will keep our secret for us. Only hurry! But wait till I get the bar.'

Hastily the figure with the light glided through the cellar-door, leaving its

companion with darkness and the body. He soon returned, bearing a bar so like the one I knew to be in my study, that only the keenest longing to see the dreadful end restrained me from returning to ascertain if it were still in its place. He inserted one end of the bar between the stone and the flooring, and with an almost supernatural strength turned the slab over. I saw beneath it a dark and empty space, more than sufficient to contain the body.

They lifted it and placed it within. Then the old man made as though he would replace the stone.

'Wait,' cried the woman, 'I must have those pearls!' and she stooped over the vault.

As she did so, he swung upward the bar and brought it down full upon her head, into which it sank with a dull crash!

'Dead men tell no tales!' he whispered, as he turned the stone back to its place. It fell with a loud reverberation, and lay as before, save that it was cracked directly across the centre.

I was broad awake, raising my head from my folded arms. My lamp had burned out, but a cold, clear dawn breaking through the windows showed me the otherwise unchanged aspect of my study. Before me on the table lay a pile of cigar-ashes. At my elbow stood the half-filled bottle. Within easy reach was the bar I had fetched from the cellar. Grasping this, with my nerves strung to the very highest pitch, I hurried to the kitchen. With some labor I pried up the hearth-stone.

In the shallow pit before me lay some bits of rags, two piles of bones, and a mass of night-black hair, from which peeped out, here and there, fair pearls.

I dropped the stone, and threw down the bar, and through the cold, gray dawn I fled the house, nor looked behind me as I fled.

SONNET: TO E. H. V. B.

THE many lives are spent in earnest doing,
 To earn the present good they think and dare,
 The *few* are satisfied with idle wooing
 Of that which may be: cowards these and rare.
 This is a working world which we inherit,
 No garden dressed, no ultimate, vain show,
 And workers feel it — men of active merit,
 Who, knowing Right, are acting what they know.
 From all the earth goes leaping up to heaven,
 The clang and clamor of the busy throng
 The highest praises thus to God are given,
 In hallelujahs of loud Labor's song.
 So we *are* marching, with a will and might,
 Through pleasant Duty to the gates of light.

T. H. U.

THE PRESIDENT AT THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

WHERE the city of his name
Rises, fair as Freedom's dream,
Where that marble shaft of shame
Crowns Potomac's lordly stream ;

Stood the country's loyal chief ;
Ruler in her camps and halls,
And with mingled hope and grief,
Gazed on those unfinished walls.

Blended with the rising blocks,
Tier on tier, successive stand,
Carved from the eternal rocks,
Emblems rare from every land.

All the grateful sister-States
Pledge their faith and speak their pride,
From Nevada's golden gates
To the Atlantic's rock-bound tide.

From the land of Shakspeare's strain,
Where Napoleon shook the earth,
Where on Marathon's red plain,
Grecian freedom found new birth ;

Where Columbus, for a chain
Gave a world to old Castile,
Where the Cæsar's purple rein
Drove o'er Rome his chariot-wheel ;

From all tribes and tongues and powers,
Where his unapproached name
Strengthens Freedom in her towers,
Belts the round earth with his fame ;

Grouped in massive order fair,
Stand those gifts of grace and art ;
The whole world is telling there,
How he owns the whole world's heart.

There, too, in enduring stone,
Old Kentucky plights her word ;
'First to join the Union won,
Last to fail it with her sword.'

Patriot words, a patriot's part,
Pledged there in her better day,
Ere she lost her loyal heart,
Lost the trumpet-voice of Clay.

By the God who led her sires,
 By the faith recorded *there*,
 She shall yet renew her fires,
 Give again her sword, her prayer.

Noble land, whose mighty breast
 Beats to honor, shrinks from shame;
 Wake! great Mother of the West,
 Lead the way to glorious fame.

THE STREET OF SAINT APOLLONIA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTONIO VIEIRA,
 JACINTA, *his daughter*,
 RITA, JACINTA'S *nurse*,
 ARTHUR HAMILTON, *an Englishman*.

SCENE — *Lisbon*.

A SMALL terrace paved with brick, overlooking the city, with the Tagus beyond; the sun is setting at the mouth of the river, and the vault of the sky is flecked with clouds of ruby color and gold. A door opens on the terrace; within is seen a room poorly furnished, with another door opening on the street of Saint APOLLONIA, which is steep and stony. On the terrace there are many flowers growing in pots of red clay, rows of tomatoes and yellow pumpkins, and strings of herbs and fruits drying. JACINTA sits there on a low chair, fanning herself; she wears a gown of lilac calico, with a muslin handkerchief pinned closely on her bust; in her black hair, a carnation. JACINTA sings:

'Vireo singularis,
 Inter omnes mitis,
 Nos culpis solutos,
 Mites fac et castos.'

ARTHUR HAMILTON *comes through the house upon the terrace*.

JACINTA, (*starts and rises* :) Senhor, in what can I serve you?

ARTHUR, (*in English* :) Senhora, excuse this intrusion; it was your voice that drew me here; I could n't help it.

JACINTA: I do n't understand your Excellency.

ARTHUR: Yes, your smile is heaven. I toiled up this break-neck street, wondering where it could lead; it is the strait and narrow way. . . . (I am an ass.)

JACINTA: Truly I do n't understand you, Senhor.

ARTHUR: Your eyes are like the sea — changeable, deep and mysterious. Now that you are serious, they are killing me; the ripple of your hair, and the dimple on your chin drive me wild! You are the most beautiful woman

in the world, and if I do n't see you again, and talk to you too, I am a fool not fit to live. [*He bows and leaves the terrace.*]

JACINTA, (*after a few moments of silence:*) O Rita! O Rita! did you see that Englishman?

[Rita comes from the house. She is old and corpulent, has very bright, black eyes, and gray hair, combed *à la chinoise*, into a knot on the top of her head.]

RITA: What Englishman? What are you saying, child?

JACINTA: He saw the door open, I suppose, and came in; I think he was an Englishman, because I could not understand any thing he said; he talked very strangely, and I was a little frightened, but he had eyes as blue and soft as Our Lady's, and his hair was more dazling than that sun.

RITA: I had just stepped to the neighbor's for a minute; but I shall not leave the door open again, I promise you, no matter how warm it may be; we want no Englishmen here with hair like the sun, nor any thing of the kind.

SCENE SECOND — *Three months later.*

JACINTA *is sitting in the room, by the door of the terrace; on a large frame before her is stretched a breadth of blue satin, on which she is working a wreath of flowers.*

ARTHUR, (*on a chair at the threshold:*) But this is Sunday: I thought if I came here to-day, you would look at me instead of that everlasting embroidery. Moreover, we are commanded not to work on Sunday.

JACINTA: This is not the same work I do in the week; this is for the poor.

ARTHUR: What do the poor want with embroidered satin?

JACINTA: I do n't give them this; Rita sells it, and gives them the money.

ARTHUR: But we are commanded not to work at all on Sunday; nothing is said about the poor.

JACINTA: Father Eusebius told me I might; he is a very good man, and knows every thing. Beside, what could I do all day, if I did not do this?

ARTHUR: Do n't you go to church?

JACINTA: Rita and I lock up the house, and go to mass at six o'clock every morning; then we come home to breakfast; after that I am at my embroidery all day long, except on Sunday and feast-days, when I sometimes read the life of St. Theresa, or 'Meditations on Sin;' they are books Father Eusebius gave me, but I can't read them all day.

ARTHUR, (*dryly:*) I should think not.

JACINTA: Perhaps *you* would like to read them, now that you understand Portuguese so well. But you have never told me, though I asked you the other day, how you have learned it so quickly.

ARTHUR: I have been obliged to travel about the country for the last three months. I had a servant with me, who could not speak English; and then I had books which I studied. I was very anxious to learn, on purpose to talk with you. But I speak very badly still; you must teach me.

JACINTA: I will; yes. What is your name?

ARTHUR: Arthur Hamilton. Arturo, I think, you would call it.

JACINTA: Arturo, Arturo. That is a pretty name.

ARTHUR: Look up now and say it; I want to see if it is pretty. Look at me, I entreat you.

[*A clanking of chains is heard in the street. Jacinta leaves her work, goes to the window, and looks through the blind, until the sound has nearly ceased. She then returns to her seat.*]

ARTHUR: This is always the way; whenever I am particularly interested in what we are saying, those miserable galley-slaves are sure to come by; then you get up to look at them, leaving me pinned to this chair. What on earth do you want to look at those miscreants for, and why must I remain sticking on this chair without moving?

JACINTA: You know very well that is the only condition on which Rita will allow you to come; you are not to get up from that chair, except to go away, and as to looking at those poor unfortunate —

ARTHUR: Yes; I know Father Eusebius told you to do that. I wonder what he said to them about looking at you?

JACINTA: They can't see me any more than you can, when you are in the street.

ARTHUR: Oh! I did not flatter myself you looked at me, as I have no chain to my leg; but I would come here with one on to-morrow, if I thought you would only look up sometimes from that intolerable embroidery. Will you, Jacinta? will you? Let me see your eyes again; they have a strange shade in them, like the far-off sea; they are so deep, so true and tender; I long to see them, as a man thirsts for water in the desert. Indeed, I will not, I cannot stay where I am, if you persist in this dreadful unkindness; you *shall* look at me at all hazards. — Ah! now I live again; but why are the beautiful eyes so sad? have I offended you? why does your lip quiver? I have seen this sadness in your face before, Jacinta; why is it? are you tired of having to work every day? does that make you unhappy? tell me, Jacinta, tell me, tell me.

JACINTA: It is because my heart is not, as Father Eusebius says it ought to be, thankful and full of praise for all things. But I ought not to be sad when you are here, only when you are away. Look at Rita, she is poor and old, and yet she is cheerful; dear Rita, she is singing.

[*Rita is seen walking across the next room, with a sausage in her hand; a sound of frying is heard, and a smell of garlic becomes perceptible.*]

ARTHUR: She seems to be cooking something very savory.

JACINTA, (*kindly*): Poor Rita, she is fond of good things.

[*Rita brings some little cakes of quince marmalade, bread, chestnuts, and red wine. She puts these things on a table.*]

RITA: Child, here is your supper. Senhor Englishman, if you would like to take some, you are welcome; if not, it is time to go home; the sun is setting.

ARTHUR, (*aside in English*): None of that horrid mess; what a relief! (*to Rita*.) to be sure I will take some.

RITA: Sit down, then, and may the poor meal do you much good!

(*Jacinta and Arthur sit at the table; Rita waits on them.*)

SCENE THIRD — *Some weeks later.*

JACINTA *at her work*; ARTHUR *sitting on the threshold of the terrace.*

ARTHUR: I am undergoing a perfect martyrdom at this door; a martyrdom of fire and water. The half of me that is inside is tolerably comfortable, but the other half is always being either washed away by the rain, or else scorched to a cinder.

JACINTA, (*laughing* :) If it is such a terrible hardship, I can't imagine why you sit there so long.

ARTHUR: It is all your fault; you make me beg at least one hour for a look, and another for a smile; but (*looking toward the other room*) Rita must let me come in to-day; see how wet I am getting; beside, I want to talk to you seriously, and I can't at this distance.

JACINTA: Come, come in out of the rain.

ARTHUR, (*moves his chair* :) Jacinta, listen; I saw a man looking up at that window yesterday, and it makes me mad.

JACINTA: Oh! why?

ARTHUR: Because when I know a beautiful, lonely flower that I love, that I want to pluck and wear in my bosom, it makes me mad that another man should look at that flower, and perhaps think the same; I could kill that man.

JACINTA, (*making the sign of the cross* :) Maria sanctissima! You frighten me to death.

ARTHUR: The idea of those ruffianly galley-slaves, too, is gall and wormwood to me.

JACINTA: I have to say a prayer for them every time they go by. One — some of them are as innocent and good as — as any body can be. Father Eusebius —

ARTHUR: Father Eusebius will drive me distracted. Listen! One of those very men who go by here, murdered my brother, two years ago; murdered him to rob him; among other things he took some papers which it is very important that I should have; I have been here all this time trying to get them, but they are destroyed, it seems, . . . at all events, I can hear nothing of them. I have seen the poor wretch, a man prematurely old and broken, who swears that he is innocent, and that he has been unjustly punished. It has been hinted to me that means might be used to make him confess what he has done with the papers, but the poor devil's lot is hard enough already; he shall not be touched. I have followed every clue that was offered me, and can do no more. If I go home to England now, will you, . . . but you are as pale as death; oh! if my flower droops, it must droop on my bosom. There, sweet, rest there now and forever; do n't tremble so, but say that I shall have for my wife the most beautiful and the purest of women.

JACINTA: Unclasp me, Arturo, let me go! You know that I love you more than all this world, and the next. It is true, I do, and yet I cannot go with you; no, I cannot, I must stay here.

ARTHUR: What do you mean? Could you not leave this house, and go with me this moment? What is to prevent you?

JACINTA : I am bound, Arturo, bound by a miserable fate to stay here. I have claims on me —

ARTHUR : Claims ! You have claims on you ! I never heard any thing about this ; you have been deceiving me then, you and that old woman are not alone in the world, you —

JACINTA : I never told you we were. O Arturo ! do not look so cruelly at me ; sit down, and let me breathe, let me speak to you. You will see yourself that it would be wicked and ungrateful of me to go away with you because I love you, and leave — and leave my — my duties behind me.

ARTHUR, (*rapidly and violently* :) I was to come at certain times, and go at certain times ; I suppose if I had staid after sunset, some body else would have found an intruder here. I have had cause for suspicion all the time, but I have been a blind, infatuated fool. Once out of the two occasions in which I have been in this cut-throat street at an unusual hour, besides that gang of ruffians, I saw a man of another sort looking up at the house ; that was yesterday, and to-day — ha ! ha ! it was not without cause that I was warned not to come here.

JACINTA : Arturo ! Arturo ! you break my heart. What is it that you suspect of me ? See, see ! I who have never touched you with my finger even ; see, I embrace your knees, I kiss them, I kiss your feet, and entreat you for Our Blessed Lady's sake, to think nothing bad of me. Look at me at your feet, O beautiful and beloved Englishman ! have you no pity ?

ARTHUR : No ; none for deceit and hypocrisy. Farewell !

(Jacinta swoons on the floor ; Arthur gazes at her for a moment, and leaves the house.)

SCENE FOURTH.

A large, high terrace, on which is a public flower-garden, called the Garden of Saint PETER of Alcántara. ARTHUR on a stone seat, gazing over the city. RITA, in a black cloak reaching to her feet, and a white handkerchief on her head, approaches him.

RITA : I went to look for you, and your servant told me you were here. You are killing that child.

ARTHUR : Am I !

RITA : You are a true Englishman, to whom Our Lady has given neither heart nor soul. You are as incapable of feeling as those stones.

ARTHUR, (*bitterly* :) That is probably the reason I have been languishing here for weeks, a most miserable devil, instead of going home.

RITA : You have been brooding over your own imaginary griefs and wrongs, without a thought for the poor heart you have trampled under your feet. If you were a son of Portugal, or of any other land where the sun shines, and men have warm blood in their veins, you could no more stay away from her, than you could stay out of your skin.

ARTHUR, (*with violence* :) What you call imaginary wrongs are facts witnessed by my own eyes. The very next day I saw that man enter your house.

RITA : That man is my son ; he had been there the day before, while we had gone out to buy a candle for Our Lady of the Mountain ; that was the

first time you saw him. I had thought him dead for years, but he has been travelling all over the world, and has now come back, come all the way from Brazil, to bring me good news, great news, a miracle of the blessed St. Polycarpus, to whom I made rogations night and day. My son is a rich man now, and a gentleman who wears a coat and a beaver-hat; he brushes his teeth and scrapes his nails, and has a magnificent diamond in his shirt. But he is a good pious son still, he kisses his old mother's rough hand with the same respect as when he was a little lad, dressed in poor people's clothes.

ARTHUR: That is a very convenient story. Do me the favor to leave me alone.

RITA, (*turning to go*:) I will, certainly. Adeus, Senhor —

ARTHUR, (*taking hold of her cloak*:) What — how is Jacinta?

RITA: That is what I came to tell you, and a great deal more, if you would listen.

ARTHUR: Speak, then.

RITA: My master had been wrongfully condemned to the chains —

ARTHUR: Your master? — who? Jacinta's —

RITA: Jacinta's father, my master. A little patience, Senhor. When you first, in an unlucky hour, began to come to our house, I warned Jacinta not to speak to you about her father; there is no use in exposing our misfortunes to proud foreigners and heretics, who have no vitals. All men may be led by the devil to err, and the evidence against my master was so strong that I could not be sure myself whether he was innocent or not; but this doubt I never breathed to Jacinta; she was sure he was guiltless. Afterward, when I thought that you were truly attached to the poor child, and seeing that you were a noble gentleman, who respected her innocence and defencelessness, my heart was moved to tell you all unreservedly, and I had made up my mind to do it, when a few words which my master found means to say to me in passing, made me aware of your errand here, and showed me a thousand difficulties in the way. The daughter of the supposed murderer of your brother would, I knew, be remorselessly spurned by you, even if your heart were torn to pieces in the act. I had always understood your fierce nature, in spite of the all-conquering brightness of your honest face. An old woman, even an ignorant one like me, can read men's faces and men's hearts. Father Eusebius had advised the plan I had pursued, for he thought as I did, that through Jacinta's innocence and piety, you might be brought to Our Holy Mother the Church. I consulted him again. He said nothing could be done but to be silent. He allowed that we were in a difficult position, but he was convinced that Our Lady and the saints would help us, because our intentions were good. But Jacinta now began to entreat us to be allowed to tell you the truth; she is candor itself, and could not bear the burden of concealment. (She was ignorant, you know, that your brother was the murdered man, until that fatal day when you told it to her yourself.) She begged on her knees to be allowed to tell you the secret, until Father Eusebius declared to her with severe authority, that if she dared to speak to you of her father, the most dreadful consequences would be sure to ensue, and through her fault. She began then to dread worse misfor-

tune to her father, and was silent. I was now in constant fear, and even dared to hope in my heart, that my old master, who was growing more and more feeble, would die soon, and go to Purgatory; (he need not have staid there long, we would have had ten masses a day said for him.) But Father Eusebius is a great man, and a saint; he confidently expected a miracle, and (*with enthusiasm*) beheld the miracle! (*takes some papers from under her cloak.*) Look at these papers; look at the seals. You probably know that my master was condemned on being identified as the murderer by one of your brother's friends. But see what it is to be a heretic; he was mistaken; it was a man who bore a resemblance to my master, who really committed the deed. He confessed it on his death-bed, and has yielded up Your papers; you can get them when you choose from your Consul. It was my son who brought them home from Brazil. Now, do you doubt still? Look at these papers and these seals; examine them yourself. If I could read them to you, I would. Where have you been all this time that you know nothing of this? My master is free; free and in his own house with his daughter, the apple of his eye, whom it breaks his heart to see drooping on the brink of the grave. I shall have a pretty penance to go through for my doubts and bad thoughts concerning my master; but as to you, no imaginable penance could ever wash out the sin you have committed against that angel of heaven. You stare stupidly; why, you do n't even *read* the papers. If you do n't believe me, you can —

ARTHUR: Let us go, (*aside in English,*) I cannot help it; I must, I must!

RITA: To the Consul's?

ARTHUR: To Jacinta, to Jacinta!

SCENE FIFTH.

ANTONIO VIEIRA *sitting in his house.* JACINTA *at his feet, her head on his knee.*

ANTONIO VIEIRA: My child, my beloved daughter, I would rather be the degraded creature I was last week, to the end of my life, and see you well, than have all the honors of the world, while you fade away so before my sight. Can you not cheer up, my sweet child? can you not smile for your father, who would joyfully give away even his soul for you?

JACINTA, (*kisses his hand:*) Yes, yes, father, I shall soon be better, I shall soon be well; permit me to embrace you respectfully. Now, dear father, you shall see me cheerful. I will go to my work, and finish the flowers on that mantle for Our Lady, (*she takes a small silver image of the Virgin from her bosom,*) and while I work I will think only of thee, O Eternal Fountain of Consolation! Thou hast been most merciful to us. (*She replaces the image, and goes toward the work-frame.*)

(RITA and ARTHUR enter; he springs toward her.)

JACINTA: Arturo!

(ARTHUR presses her to his breast.)

THE WEED.

BY CHARLES GODFREY IRLAND.

SHE walked by his grave in the moon-gold light,
And looked at the column slender and white,

A mullen-weed, with golden mace,
Stood like a guard in the silent place.

'While you were living life wronged you indeed !
But your heart was too noble to nurture a weed.

'I killed you with love as with poisoned wine,
Which flowed like fire from these eyes of mine.

'Yet more than your wild love asked I gave,
And for that you sleep in the silent grave.

'No evil weed which grows apace
Should ever defile this holy place.'

Entering the grave-yard, on she went,
To pluck the weed from the monument.

She passed by head-stones one and two :
'Dead love, could I only sleep with you !'

She passed by head-stones three and four :
'Loved and wronged, shall we meet no more ?'

Till she stood on the ill-set corner-stone
Whence the sandy soil like a brook had flown.

Light was her weight as she plucked the weed,
But it crashed the steps in toppling speed ;

And the falling marble pillar of death
Crushes at once her life and breath :

And the evening mist is weaving a veil
O'er the face of the maiden dead and pale ;

And a funeral garland and flowers sweet
Fall from the tomb at her head and feet ;

And clothed in marble fair and white,
The bride by her bridegroom passes the night.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES :

THEIR RELATIONS TO AND INFLUENCE IN THE CHURCH AND STATE

GOVERNMENT, education, and religion are the great human agencies which establish and maintain the security and stimulate the progress of society. Acting in concert, they are harmonious to one grand purpose, the material, intellectual, and moral development of the race. As a great philosopher has said: 'The end of each of these is a component of the ultimate end of man.' Order being essential to the fulfilment of human destiny, this necessity gives rise to government. But we distinguish between the functions of education and religion, and those of organized restraint. The former are not limited in their sphere of usefulness. The latter, being opposed to natural freedom, is only tolerable in so far as it fulfils certain ends. Good government emanates from morality and intelligence. Their coöperation insures it. In their absence it cannot exist. It is by the presence of these, the combined oxygen and nitrogen of the moral atmosphere, that government inhales a vital element. Systems which proscribe these, aim a blow at their own stability, and the reaction must, sooner or later, visit upon them a just retribution—a baptism of blood must, if need be, consecrate a new government to a worthier career, in which the healthful elements of religion and intelligence shall, in defiance of tyranny, become the corner-stones of progress and liberty. Such are the general relations of religion and education to government.

We are to inquire what has been the influence of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in modelling Anglican civilization. From them has proceeded an influence which has entered into and moulded, for many centuries, the advancement of the people. Without their coöperation, it is hard to conceive how the Anglican race could have become, what it now is, the pioneer of civilization, the fountain of practical philosophy, a leading spirit in literature, and a mature example of intelligent liberty.

They are the Moses and Joshua who have brought the nation into the promised land. They are the brain of the body politic; the directing mind which has conducted the legislation and the habits of the community into the channels of enlightened prosperity.

I. Their influence has been direct, and indirect—direct, as an immediate power in the state; indirect, as educating the popular mind and modelling public opinion. The Universities of England are venerable in the service of advancing humanity. Their power over the public mind has grown with its growth. Men in every relation of life reverence their authority. Their never-failing sympathy with the popular destiny, their political relations, their concentrated wisdom, and their great antiquity, all unite to give them eminence as a power in the state. To them, as to the learned and experienced arbiters of enlightened sentiment, all look for ripe counsel. Sequestered from the ambition of the selfish, and observant of events, they are the great conservative balance-wheels of a progressive civilization. Three thousand minds, moulded to their

peculiar tenets, go forth yearly to become examples and leaders in every direction. Under their guidance, every art and every science, the learned associations, all enlightened legislation and all social alleviation are quickened. By their influence are established the precepts of canon and civil law. Every improvement receives refinement and practicality at their hands.

The alumni do not terminate their relations to the Universities with their residence. Many continue life members of the academic system. All regard their old haunts by the Cam and the Isis with an affection which years do not diminish. No corner of England is without their grateful sons. The clergy, learned in the doctrines of Christ Church and Trinity, guide the religious zeal of the yeomanry. Statesmen, versed in the maxims of Montague and Sydney, stamp conservative laws upon the statute-book. Philosophers, exulting in the 'Novum Organum,' the 'Principia,' and the 'Essay on the Understanding,' guide the scientific world in the paths revealed at Cambridge by Bacon, Newton, and Locke. Thus from the Universities, as from a perennial spring, the rivers, streams and streamlets of intellectual life flow out in multiplied and complex branches through every part of the community, at one point sustaining an idea, then opposing another, and all bringing a united support to the progressive tendency of the race. Moulding principles in every department by the proxy of their alumni, their power is greatly felt throughout the state.

The influence of the Universities proceeds from their relations to the State and the Church. Those to the state are two-fold: first, traditionary and historical; second, political.

II. 1. The love of tradition exerts a peculiar influence upon British sentiment. It is an element alike of their laws, their customs, their religious prejudices, and their scholastic systems. The history of that country, reaching far back into the dim vista of mythology, and emerging slowly from the doubtful into the authentic, enshrines ancient institutions, refined by ever-increasing intelligence, in the veneration of the modern community. It is

‘A LAND of settled government,
Of old and just renown:
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.’

The traditions of the Universities extend back to the earliest periods of her existence. They have grown with the national growth, have been depressed in national calamity, and have derived vigor from national prosperity. Old manuscripts tell us that certain Greek philosophers, coming in the train of Brutus, laid the foundations of Oxford. Accounts less obscure, point to the chivalrous and scholarly Alfred, ‘the morning star of error’s darkest time,’ as the originator of that great school. We learn that the Universities were devastated by the Danes, that they were restored by Canute, that they were harassed by religious feuds; that Henry the First revived them, that they resisted John in common with the Barons, that their efficiency was suspended during the wars of the Roses; that the Reformation brought a crisis upon their decaying strength; that they were gradually converted to the reformed faith; that Henry the Eighth referred to them the question of his first divorce; that

the height of their prosperity was reached in the time of Elizabeth; that they were reformed by Wolsey, Leicester, Bacon, and Laud, men powerful in the state; that they had a perceptible influence in the revolutions of 1640 and 1688. Throughout is discernible their close affinity to the state. Every national vicissitude has been reflected in the Universities. In all times of trouble, the eyes of the nation have turned for light to the great fountains of wisdom. The influence of the Universities has been the life-blood of the state, collected at the heart; from that point it has circulated with health and vigor through every artery of public sentiment. From them have gone forth the dicta which govern the policy of statesmen, and the dogmas which form the creed of the Church. Parliaments have often bowed in acquiescence to their opinions.

2. But strong as is the sympathy between the state and the Universities by historical association, other bonds, more material and direct, exist from their *political* relations. The government of the scholastic corporations is in theory under the control of the crown. The Chancellor, having executive authority, is chosen from the most illustrious persons of the realm. The Senate is appointed by official favor. The Convocation is subordinate to and powerless without the more august estates. Further, the Chancellor is always a Peer; and two members of the Commons are awarded to each of the Universities. Thus the state has political obligations to Oxford and Cambridge, by its authority over their local systems; the latter reciprocate those obligations by their voice in both Houses of Parliament.

III. The relations of the Universities to the Church are even more intimate than those to the State. Under the generous guidance of religion, education goes on to expand the mind of man. Christianity protects every where the diffusion of learning. From their earliest history the Universities have received the tender care of the Church. In their peril she has placed herself between them and the assailing force. From their secluded cloisters she has chosen her prelates and fathers. To them she has looked, and never in vain, for renewing strength in the time of her trouble. From their presses have gone forth her authorized manifestoes. She has vied with the crown in the profusion of their endowments. An ancient Father said, that but for the Universities 'Theology and philosophy among secular persons would have utterly perished.' Groseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, declared them to be '*Secunda Ecclesia*.' Oxford was the chosen spot where Wickliffe lit the first spark of the Reformation in England.

The Universities, in their turn, have sustained the Church with untiring zeal. Oxford boasts her religious origin in '*Dominus illuminatio mea*.' The Pope before the Reformation, found no more ardent defenders anywhere. Becket was enshrined by Oxford and Cambridge as the martyr-saint of England. They resisted Lutherism till resistance was vain, then gradually yielded to the reformed faith, and to this day they adhere to the Anglican Creed.

Despite the zeal of Leicester and Cecil in favor of Calvinism, they remained faithful—encouraged by Elizabeth, Parker and Whitgift—to the decent splendor of the State Church. Even the Protectorate could not wean them from Episcopacy; and Tillotson, Atterbury, and Wharton were valiant champions of

their opinions, when James the Second attempted to restore the hierarchy of Rome.

Thus, by a long series of mutual dangers, and by the sympathy of similar sufferings, and a common cause, the Church and the Universities have been bound together.

IV. A zealous national spirit arises from the relations to, and influence in the Church and State which have now been reviewed. All parties and all sects have advocates at the great seats of learning. Loyalty has always, however, predominated. In the wars of the Roses, they adhered to York as the representative of divine right against Parliamentary election. They avowed the deepest horror at the Rye-House Plot. Cambridge deposed the courtly Monmouth, her Chancellor, when he rebelled against the crown.

Their position and influence in the wars of 1640 and 1688 is so illustrative of their importance in the State, that we pause to consider this topic briefly. 1. In 1640 they zealously espoused the cause of the crown. The innovating spirit and novel creed which animated the party of Oliver, found no favor among the divines who had been bred to precedent and church authority.

The King, who 'could do no wrong,' was assailed by popular clamor; his throne was endangered by mob violence; the constitution was about to be thrust aside to give place to a new, and to their minds, a visionary code; the dignity of the crown, the authority of prelates, the power of precedent, were about to yield to an experiment, defiant of every traditionary principle, and every established rite. Such innovation, the seats of learning resisted with spirit amid every embarrassment. They emptied their coffers and sold their plate in behalf of the King. Charles, driven from his capital, and a wanderer among his people, found welcome refuge in the majestic halls of Oxford. From her protecting shadows he directed the movements of his troops. There he concentrated his advisers and generals. At Magdalene, the college of the heirs to the throne, Rupert fixed his quarters. Doctors of Divinity raised bands of students, and fell bravely fighting at their head against the legions of Essex at Naseby. After the 'martyrdom,' their submission was forced and sullen. Six-sevenths of the members refused the oath of allegiance to Oliver. Republican tracts were burned. They hailed joyfully the restoration of the heir of 'the murdered King.'

2. In 1640 the Church and the crown were alike objects of attack. They sympathized in a common persecution. There was in that struggle but one course for the Universities to take. In 1688, the Church and the Crown were at variance. James was determined, in spite of law and public will, to reinstate the old hierarchy. To achieve this, he was forced to claim toleration to all dissenters.

Thus were united with the crown all other sects against the establishment. While he fostered all others, he persecuted the State Church. He arraigned, on trivial pretences, five bishops before the Romanist Commission.

He forced apostates upon Magdalene and other colleges as their heads, who set up altars to the Virgin under the very shadows of their stately towers. He

commanded Cambridge to confer degrees upon favorite monks, against their most stringent statutes. A priest was empowered to celebrate the mass in the splendid chapel of Christ Church.

But to the Universities, Anglicanism had become a stubborn fact. Persecution had endeared it to them. The zeal with which it had nourished their gradual growth appealed to their warmest gratitude. Romanism, on the contrary, was politically odious, and speculatively absurd.

They were now to choose between church ascendancy and the divine right of kings. They must renounce one, in order to preserve the other. James had sought to degrade them. He had invaded their most precious rights. He had claimed a power they could not yield. The Church appealed to them in its distress, and not in vain. They clung to the Establishment and abandoned the King.

After a struggle, in which the old dogma of passive obedience in vain endeavored to stifle the voice of nature and affection, they boldly defied the crown. Oxford stood forth first, and her defiance was the earliest premonition of the approaching downfall. She had been true to all preceding sovereigns, but resisted the religious bigotry and insolence of James the Second. Where she led, the nation followed. A bloodless revolution was achieved. The Church was saved, toleration insured, liberty made permanent and universal.

V. The influence of the Universities, and the causes of that influence, have now been developed.

Its results are patent in the ripening of civil and religious liberty, and the general intelligence of the race. Education expands the mind, so that it conceives and imbibes the spirit of justice; in justice, the intelligent mind discerns true liberty. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have brought the Anglican race from barbarism to enlightenment. They have elevated the language, refined the manners, purified the sentiments, exalted the political and religious standard of the people. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, wherever the living ideas of British liberty have found genial soil, the influence of these great Universities is felt. The time draws near when the ideas of freedom which the Anglican race have brought into practice and example, are about to exterminate the degrading system which has bound Italy to the hierarchy and the Hapsburgs.

'Augustus boasted that he found Rome brick, and left it marble. How much nobler may be the boast of the Universities of England, who have it to say, that they found liberty dear, and have made it cheap; that they found learning a sealed book, and have made it a living letter; that they found religion a sword of oppression, and have made it the shield of virtue and the staff of innocence!'

RAIN-DROPS.

BY DELIA LOUISE COLTON.

I.

'The silver rain, the golden rain, the tripping, dancing, laughing rain!'
 Stringing its pearls on the green leaf's edge,
 Fringing with gems the brown rock's ledge,
 Spinning a veil for the waterfall,
 And building an amber-colored wall
 Across the West where the sunbeams fall:
 The gentle rain, in the shaded lane — the pattering, peering, winning rain!

II.

The noisy rain, the marching rain, the rushing tread of the heavy rain!
 Pouring its rivers from out the blue,
 Down on the grass where the daisies grew,
 Darting in clouds of angry drops
 Across the hills and the green tree-tops,
 And kissing at last, in its giant glee,
 The foaming lips of the great green sea:
 The fierce, wild rain, the riotous rain, the boisterous, dashing, shouting rain!

III.

The still night rain, the solemn rain, the soldier-step of the midnight rain!
 With its measured beat on the roof o'erhead,
 With its tidings sweet of the faithful dead,
 Whispers from loves who are laid asleep
 Under the sod where the myrtles creep,
 Culling bouquets from the sun-lit past,
 Of flowers too sweet, too fair to last:
 The faithful rain, the untiring rain, the cooing, sobbing, weeping rain!

IV.

The sulky rain, the spiteful rain, the bothering, pilfering, thieving rain!
 Creeping so lazily over the sky,
 A leaden mask o'er a bright blue eye,
 And shutting in with its damp, strong hands,
 The rosy faces in curls and bands
 Of girls who think with unwonted frown
 Of the charming laces and things down-town,
 That might as well for this tiresome rain,
 Be in the rose land of Almahain:
 The horrid rain, the tedious rain, the never-ending, dingy rain!

THROUGH THE COTTON STATES.

SECOND PART.

YEARS ago—how many it would not interest the reader to know, and might embarrass me to mention—accompanied by a young woman—a blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter of New-England—I set out on a long journey; a journey so long that it will not end till one or the other of us has laid off forever our habiliments of travel.

One of the first stations on our route was—Paris. While there, strolling out one morning alone, accident directed my steps to the *Arc d'Etoile*, that magnificent memorial of the greatness of a great man. Ascending its gloomy stair-case to the roof, I seated myself to enjoy the fine view it affords of the city and its environs.

I was shortly joined by a lady and gentleman, whose appearance indicated that they were Americans. Some casual remarks led to a conversation, and soon, to our mutual surprise and gratification, we learned that the lady was a dear and long-time friend of my travelling-companion. The acquaintance thus begun, has since grown into a close and abiding friendship.

The reader, with this preamble, can readily imagine my pleasure on learning, as we were seated after our evening meal, around that pleasant fire-side in far-off Carolina, that my Paris acquaintance was a favorite niece, or, as he warmly expressed it, 'almost a daughter' of my host. This discovery dispelled any lingering feeling of 'strangeness' that had not vanished with the first cordial greeting of my new-found friends, and made me perfectly 'at home.'

The evening wore rapidly away in a free interchange of 'news,' opinions, and 'small-talk,' and I soon gathered somewhat of the history of my host. He was born at the North, and his career affords an interesting illustration of the marvellous enterprise of our Northern character. A native of the State of Maine, he emigrated thence when a young man, and settled down, amid the pine-forest in that sequestered part of Cottondom. Erecting a small saw-mill, and a log shanty to shelter himself and a few 'hired' negroes, he attacked, with his own hands, the mighty pines, whose brothers still tower in gloomy magnificence around his dwelling.

From such beginnings he had risen to be one of the wealthiest land and slave-owners of his district, with vessels trading to nearly every quarter of the globe, to the Northern and Eastern ports, Cadiz, the West-Indies, South-America, and if I remember aright, California. It seemed to me a marvel that this man, alone and unaided by the usual appliances of commerce, had created a business, rivalling in extent the transactions of many a princely merchant of New-York and Boston.

His 'family' of slaves numbered about three hundred, and a more healthy, and to all appearance, happy set of laboring people, I had never seen. Well-fed, comfortably and almost neatly clad, with tidy and well-ordered homes, ex-

empt from labor in childhood and advanced age, cared for in sickness by a kind and considerate mistress, who is the physician and good Samaritan of the village, they seemed to share as much physical enjoyment as ordinarily falls to the lot of the 'hewer of wood and drawer of water.' Looking at them, I began to question if Slavery is, in reality, the black and damnable thing that some of our untravelled philanthropists have pictured it. If—and in that 'if' my good Abolition friend, is the only unanswerable argument against the institution—if they were taught, if they knew their nature and their destiny, the slaves of such an owner might unprofitably exchange situations with many a white man, who, with nothing in the present or the future, is desperately struggling for a miserable hand-to-mouth existence in our Northern cities. I say 'of such an owner,' for in the Southern Arcadia such masters are 'few and far between'—rather fewer and farther between than 'spots upon the sun.'

But they are *not* taught. Public sentiment, as well as State law, prevents the enlightened masters, who think that knowledge fits even a slave for greater usefulness, from letting even a ray of light in upon the darkened mind of the black. He knows his task, his name, and his dinner-hour. He knows there is a something within him—he does not understand precisely what—that the white man calls his soul, which he is told will not rest in the ground when his body is laid away in the grave, but will—if he is a good nigger, obeys his master, and does the task allotted him—travel off into some unknown region, and sing hallelujahs to the LORD, forever. He rather sensibly imagines that such everlasting singing may in time produce hoarseness, so he prepares his vocal organs for the long concert by a vigorous discipline of their powers while here, and at the same time cultivates instrumental music, having a dim idea that the LORD has an ear for melody, and will let him, when he is tired of singing, vary the exercise 'wid de banjo and de bones.' This is all he knows; and his owner, however well-disposed he may be, cannot teach him more. Noble, Christian masters whom I have met—men as brave as upright men are apt to be—have told me they did not *dare* instruct their slaves. Some of their negroes have been born in their houses, nursed in their families, and grown up the play-mates of their children, and yet they are forced to see them live and die 'like the brutes that perish.' One need not be accused of fanatical abolitionism if he deems such a system a *little* in conflict with the spirit and tendency of the nineteenth century!

The sun had scarcely turned his back upon the world, when a few drops of rain, sounding on the piazza-roof over our heads, announced a coming storm. Soon it burst upon us in magnificent fury—a real, old-fashioned thunder-storm, such as I used to lie awake and listen to when a boy, wondering all the while if the angels were keeping a Fourth of July in heaven. In the midst of it, when the earth and the sky appeared to have met in true Waterloo fashion, and the dark branches of the pines seemed writhing and tossing in a sea of flame, a loud knock came at the hall-door, (bells are not the fashion in Dixie,) and soon a servant ushered into the room a middle-aged, unassuming gentleman, whom my host received with a respect and cordiality which indicated that he was no ordinary guest. There was in his appearance and manner that inde-

finable something which denotes the man of mark ; but my curiosity was soon gratified by an introduction. It was 'Colonel' A ——. This title, I afterward learned, was merely honorary : and I may as well remark here, that nearly every man at the South who has risen to the ownership of a darcy, is either a captain, a major, or a colonel, or, as my ebony driver expressed it : 'Dey 'm all captins and mates, wid none to row de boat but de darkies.' On hearing the name, I recognized it as that of one of the oldest and most aristocratic South-Carolina families, and the new guest as a near relative to the gentleman who married the beautiful and ill-fated Theodosia Burr.

In answer to an inquiry of my host, the new-comer explained that he had left Colonel J ———'s at Little River, (the plantation toward which I was journeying,) shortly before noon, and being overtaken by the storm after leaving Conwayboro, had, at the solicitation of his 'boys,' (another term for darkies,) who were afraid to proceed, called to ask shelter for the night.

Shortly after his entrance, the lady members of the family retired ; when the 'Colonel,' 'Captain,' and myself, drawing our chairs near the fire, and each lighting a fragrant Havana, placed on the table by our host, fell into a long conversation, of which the following was a part :

'It must have been urgent business, Colonel, that took you so far into the woods at this season,' remarked our host.

'These are urgent times, Captain B ———,' replied the guest ; 'and all who have any thing at stake, should be *doing*.'

'These *are* unhappy times, truly,' said my friend ; 'has any thing new occurred ?'

'Nothing of moment, Sir ; but we are satisfied that Buchanan is playing us false, and we are preparing for the worst.'

'I should be sorry to know that a President of the United States had resorted to under-hand measures ! Has he really given you pledges ?'

'He promised to preserve the *statu quo* in Charleston harbor, and we have direct information that he intends to send out reinforcements,' rejoined Colonel A ———.

'Can that be true ? You know, Colonel, I never admired your friend Mr. Buchanan, but I cannot see how, if he does his duty, he can avoid enforcing the laws in Charleston, as well as in the other cities of the Union.'

'The 'Union,' Sir, does not exist. Buchanan has now no more right to quarter a soldier in South-Carolina than I have to march an armed force on to Boston Common. If he persists in keeping troops near Charleston, we shall dislodge them.'

'But that will make war ! and war, Colonel,' replied our host, 'is a terrible thing. Do you realize what it would bring upon us ? And what could our little State do in a conflict with nearly thirty millions ?'

'We should not contend with thirty millions. The other Cotton States are with us, and the leaders in the Border States are all pledged to secession. They will wheel into line when we give the word. But the North will not fight. The Democratic party sympathizes with us, and some of its influential leaders are pledged to our side. They will breed division there, and paralyze the

action of the Free States ; besides, the trading and manufacturing classes will never consent to a war that would work their ruin. With the Yankees, Sir, the dollar is almighty !'

'That may be true,' replied our host ; 'but I think if we go too far, they will fight. What think you, Mr. K —— ?' he continued appealing to me, and adding : 'This gentleman, Colonel, is very recently from the North.'

Up to that moment, I had avoided taking part in the conversation. Enough had been said to satisfy an obtuse intellect that while my host was a staunch Unionist,* his visitor was not only a rank Secessionist, but one of the leaders of the movement, and even then preparing for desperate measures. Discretion, therefore, counselled silence. To this direct appeal, however, I was forced to reply, and answered : 'I think, Sir, the North does not yet realize that the South is in earnest. When it wakes up to that fact, its course will be decisive.'

'Will the Yankees *fight*, Sir ?' rather impatiently and imperiously asked the Colonel, who evidently thought I intended to avoid a direct answer to our host's question.

Rather nettled by his manner, I quickly responded : 'Undoubtedly they will, Sir. They have fought before, and it would not be wise to count them cowards.'

A true gentleman, he at once saw his manner had given offence, and instantly moderating his tone, rather apologetically replied : 'Not cowards, Sir, but too much absorbed in 'the occupations of peace,' to go to war for an idea.'

'But what you call an 'idea,' said our host, '*they* may think a great fact on which their existence depends. I can see that we shall lose vastly by even a peaceful separation. Tell me, Colonel, what we will gain ?'

'Gain !' warmly responded the guest. 'Every thing ! Security, freedom, room for the development of our institutions, and such progress in wealth as the world has never seen.'

'All that is very fine, Colonel,' rejoined the 'Captain,' 'but where there is wealth, there must be work ; and who is to do the work in your new Empire — I do not mean the agricultural labor ; you depend for that, of course, on the blacks — but who will run your manufactories and do your mechanical labor ? The Southern gentleman would feel degraded by such occupation ; and if you put the black to any work requiring intelligence, you must let him *think*, and the moment he *thinks*, *he is free* !'

'All that is easily provided for,' replied the Secessionist. 'We shall form intimate relations with England. She must have our cotton, and we in return will take her manufactures.'

'That would be all very well at present, and so long as you kept on good

* I **VERY** much regret to learn, on reliable authority, that since my meeting with this most excellent gentleman, he, being obnoxious to the Secession leaders for his well-known Union sentiments, has been very onerously assessed by them for contributions toward carrying on the war. The sum he has been forced to pay, is stated as high as forty thousand dollars, but that may be, and I trust is, an exaggeration. In addition — and this fact is within my own knowledge — five of his vessels have been seized in the Northern ports by our Government. This exposure of true Union men to a double fire, is one of the most unhappy circumstances attendant upon this most unhappy war.

terms with her; but suppose, some fine morning, Exeter Hall got control of the English Government, and hinted to you, in John Bull fashion, that cotton produced by free labor would be more acceptable, what could three, or even eight millions, cut off from the sympathy and support of the North, do in opposition to the power of the British empire?'

'Nothing, perhaps, if we *were* three or even eight millions, but we shall be neither the one nor the other. Mexico and Cuba are ready, now, to fall into our hands, and before two years have passed, with or without the Border States, we shall count twenty millions. Long before England is abolitionized, our population will outnumber hers, and our territory extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and reach as far south as the Isthmus. We are founding, Sir, an empire that will be able to defy all Europe—one grander than the world has seen since the age of Pericles!'

'You say, with or without the Border States,' remarked our host. 'I thought you counted on their support.'

'We do if the North makes war upon us, but if we are allowed to go in peace, we can do better without them. They would be a wall between us and the abolitionized North.'

'You mistake,' I said, 'in thinking the North is abolitionized. The Abolitionists are but a handful there. The great mass of our people are willing the South should have its rights, and undisturbed control of its domestic concerns.'

'Why, then, do you send such men as Seward, Sumner, Wilson, and Grow to Congress? Why have you elected a President who approves of nigger-stealing? and why do you tolerate such incendiaries as Greeley, Garrison, and Phillips?'

'Seward, and the others you name,' I replied, 'are not Abolitionists; neither does Lincoln approve of nigger-stealing. He is an honest man, and I doubt not, when inaugurated, will do exact justice by the South. As to incendiaries, you find them in both sections. Phillips and Garrison are only the opposite poles of Yancey and Wise.'

'Not so, Sir; they are more. Phillips, Greeley and Garrison create and control your public opinion. They are mighty powers, while Yancey and Wise have no influence whatever. Yancey is a mere bag-pipe; we play upon him, and like the music, but smile when he attempts to lead us. Wise is a harlequin, whom we let dance because he is good at it, and it amuses us. Lincoln may be honest, but if made President he will be controlled by Seward, who hates the South. Seward will whine, and wheedle, and attempt to cajole us back, but mark what I say, Sir, I *know him*; he is constitutionally, morally, and physically a coward, and will never strike a blow for the Union. If hard pressed by public sentiment, he may, to save appearances, bluster a little, and make a show of getting ready for a fight; but he will find some excuse at the last moment, to avoid coming and blows. For our purposes, we had rather have the North under his control than under that of the old renegade, Buchanan!'

'All this may be very true,' I replied, 'but perhaps you attach too much

weight to what Mr. Seward or Mr. Lincoln may or may not do. You seem to forget that there are twenty intelligent millions at the North, who will have something to say on this subject, and who may not consent to be driven into disunion by the South, or wheedled into it by Mr. Seward.'

'I do not forget,' replied the Secessionist, 'that you have four millions of brave, able-bodied men, while we, perhaps, have not more than two millions; but bear in mind that you are divided, and therefore weak; we united, and therefore strong!'

'But,' I inquired, 'have you two millions without counting your blacks; and are *they* not as likely to fight on the wrong as on the right side?'

'They will fight on the right side, Sir. We can trust them. You have travelled somewhat here. Have you not been struck with the contentment and cheerful subjection of the slaves?'

'No, Sir, I have not been! I think you are smoking a cigar on a powder-barrel,' I replied.

An explosion of derisive laughter from the Colonel followed this remark, and turning to the Captain, he good-humoredly exclaimed: 'Has n't the gentleman used his eyes and ears industriously?'

'I am afraid he is more than half right,' was the reply. 'If this thing should go on, I would not trust my own slaves, and I think they are truly attached to me. If the fire once breaks out, the negroes will rush into it, like horses into a burning barn.'

'Think you so!' exclaimed the Colonel in an excited manner. 'By Heaven, if I believed it, I would cut the throat of every slave in Christendom! What, Sir,' addressing me, 'have you seen or heard that gives you that opinion?'

'Nothing, Sir, but a sullen discontent, and an eagerness for news that shows they feel intense interest in what is going on, and know it concerns *them*.'

'I have n't remarked that,' he said rather musingly, 'but it *may* be so. Does the North believe it? If we came to blows, would they try to excite servile insurrection among us?'

'The North, beyond a doubt, thinks that the case,' I replied, 'yet I am sure that even the Abolitionists would aid you in putting down an insurrection; but if you go into a war, in my opinion, you will come out of it without a slave between the Rio Grande and the Potomac.'

The Colonel at this hastily rose, merely remarking: 'You are mistaken. You are mistaken, Sir!' and turning to our host, said: 'Captain, it is late: had we not better retire?' Bidding me 'good-night,' he was gone.

Our host soon returned from showing his guest to his apartment, and with a quiet but deliberate manner, said to me: 'You touched him, Mr. K——, on a point where he knows we are weakest; but allow me to caution you about expressing your opinions so freely. The Colonel is a gentleman, and what you have said will do no harm, but, long as I have lived here, I dare not say to many what I have said to him to-night.'

Thanking the worthy gentleman for the caution, I followed him up-stairs,

and soon lost, in a sweet oblivion, all thoughts of Abolitionists, niggers, and the 'grand empire.'

I was awakened in the morning by music under my window, and looking out discovered about a dozen darkies gathered around my ebony driver, who was clawing away with all his might at a dilapidated banjo, while his auditory kept time to his singing, by striking the hand on the knee, and by other gesticulations too numerous to mention. The songs were not much to brag of, but the music would have 'knocked spots' out of GEORGE CHRISTY, and have convinced him that *his* is not the genuine, dyed-in-the-wool, darky article. The following was one of the songs, or rather, it has the rhythm and sentiment of the original :

'WAKE, massa wake, de day am breakin',
 'De hoe-cake on de hearth am bakin',
 And SALLIE 's boilin' de pot ;
 De white-bread on de fire am toastin',
 De taters in de ashes roastin',
 A roastin' nice and hot.
 So up, good massa, let 's be gwoin',
 Let 's be scratchin' ob de grabble ;
 For forty mile 's a mighty showin',
 On such a road as dis to trable.

'Oh ! wake, good massa, breakfast waitin',
 'T will soon be cold for your belatin',
 So cold dat it will shiber ;
 Dis nigga 's got de ole hoss ready,
 He 'll gang along all swift and steady,
 All steady to de Little Riber.
 So up, good massa, let 's be gwoin',
 Gwoin tru de piney woods ;
 For soon de wind may be a-blowin',
 Soon de rain come down in floods.'

The darky was right, for, though the storm of the previous night had ceased, the sky was overcast, and looked as if 'soon de wind might be a blowin'. Prudence counselled an early start, for, doubtless, the runs, or small creeks, had become swollen by the heavy rain, and would be unsafe to cross after dark. Beside, beyond Conwayboro, our route lay for thirty miles through a country without a solitary house where we could get decent shelter, were we overtaken by a storm.

Hurriedly performing my toilet, I descended to the drawing-room, where I found the family already assembled. After the usual morning salutations were exchanged, a signal from the mistress caused the sounding of a bell in the hall, and brought into the room some ten or twelve men and women house-servants, of remarkably neat and tidy appearance, among whom was my darky driver. They took a stand at the remote end of the room, and our host, opening a large, well-worn family BIBLE, read the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah. Then, all kneeling, he made a short extemporaneous petition, closing with the LORD's Prayer ; all present, black as well as white, joining in it. Then Heber's

beautiful hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' was sung; and to my ears, the darkies made much better music of it than the whites.

The services over, we adjourned to the dining-room, and after we were seated, the 'Colonel' remarked to me: 'Did you notice how finely that negro boy' (he was fully forty years old) sung?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'he sung several songs to me on our way, yesterday. Do you know him, Sir?'

'Oh! yes, very well. His mistress wishes to sell him, but finds difficulty in doing so. Though a likely negro, people will not buy him. He is too smart.'

'That strikes me as a singular objection,' I remarked.

'Oh! no, not at all! These *knowing* negroes very frequently make a world of trouble on a plantation.'

Notwithstanding the darky's injunction, that I should 'be scratchin' ob de grabble,' it was after ten o'clock before we were ready to start. The mills, the negro-quarters, and other parts of the plantation, and then several vessels moored at the wharf, had to be seen before I could get away. Finally, I bid my excellent host and his family farewell, and with nearly as much regret as I ever felt at leaving my own home. I had experienced the much-heard-of Southern hospitality, and had found the report far below the reality.

The other guest had taken his leave some time before, but not till he had given me a cordial invitation to return by the way I came, and spend a day or two with him, at his plantation on the river, some twenty miles below. I hope to tell the reader in a future paper, how I came to avail myself of that invitation.

The sky was lowery, and the sandy road heavy with the recent rain, when we started. The gibomy weather seemed to have infected the driver as well as myself. He had lost all the mirthfulness and loquacity of the previous day, and we rode on for a full hour in silence. Tiring at last of my own thoughts, I said to him: 'Scipio, what is the matter with you? what makes you so gloomy?'

'Nothin, massa; I war only tinkin', he abstractedly replied.

'And what are you thinking about?' I asked.

'I's wond'r'in', massa, if de Lord meant de darkies in dose words of His dat Massa B — read dis mornin'.

'What words do you mean?'

'Dese, massa: 'O thou afflicted! tossed wid de tempest, and habin no comfort, behold, I will make you hous'n ob de fair colors, and lay dar foundations wid safomires. All dy children shall be taught ob de Lord, and great shill be dar peace. In de right shill dey be established; dey shill hab no fear, no terror; it shan't come nigh 'em, and who come against dem shill fall. Behold! I hab made de blacksmis dat blow de coals, and make de weapons; and I hab made de waster dat shill destroy de oppressors.'

If he had repeated one of Webster's orations I could not have been more astonished. I did not remember the exact words of the passage, but I knew he had caught its spirit. Was this his recollection of the reading he

heard in the morning? or had he previously committed it to memory? These were the questions I asked myself; but, restraining my curiosity, I answered: 'Undoubtedly they are meant for both the black and the white.'

'Do dey mean, massa, dat we shall be like de white folks — wid our own hous'n, our children taught in de schools, and wid weapons to strike back when de white folks strike us?'

'No, Scipio, they don't mean that. They refer principally to spiritual matters. They were a promise to *all the world* that when the SAVIOUR came, all, even the greatly oppressed and afflicted, should have the great truths of the BIBLE about GOD, REDEMPTION, and the FUTURE told to them.'

'But de SAVIOUR hab come, massa; and dose tings an't taught to de black children. We hab no peace, no rights; nothin' buf fear, 'pression, and terror.'

'That is true, Scipio. The LORD takes His own time, but His time will *surely* come.'

'De LORD bless you, massa, for saying dat; and de LORD bless you for telling dat big Cunnel, dat if dey go to war de black man will be FREE!'

'Did you hear what we said?' I inquired, greatly surprised, for I remembered remarking, during the interview of the previous evening, that our host was careful to keep the doors closed.'

'Ebervy word, massa.'

'But how *could* you hear? The doors and windows were shut. Where were you?'

'I was on de piazzer; and when I seed tru de winder dat de ladies war gwine, I know'd you'd talk 'bout politics and de darkies — gemmen allers do. So I opened one ob de winders bery softy — you did n't har 'cause it rained and blowed bery hard, and made a mighty noise. Den I stuffed my coat in de crack, so de wind could n't blow in and let you know I was dar, but I lef a hole big enough to har. My ear froze to dat hole, massa, bery tight, I 'sure you.'

'But you must have got very wet and very cold.'

'Wet, massa! 'wetter dan a 'gator dat's been in de riber all de week, but I did n't mind de rain or de cold. What I hard made me warm all de way tru.'

To my mind there was a rough picture of true heroism in that poor darky standing for hours in his shirt-sleeves, in the cold, stormy night, the lightning playing about him, and the rain drenching him to the skin — that he might hear something he thought would benefit his down-trodden race.

I noticed his clothing, though bearing evident marks of a drenching, was then dry, and I inquired: 'How did you dry your clothes?'

'I staid wid some ob de cullud folks, and after you went up-stars, I went to dar cabin, and dey gabe me some dry clothes. We made up a big fire, and hung mine up to dry, and de ole man and woman and me sot up all night to talk ober what you and de oder gemmen said.'

'Will not those folks tell what you did, and thus get you into trouble?'

'Tell! LORD bless you, massa, de blacks am all free-masons; dat ar ole man and woman wud die 'fore dey'd tell.'

'But are not Captain B——'s negroes contented?' I asked; 'they seem to be well treated.'

'Oh! yes, dey am. All de black folks 'bout har want de Captin to buy 'em. He bery nice man — one ob de Lorn's own people. He better man dan David, 'cause David did wrong, and I do n't b'lieve de Captain eber did.'

'I should think he was a very good man,' I replied.

'Bery good man, massa, but de white folks do n't like him, 'cause dey say he treats him darkies so well, all dairn am discontented.'

'Tell me, Scipio,' I resumed after a while, 'how it is you can repeat that passage from Isaiah so well?'

'Why, bless you, massa, I know Aziair and Job and de Psalms 'most all by heart. Good many years ago, when I lib'd in Charles'on, the gub'ness learned me to read, and I hab read dat Book tru good many times.'

'Have you read any others?' I asked.

'None but dat and Doctor Watts. I hab *dem*, but white folks won't sell books to de blacks, and I won't steal 'em. I read de papers sometimes.'

I opened my portmanteau, that lay on the floor of the wagon, and handed him a copy of Whittier's poems. It happened to be the only book, excepting the BIBLE, that I had with me.

'Read that, Scipio,' I said. 'It is a book of poetry, but written by a very good man at the North, who greatly pities the slave.'

He took the book, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said: 'Tank you, massa, tank you. Nobody war neber so good to me afore.'

It will gladden the heart of the great New-England poet to know that the words which have dropped, like the ripened fruit of the gods, from his large, human soul, will be gathered up and treasured by a poor, benighted slave in the far-away backwoods of South-Carolina.

During our conversation, the sky, which had looked threatening all the morning, began to let fall the big drops of rain; and before we reached Conwayboro, it poured down much after the fashion of the previous night. It being cruelty to both man and beast to remain out in such a deluge, we pulled up at the village hotel, (kept, like the one at Georgetown, by a lady,) and determined to remain over night, unless the rain should abate in time to allow us to reach our destination before dark.

Dinner being ready soon after our arrival, (the people of Conwayboro, like the 'common folks,' that Davy Crockett told about, dine at twelve,) I sat down to it, having first hung my outer garments, which were somewhat wet, before the fire in the sitting-room. The house seemed to be a sort of public boarding-house, as well as a hotel, for quite a number of persons, evidently town's-people, were at the dinner-table. My appearance seemed to attract some attention, but not more, I thought, than would be naturally excited in so small a place by the arrival of a stranger; and 'as nobody said nothing to me, I said nothing to nobody.'

Dinner over, I adjourned to the 'sitting-room,' and seated myself by the fire, to watch the drying of my 'outer habiliments.' While thus engaged, the door opened, and three men — whom I should have taken, had not a further

acquaintance convinced me to the contrary—for South-Carolina gentlemen, entered the room. Walking directly up to where I was sitting, the foremost one accosted me something after this fashion :

‘I see you are from the North, Sir.’

Taken a little aback by the abruptness of the ‘salute,’ but guessing his object, I answered : ‘No, Sir ; I am from the South.’

‘From what part of the South, Sir ?’ he inquired.

‘I left Georgetown yesterday, and Charleston two days before that,’ I replied, endeavoring to seem entirely oblivious to his meaning.

‘We don’t want to know whar you war yesterday ; we want to know whar you *belong*,’ he said, with a little impatience.

‘Oh ! that’s it. Well, Sir, I belong *here* just at present, or rather I shall, when I have paid the land lady for my dinner.’

Annoyed by my coolness, and getting somewhat excited, he replied quickly : ‘You must n’t trifle with us, Sir. We know who you are. You ’re from the North. We ’ve seen it on your valise, and we can’t allow a man who carries the *New-York Independent* to travel in South-Carolina.’

The scoundrels had either broken into my portmanteau, or else a copy of that paper had dropped from it on to the floor of the wagon when I gave the book to Scipio. At any rate, they had seen it, and it was evident ‘Brother Beecher’ was about getting me into a scrape. I felt indignant at the impudence of the fellow, but determined to keep cool, and, a little sarcastically, replied to the latter part of his remark :

‘That’s a pity, Sir. South-Carolina will lose by it.’

‘This game won’t work, Sir. We do n’t want such people as you har, and the sooner you make tracks the better for you,’ was the reply.

‘I intend to leave, Sir, as soon as the rain is over, and to travel thirty miles on your sandy roads to-day, if you do n’t coax me to stay by your hospitality,’ I quietly replied.

The last remark seemed to be just the one drop needed to make his wrath ‘bile over,’ for he savagely exclaimed : ‘I tell you, Sir, we will not be trifled with. You must be off to Georgetown at once. You can have just half an hour to leave the Borough, not a second more.’

His tone and manner aroused what little combativeness there is in me. Rising from my chair, and taking up my outside-coat, in which was one of Colt’s six-shooters, I said to him : ‘Sir, I am here, a peaceable man, on peaceable, private business. I have started to go up the country, and go there I shall ; and I shall leave this place at my convenience—not before. I have endured your impertinence long enough, and shall have no more of it ; and if you attempt to interfere with my movements, you will do so at your peril.’

My blood was up, and I was fast losing that better part of valor entitled, discretion ; and he evidently understood my movement, and did not dislike the turn affairs were taking. There is no telling what might have followed had not my friend Scipio just at that instant inserted his woolly head between us, excitedly exclaiming : ‘Lozn bless you, Massa B——ll ; what *am* you ’bout ? Why, dis gemman am a ’ticular friend of Cunnel A——. He ’m a

reg'lar Seseshernist. He hates de ablishernists worser dan de debble. I hard him swar a clar, blue streak 'bout dem only yesterday.'

'Massa B —— ll' was evidently taken aback by the announcement of the negro, but did n't seem inclined to 'give it up so' at once, and asked: 'How do you know he's the Colonel's friend, Scip? Who told you so?'

'Who told me so?' exclaimed the excited negro, 'why, did n't he stay at Captin B ——'s, wid de Cunnel, all night last night; and did n't dey set up dar doin' politic business togedder till after mid-night? Did n't de Cunnel come dar in all de storm 'pressly to see dis gemman?'

The ready wit and rude eloquence of the darky amused me, and the idea of the 'Cunnel' travelling twenty miles through the terrible storm of the previous night to meet a man who had the New-York *Independent* about him, was so perfectly ludicrous, that I could not restrain my laughter, and that laugh did the business for 'Massa B —— ll.' What the negro had said staggered, but did not fully convince him; but my returning good-humor brought him completely round. Extending his hand to me, he said: 'I see, Sir, I've woke up the wrong passenger. Hope you'll take no offence. In these times we need to know who come among us.'

'No offence whatever, Sir,' I replied. 'It is easy to be mistaken; but,' I added smilingly, 'I hope, for the sake of the next traveller, you'll be less precipitate another time.'

'I *am* rather hasty; that's a fact,' he said. 'But no harm is done. So let's take a drink, and say no more about it. The old lady har keeps nary a thing but water, but we can get the *raal stuff* close by.'

Though not a member of a 'Total Abstinence Society,' I have always avoided indulging in the quality of fluid that is the staple beverage at the South. I therefore hesitated a moment before accepting the gentleman's invitation; but the alternative seemed to be squarely presented, pistols or drinks; cold lead or poor whiskey, and — I am ashamed to confess it — I took the whiskey.

Returning to the hotel, I found Scipio awaiting me. 'Massa,' he said, 'we better be gwine. Dat dar Sesesherner am ugly as de bery ole debble; and soon as he know I cum de possum over him 'bout de Cunnel, he'll be down on you *sure*.'

The rain had dwindled to a drizzle, which the sun was vigorously struggling to get through with a tolerable prospect of success, and I concluded to adopt the African's advice. Wrapping myself in an India-rubber over-coat, and giving the darky a blanket of the same material, we started.

Of the remainder of that day's ride, more hereafter.

UNCLE VERDINE.

I.

WHEN Uncle Verdine came home from sea,
I was the happiest girl in town.
My youthful heart was filled with glee
By the beautiful gifts he brought to me,
From the lands he had visited, over the sea,
Lands beyond where the sun goes down.

Riches, mother and I had none,
Till Uncle Verdine came home from sea ;
But a new existence was then begun :
His golden dollars, bright as the sun,
Rung, as he dropped them, one by one,
The merry death-knell of our poverty.

He would buy us another house, he said ;
The cottage was fit for us no more.
What else should he do with the fortune he'd made,
Than render us happy ? He only had staid
So long, that the gold his trade had paid,
Might bring to us joys unknown before.

So a mansion was bought ; and we bade good-by
To the lowly cottage I loved so well ;
And with many a tear and many a sigh,
I passed my little playmates by,
As we rode in our carriage — mother and I —
Toward the city where we were to dwell.

II.

A year — how long ! has slowly flown.
How changed our lives within the year !
Uncle Verdine to his rest has gone :
Mother and I are all alone :
The wheels of Time roll heavily on :
It seems ten years since we came here !

And sadly I notice, day by day,
That mother is not as she used to be ;
The bloom of the rose that once o'erlay
Her cheek, is yielding to decay ;
The gleam of her eye is fading away,
And now lights never a smile for me.

And a strange man, crafty, sleek, and slim,
 One that I shudder to look upon,
 Visits at morn and at twilight dim —
 And mother is going to marry him !
 I know full well that a golden rim
 Is the mete of the love she leans upon.

O Uncle Verdine, dear Uncle Verdine !
 If you had never come home from sea,
 This greatest of griefs had never been mine ;
 Only for that kind heart of thine,
 I might be basking in Life's sunshine,
 And blest, as erst, in poverty !

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mistake me not for my complexion.'—*MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

PART II.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

ALWORTHY and Company failed just three weeks after my negotiation of their paper. It turned out that for several months previous they were in the habit of putting their own notes on the market, for the purpose of raising money. They had also exchanged acceptances largely with other houses, for the same object, and their speculations turning out badly, they broke. There was considerable sensation in the street at the announcement. As is usual in such instances, the assets turned out to be nil, after protecting the 'confidential.' In fact, the concern was at the time of stopping payment a mere shell. There was also a good deal of fluttering among the houses who were really solvent, and who had exchanged notes with Alworthy, in the belief that he was so. With others it proved an even thing, since both were worthless. Among these last, I fear, might be classed our new friends Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company. They had given Alworthy about ten thousand dollars of their promises to pay, and had received a like amount from him. As these last were negotiated with their indorsement, both amounts would come against them. Now-a-days they manage these matters better, by having notes drawn to the order of the makers, and indorsed only by them ; and if they will sell as 'single-name paper,' all responsibility is avoided. Except in a great crisis, which carries down business-men suddenly, and in battalions, the knowing ones

soon discover signs of probable disaster in a firm, which is evidenced by a gradual rise in the rate at which their notes can be disposed of, till they become quite unsalable. Still there is a class of shrewd but greedy money-lenders, who are tempted by high prices to purchase paper of this sort, and who sometimes meet with a heavy loss, but always charge enormous rates.

I was a good deal exercised when I learned early one morning of the failure, for fear it would prove calamitous to Harley. He came in my office shortly after, and quite put me at ease on the subject.

‘Have you heard the news about Alworthy?’ he said.

I told him I had.

‘I confess I have had my suspicions raised ever since that second batch of paper, which I knew nothing of when I offered you the first. However, my name is not mixed up with them, thank fortune.’

‘But I thought you were interested with Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company? You seemed to know all about them.’

‘Interested? not to the amount of a penny. It is true I have known Pollock for a long time, a first-rate fellow; and as I wanted an office for a few months, I took the furnished one directly over theirs. I had, besides, a little operation with them, by which I received the most of the Alworthy paper, and paid them a certain amount in cash, and the balance in real estate. I am quite satisfied with the bargain. They tried unsuccessfully in several quarters to sell the notes, and this fact helped me in the trade. So you see I am more obliged to you than you supposed for negotiating them.’

‘But I understood you to say they had abundant capital.’

‘So they had for their regular business. You see Hollis is a little wild by turns, and his father, who is a rich man, put in ten thousand dollars for the sake of establishing his son in business. But they got to be too ambitious, and struck out right and left. At last they fell in with Alworthy, who is as smooth and keen as a razor, and he put very expansive notions in their heads.’

‘I declare,’ I exclaimed with some wrath, ‘had I known all this, I would not have offered the notes.’

‘And had I known it,’ replied Harley, ‘I should not have taken them. Now pray don’t put so long a face on the matter,’ he continued, seeing I looked grave. ‘You remind me of the Englishman who made his life miserable from apprehension that his country never would be able to pay the National Debt. The loss in this case falls just where it ought to fall — on the note-shavers. They take the risk, and charge accordingly, and they must accept the fortune of war. Had Alworthy’s speculations in cotton turned out differently, all would be right.’

‘True,’ I remarked, ‘but Alworthy was reckless. His transactions were not legitimate. I declare he was a gambler, and nothing else.’

‘My good friend,’ replied Harley, ‘I am sorry to see a man of your excellent sense misled by that humbug word ‘legitimate.’ As to Alworthy’s being a gambler in trade, I can only say, all trade is but gambling; a bold bet against providence, that there will be such and such a market, and such and such a supply, on which depend such and such risks, and such and such profits.

Yes, a merchant is not only a gambler, but the most unfortunate and most miserable of the whole gambling class. He never knows, like the man who risks on the red or the black, just where he stands. His results cannot be calculated speedily like those of the stock gambler, but he is forced to take hazard after hazard before any one of his ventures are determined. His fate, too, is dependent on the good or bad management of others, and is so mixed up with incidents and occurrences beyond his control, that I repeat, I pronounce him the most unlucky gambler of them all. I have been fifteen years in business — have failed twice — went through the horrors of those in purgatory. I do n't mean to gamble any more in trade. So, pray, don't talk to me so sanctimoniously about 'legitimate transactions.'

I perceived that I had touched a delicate point, and I did not debate the subject. Indeed there was matter for reflection in Harley's observations.

'Come,' he said cheerfully after a little pause, 'let us speak of something else. I must get ready for the other side, and you must make yourself master of all the particulars of my various enterprises, for much will have to be done here. Soon you will retrieve your fortunes, and you shall confess how much more satisfactory our labors are than any you have heretofore undertaken.'

I was as usual lifted up above ordinary events by the seductive language of this man. We sat down to examine his several projects. I was surprised to see with what order and precision all his documents were prepared. Certified copies of charters; original patents; searches of title; powers of attorney, which were always 'full' powers in the largest extent; accurate descriptions of property, and so forth, and so forth. It was amazing to witness the readiness and the versatility which Harley displayed in explaining his plans for each particular scheme. This would be brought out by a company under the limited responsibility act. That, he was certain a well-known broker would take up. Another would engage the attention of his solicitors, who would manage all the details. Harley's head-quarters would be at Morley's, then the resort for the majority of Americans in London. The day was consumed in these various examinations. When I rose to go home, I was myself so much elated that I forgot I had quite neglected some important business for a valuable constituent, and that it was now too late to attend to it. Indeed, I had begun to taste the intoxicating sweets which I have before spoken of as a part of the luxuries of the class speculative. My former operations seemed so insignificant compared with what now lay before me. As I walked up Broadway, I looked with some sort of pity on the hard workers pushing homeward.

What a glorious hallucination! What an ecstatic state of brilliant hopes and joys!

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

RALPH HITCHCOCK was a class-mate in college, and I was perhaps more intimate with him than with any other student. He was an orphan, and was adopted at the age of fourteen, and educated by his uncle, who was rich. This uncle had sent Ralph to Europe. On his return, he took up his residence in Cincinnati, and shortly after married a young lady from New-York. He occasionally visited this city, and when he did was invariably my guest. He rose rapidly in

his profession — for he was a man of brilliant genius — but his life was clouded by a great misfortune: the loss of his children. When I saw him last, in 1835, the eldest and only remaining of four — a daughter — had just been snatched away. She was a lovely child, about ten years old. I never saw him dispirited before.

‘My friend,’ he said, ‘they are all gone, and I do not want to live any longer.’ He returned to his home more gloomy than when he left it; and in the autumn was seized with a bilious fever of a malignant type, and died. I was acquainted with no particulars, but supposed my friend’s circumstances were prosperous, for so he had in general led me to believe. And putting away in my heart the recollection of our early and later intercourse, as one of the happiest and saddest of my memories, I little thought another scene out of that drama was still to be presented.

I called on Mrs. Hitchcock the day following the night-scene, which I have already described. I found her apparently pretty well, and quietly engaged with her needle. She received me politely, but without a particle of alacrity or enthusiasm. She exhibited the spectacle of a refined and gentle nature, so broken by a hard destiny as to lose all sympathy with this world’s currents, while she calmly awaited the termination of her fate. Even when I stated my intimate relations with her husband, I could not perceive that her eye quickened, or that her countenance gave any sign of increased interest. Still she conversed freely with me, and gave a clear but condensed account of what had transpired since her husband’s death. It appeared the young doctor had offended his uncle, by going to the West to commence practice, instead of settling in New-York. Ralph was of an impatient and ambitious nature, and believed he could rise more rapidly in that fresh and growing region than in an older place. He was not obstinate, but high-strung. His uncle reproached him for his ingratitude. His reply was, ‘Whoever reminds one of an obligation cancels it;’ and uncle and nephew parted, and never met again. He went at once to Cincinnati, and, as I already knew, married soon after an interesting girl from New-York, and set to work to conquer a position. He succeeded; year after year he sent to his uncle, without word or comment, a certain sum, until he had, according to a liberal calculation, reimbursed the old gentleman, principal and interest, for every possible expenditure incurred on his account. Here was the fault of my friend’s nature, half-noble, half-evil in its origin; a deep and perpetual recollection of a taunt or unjust reproach. Much as we had conferred together by letter and otherwise, and intimate as we had been, Ralph never alluded to any disagreement with his uncle, and I now heard of it for the first time. Affairs went happily with Ralph every way, until his children began to die. He bore up against the repeated blows till, as I have before stated, his eldest was taken. Then it was the world first knew what a sensitive and impressible nature the rapid, energetic medical man carried about under the brusque outside. His heart-strings snapped. In vain his wife, herself in the depths of affliction, sought to console him. It had no effect. And so the fever found in him a most favorable subject, without any nervous resistance, or apparently vital energy. He left but little property beside his furni-

ture and medical library, horses and carriage. For he had lived generously, and like too many professional men, had not counted on what 'after death befalls' the family who are left behind. The widow struggled on for a while, assisted by the usual resource — boarders. 'Matilda' came into the world nearly six months after the death of her husband. She was emphatically the child of sorrow. Unlike the other children, she resembled her father; and from infancy manifested great maturity of mind. With this she exhibited to an unhappy degree the peculiar sensitiveness which was in him so striking a characteristic. She was full of every generous and tender emotion — affectionate and pitiful in the extreme, but proud, quick, violent, and impatient; very passionate too on occasions. Neither obstinate nor wilful, but wayward and fitful as the wind. Mrs. Hitchcock unfortunately had yielded to her imperious temper; the more so as she could see her husband in every burst and outbreak; exaggerated, it is true, but the more striking because exaggerated. After several years of hard work in Cincinnati, the furniture needed replenishing, the rent of the house was increased, two of her best boarders had gone away, and Mrs. Hitchcock was in despair. About this time she received a letter from a cousin in New-York, an estimable lady, as the world esteems people. That is, she was rich; she was a church-member. She contributed largely to several of the city benevolent societies. She was Presidentess of one, and a directress in half-a-dozen. She was in fact one of a large class, who, like the Pharisee of old, thank God they are not like other people. This lady had married rather late in life, had been blessed with one child, a daughter; and, as it happened, just the age, within a few days, of the pet lamb of the widow Hitchcock. With all her cold philanthropy, her formal religion, her tiresome deed-work, her labored charities, there was a spot in this woman's heart not quite covered by the armor of self-righteousness and formality. She loved her child. That single, simple outlet from a fearful, arid, unproductive heart, betrayed the existence of a vital point. Her cousin, Mrs. Hitchcock, and she were girls together — were at school together. Then the latter was in a far better position than the now wife of a rich merchant, and was looked up to accordingly. But things had changed. Mary Anne, then a bold and showy girl, had made a 'good match,' and finding nothing to love in a leather-hearted man, twenty years her senior, had fortunately for herself (for she might have laid hold of the other extreme, and disgraced her family) taken to piety for occupation of her leisure hours, ambitiously aspiring to lead the feminine portion of the congregation. Her cousin married too, and left for Cincinnati. Shortly after, Mrs. Hitchcock's father, who was a lawyer, departed this life, and like most lawyers, who are said to 'work hard, live well, and die poor,' left little for his widow, who went to take up her abode with her only child, and survived her husband but a few years.

Mrs. Lemuel Dings, for some reason or other, always kept up a correspondence with her cousin, Mrs. Hitchcock. Perhaps she thought, after all, that the old uncle would relent, and at the last moment leave his fortune to the Hitchcocks. Perhaps the deference the family paid to her better position in society still had a certain influence with her. At any rate, when the really worldly-

minded but professedly pious Mrs. Dings found a visitor which she had talked a great deal about, preached and prayed a great deal about, and professed to have no sort of fear of, suddenly an inmate of her house, lodged in her own apartments, close to what was left of her heart; when DEATH in actual presence presented himself, and took — not her husband, but her child; this poor woman was desolate. After the funeral she went about the house very sad. She found no consolation in those precious promises of Scripture which she had heretofore made such parade of.

After a time she remembered the child of her cousin, how handsome it was when she last saw it, only the year before, during a tour West with her husband. Then she contemplated the idea of adopting that child for her own. It never occurred to her, that her unfortunate cousin would herself be bereft of her only source of happiness, should she succeed in stealing away her daughter. It never occurred to her to let her charities flow in the direction to relieve that cousin, and make her happy *with* her child. Oh! no, not for a moment. But she feared to write, and propose bluntly to receive Matilda, and adopt her as her own. So she sent, proposing that Mrs. Hitchcock should remove from Cincinnati to New-York. She explained how easy it would be with the influence she, Mrs. Dings, could exert, for her cousin to live very pleasantly, and support herself very comfortably there. This letter came at a time when Mrs. Hitchcock was perplexing herself about more furniture, and how to pay a higher rent. The poor woman began to be very weary of life, as she had found it since her husband's decease, and she welcomed the idea of getting back to her native city. So, after some correspondence on the subject, but without settling any details, she decided to come. The few effects remaining to her were sold out, and Mrs. Hitchcock with Matilda took leave of Cincinnati.

Arrived in New-York, Mrs. Dings received her cousin at the steam-boat landing, and conveyed her not to her own handsome mansion in Fourteenth-street, but to comfortable apartments in what is called in New-York a 'tenement-house,' in the Sixth Avenue. Justice to Mrs. Dings compels me to say that the building was new, and of the better description of that class of edifices. It belonged to Mr. Dings, who, it was to be hoped, would not prove a severe landlord. The fact was, Mrs. Dings, considering the situation of her cousin and the very slender means at her disposal, had really calculated judiciously for her; judiciously, but out of a very cold heart. Without indulging in any generous impulse, she had come to the icy decision as to just what was best for such a person, (that is, any such person, 'cousin' out of the question,) in just that reduced situation. She intended — not because she indulged in any kind emotion, but in order, as she said, to live up to a sense of duty — to throw sufficient needle-work in her cousin's way to enable her to support herself. Then, in due time, she would broach the subject of adopting Matilda. Mrs. Hitchcock, though wounded by the course pursued by the charitable Mrs. Dings, had good sense enough to make the best of her situation.

Matters ran along for nearly a twelve-month. Matilda was growing very fast; her mother began to feel how necessary education was for her. Mrs.

Dings, who had watched the progress of events, finally made her proposition at, as she considered, just the right juncture. The widow could not listen to it. But poverty is a great persuader. Ought she, she at length asked herself, ought she to stand in the way of her child's advancement? She decided that she ought not. But how to prevail on Matilda, for her love for her mother was unbounded, while her passionate nature might resist. At length she persuaded her to make the experiment. The child was not insensible to the allurements of a fine house filled with servants, a handsome carriage in which she was to ride, and a large variety of pretty dresses. Her mother dared not tell her she would see her but seldom, and that Mrs. Dings would have in the future entire control over her actions in her place. Well, the change was made. Mrs. Hitchcock kissed her child, and gave her up to the woman who had coveted her so much. She previously had a long and earnest conversation with Matilda, in which she enjoined her by the memory of her father and by a mother's love to curb her impatient nature and restrain her violence of temper. Matilda's promises were interrupted by sobs and hysteric screams.

Three days passed without incident. Mrs. Hitchcock was very lonely, and was beginning to feel she could not endure the separation longer, when late in the afternoon Matilda rushed into the room, threw herself into her mother's arms, and exclaimed: 'I will never go back, I will never go back. The woman wants me to call her 'mother.' She says I *must* call her 'mother.' I will not do it—I will not. You are my mother. I will call no one mother but you!'

This was the *dénouement* of the selfish scheme of Mrs. Dings to rob the poor widow of her only child. I am forced to record that with its failure she ceased to take any interest in her cousin's affairs, and soon managed to lose sight of her altogether.

Mrs. Hitchcock did her best to support herself and daughter. The latter had become skilful with the needle, and though impatient of restraint, worked industriously for her mother's sake, yet always manifesting evidences of a proud, haughty, self-willed nature. She would not humbly submit to her destiny; she revolted against it. She became more and more bitter toward the world, and looked with almost hatred on the rich. She delighted at times to go into the streets, dressed as meanly as possible, and watch with feelings almost of malignity the carriages as they rolled along. At thirteen she had acquired nearly the stature of a woman, and her poor mother was sadly exercised about her, since her expanding beauty already attracted the attention of all who encountered her.

Such was the story, which I narrate, from what I heard from the widow, and from facts which afterward came to my knowledge. It appeared Mrs. Hitchcock had never, before that stormy night, been attacked in such a manner. I found she was not in actual want of the necessaries of life, but it was evident her constitution was fast breaking down, and that her days were numbered. After gleaning this history, I repeated it to Alice, who the next day paid Mrs. Hitchcock and her daughter a visit. What finally resulted from it, the reader shall learn in due time.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

A GREAT change came over the appearance of my office. From a quiet, retired room, with few visitors, it was transferred into a bustling, active place, filled with people from morning till night — very agreeable people too. They were generally the parties originally interested in the schemes which Harley had undertaken. For, since the Alworthy failure, my friend had thought best to remove his office from Pollock's, especially as he had concluded not to engage with that firm, as he at first intended, in shipping pure spirits to Bordeaux and have it returned a first-rate article of French brandy, to be sold in bond. The consequence was, since Harley expected to leave in a few weeks for Europe, and I was to be so closely interested with him, that we thought it best he should remove to my office, which, by the ready adaptation of a large screen, we easily converted into two rooms.

I now became fully acquainted with the class ycleped 'non-industrial' by severe and rigid people. I recollect being most interested in a gentleman who wished to call attention to the harbor of Brunswick in Georgia, a neglected position, and claimed to be one of the best havens on the whole line of coast. It was proposed to erect a city there in place of the few scattering houses, and make it the *entrepôt* for Georgia pine betwixt the interior and England. This man was very sanguine of becoming a millionaire and of making Harley a millionaire also. He was a liberal, whole-souled fellow, who was possessed of considerable landed property in Georgia, and was desirous to avail himself of Harley's genius to make it available. He lived well: ate good dinners, drank good wines, and waited with patient good-nature for the auspicious day when English capital should cross the water, guided by the extraordinary talent of his friend Harley, (to whom he had given a written contract to share equally,) and should proceed to develop the resources of his native State in a manner serviceable to all parties.

It is quite unnecessary to make mention of the many schemes presented to Harley, which were at once rejected as altogether too visionary or impracticable. One, however, I will allude to, and hope an old acquaintance will pardon me for recalling an instance when his usual good sense and shrewdness forsook him so far that he actually lent a serious ear and a good deal of money toward the construction of a flying-machine. This was first offered to Harley, who rejected it on the spot, but as it promised so much — the ocean could be traversed in a few hours with ease and without danger — it so far found favor in Wall-street as to induce the gentleman just mentioned to put in sufficient money to build one. Delicacy forbids my going into particulars, and telling what became of the machine.

I repeat, my office was now filled with gentlemen, all of whom were about to realize fortunes. The tone of conversation was always cheerful and encouraging; in fact, we had it all our own way. But unfortunately, reader, the more my office became frequented by these sanguine gentlemen of the future, the greater was my distaste for my daily occupation. Listening continually to remarks where no sums under tens of thousands were ever spoken of, and from

these numerals as a minimum up to fabulous amounts, it is not to be wondered at that I became disgusted with the petty labors of a note-broker, wherein my first ambition had been to make five dollars a day. To run about all the morning without success, or if successful, to secure but three or four dollars as the fruit of my industry, became very irksome in view of the large sums I was, it seemed, certain of realizing in the course of a few months. Harley thought it very ridiculous of me to be still digging away at what he called my break-back work. Without exactly withdrawing from my business, I found myself taking less and less interest in it. This was soon perceived by my constituents, and the result can be readily divined. By degrees my business fell off. I was too much occupied to think about it. Indeed it was not long before I was engrossed heart and soul in the various schemes which Harley had under preparation. Possibly the reader will wonder at this avowal. I wonder when I now look back on what I was doing. I had experience. I was fully enlightened on the subject. I may say I knew just what I was about. But for all that, a certain hallucination had possession of me. I can compare its effects only to what is produced by the extraordinary stimulus of wine or tobacco. The conversation of men about every-day affairs became insipid. I lived in a world shared only by my companions in exaltation, and if occasionally I permitted any foreboding of the issue, or any distrust of results to cross my mind, I had only to cheer myself by conversing with some of my friends, who were fully competent to reassure me. Harley had not yet called on me for the seven hundred and odd dollars which he had desired me to retain. He finally said he should not require it till he left for Europe. I was exceedingly prudent with relation to it and took care to invest it on call on perfect security. But the control of the money made me feel richer than I really was, and helped to heighten the day-dream which entranced me.

One thing proved a source of constant embarrassment. I have observed that I was in the habit of informing my daughter as to all my daily plans and various little details of business, interesting only to her in consequence of her intense sympathy with every thing which concerned me. Now, I could not explain to her just what I was doing, and hoped to achieve. Why could n't I? That was the question. Did I not fear that to her clear and unsophisticated sense, child as she was, my hopes and expectations would seem visionary and delusive, especially as I was losing the substance — a sure support from day to day — while I grasped at what *might* turn out indeed but shadow? That was it. And while in a general way I gave Alice to understand that I had undertaken several business matters which promised largely, I no longer talked over affairs with her as heretofore. I grew silent and *distract*. I spent less time at the house with the children, and even when at home, began to feel a nervous restlessness to get back to the scene of so much promise, where I could talk over our plans with Harley, and find in his ever-cheerful companionship a solace against any fear or foreboding. I said my business diminished. It is remarkable how soon the world will discover when a man is not in earnest in what he is about, and deal with him accordingly. Of all occupations, the one I had selected required perhaps the most assiduous attention. The reader will

not be surprised to learn that before Harley got ready to sail for Liverpool I had quite abandoned the occupation of note-broker, or rather, it had abandoned me. And why? I have already explained. Not that my time was really entirely taken up in these new schemes, but because attention to them absolutely unfitted me for any steady occupation, so that I could not endure the tranquil uniformity of ordinary life. But how was I to live, meantime? Even so serious a question did not embarrass me, did not present itself in force or seriously. Oh! in all these various projects, a few thousands must come under any circumstances. I have already five hundred dollars ahead, beside the five hundred dollars of Alice. I can at any time draw for what is necessary on Harley, so he says; and we shall yet have between two and three thousand dollars out of the proceeds of the sale of the old house. At the same time, I insensibly adopted a rather more generous style of living, so that I was soon spending at the rate of two thousand dollars a year instead of fifteen hundred. My friends perceived the agreeable change in my appearance, and congratulated me on my doing so well. Even Mr. Norwood was deceived. He was not familiar with what I was about from day to day, and did not know, and I did not tell him that I had abandoned my original occupation. But his congratulations embarrassed me. It seemed as if I were deceiving him by receiving them. However, things went on pleasantly during the heyday of that speculative dream. I saw plainly I was considered to be in a prosperous way, and I really fancied myself so. If called on for the reason why, I should have waived the subject, for I could not give any.

I took, however, some precautions, although Harley had repeatedly intimated I could rely on him for any thing. I seized an opportunity to explain to him that my embarking in these various affairs quite prevented attention to any regular business. His reply was every way satisfactory. He fully comprehended it, he said, and supposed from what he had already told me, that I distinctly understood he was aware my business would be sacrificed, and he intended to relieve my mind on that head by authorizing me to draw on him, pending negotiations, for what was necessary for the support of myself and family. If the reader could have witnessed the kind manner and appreciative tone of Harley while making this communication, he would not wonder at the effect it produced on me. Nothing could have been more generous, and such confidence did this man inspire by his extraordinary address, that the failure of any one of his plans seemed impossible—that is the word, impossible. I now felt at ease with respect to the future. My days at home were happy again. I was no longer absent-minded or *distract*. Oh! how I did enjoy that period of repose from anxiety and apprehension.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH

It was not till February of the new year (1849) that Harley was quite ready to sail for Europe. His determination to have all his documents in unexceptionable shape before presenting them to the capitalists over the water, led to the delay. But at length every paper was in order. Exemplification of public documents, certified copies from public records, elaborately drawn powers of

attorney duly executed and acknowledged, and all duly authenticated both by the English and French Consuls, ('for,' said Harley, 'I may decide to operate in Paris as well as London,') filled a large, substantial, iron-bound box, to us the true philosopher's stone — the real elixir for transmuting into gold.

Prior to Harley's departure, I refunded to him the money which he had left in my charge and which I knew he relied on for immediate expenses. He would take no interest, although I had received not only interest, but two or three commissions from its employment. He even apologized for touching the money at all. 'You know,' he observed, 'it will never do for me to go out to London in any other character than as a man of wealth. A poor devil is John Bull's special abhorrence. Notwithstanding his severe hits in America, he still believes this is the place to realize fortunes. And on account of his own prudent habits, he can't understand why, if we live like nabobs, we should not be as rich as nabobs are said to be. So I shall take my wife with me to London; hire a handsome-furnished house; open spacious offices in the city; set up my brougham with a spruce tiger in livery, and drive into town at precisely the same moment of time every morning, and leave just as precisely every afternoon. This will show several things: that I am a very independent fellow every way; that I am very punctual as well as punctilious, and therefore a thorough man of business. You shall see,' he added after a pause, in which it seemed as if he were contemplating himself as he descended from his carriage in the neighborhood of the bank, and marched with an easy, much-at-home air into his office, 'you shall see my friend,' he repeated, nodding complacently, 'and that very soon.'

Harley actually left the country to carry out his various plans, including the play of rich man by setting up an establishment, brougham and all, with less than a thousand dollars at command, and with no resources beyond what could be derived from the contents of the afore-mentioned large iron-bound box.

I know the regular business-man will sneer at the ventures of my good friend. For he regards such people as Harley as pests in the community, because they live so much at their ease, and act so charmingly the part of capitalists without having a dollar of capital. And yet this same regular man of business looks at the man of speculation with a species of envy akin to that with which your severely virtuous woman regards the free-and-easy manners of some stylish lady who, her reputation having become a little questionable, has placed herself just outside the limits of severe restriction.

Knowing just what I did about Harley, would you not suppose I trembled for the result of certain drafts I was to draw on him to defray immediate expenses? And yet the subject gave me no uneasiness whatever. Indeed, so fully did I believe in his ability to accomplish his objects, that I forebore to ask him for about two hundred dollars, which I had already expended out of the five hundred laid aside, because I perceived how important the money would be to him at the start.

Harley was particular to put our understanding in writing before he left. By it I was to receive one fourth part of the net profits to be derived from the

various schemes he had undertaken or should undertake in connection with his present trip to Europe. Perhaps it may occur to the reader to inquire how I was to be of use to Harley, at least to such an extent that he should be ready to let me into so considerable a share of the results of his enterprises. I was myself at first a little at loss on the subject, but in getting to be thoroughly informed of all his plans, I saw how important it was for him to have a reliable coadjutor on this side. Beside, I still retained some valuable correspondents there, and I could materially aid Harley in establishing himself.

It was Wednesday, precisely at noon, that the Cunard steamer 'Hibernia' left her dock, with Harley and his wife among the passengers. Mrs. Harley was especially delighted at the idea of 'going to Europe.' She had not accompanied her husband on his previous trip. My whole family went with me to the steamer to see our friends off, for we had become very well acquainted during the winter. The children were much delighted at every thing they beheld, and Alice played the matron astonishingly well. As I bid Harley adieu, it seemed as if I had been well acquainted with him all my life. His cordial, whole-souled 'God bless you!' struck into my heart. We watched the steamer for some time as she worked slowly down into the bay, Harley waving his handkerchief at intervals, all of us returning his signals. At last he was no longer to be seen, and with a parting glance at the ship, we took our way homeward.

I expected to feel lonely after Harley's departure. Indeed, the next morning I found myself quite below par in spirits. On reaching my office, however, some of our friends who were interested in one or the other of the enterprises Harley had in charge, came in, and the day was spent discussing various points relating to them. In the course of the week one or two gentlemen, hearing I was concerned in such negotiations, came to introduce new projects to me, so that my time was quite occupied with examining these and others which now fell in my way.

I have stated that I gradually increased my daily expenditures. Strange, you will say, since I had thus far made nothing at all out of any of these schemes, but on the contrary, had already spent two hundred dollars of what I called my principal. But the future was to be my pay-master, and I trusted to it implicitly. I adopted, therefore, Harley's advice to occasionally invite to dinner some of the gentlemen who were interested in the most valuable enterprises. This threw a cheerful air over our house, and made Alice especially happy because she believed it a sign of renewed prosperity. In return, many were the charming dinners I was invited to at the several fashionable hotels of the city. I well remember one given at the Gloria Hotel by the Georgia gentleman, who was proposing to develop the capabilities of the Port of Brunswick. It was a very delightful set down — ten covers. The bill of fare was printed on satin, commencing with 'Saddle-Rock oysters on the half-shell,' and followed by all the delicacies New-York could afford. The wines and liquors were superb. At that dinner was the agent of a British capitalist, who had come at Harley's suggestion to examine and report on the subject of the property, the facilities

for cutting and transporting pine, and the depth of water at the port of Brunswick. This person was an engineer by profession, not in the permanent employ of the capitalist, but selected for the occasion. Of course it was for the interest of the Georgia gentleman to produce from first to last a good impression. He therefore opened the campaign with the dinner at the Gloria Hotel. This was followed by other agreeable attentions, until both took their departure for the famous harbor.* For our friend was too sagacious to allow the agent to proceed by himself, not that there were any untruthful representations made respecting the enterprise; but the fear was, that other parties, jealous of his good fortune, might get the ear of the Englishman and underbid their neighbor in the price of pine timber lands, of which this particular person certainly had not the monopoly in that district.

In just one month I received a letter from Harley. He had arrived safely with his wife. Had already had a most encouraging interview with his solicitor. All things looked very prosperous. Would fly fully next steamer.

From that time forward Harley proved a most regular correspondent. He was a voluminous letter-writer. The least measure of success and every shadow of adverse prospects were vividly daguerreotyped. But there was very little shadow to a man of Harley's temperament, so his epistles were generally inspiring. He was remarkably clear and methodical; to each particular scheme was devoted a certain space, and headed accordingly. Under each head were his remarks, requests, or instructions. Sometimes fresh documents were required for this; more information to be forwarded about that; a new set of papers for a third, and so on. It was not long before something definite appeared to be gradually working out of the innumerable matters in hand. To be sure, John Bull was not to be hurried. Yet Harley understood his character so well that he lost no moment of time. At length a Company was formed under the auspices of his enterprising solicitors for working the Tennessee Copper Mine, 'provisionally' it was true, based on the report of a scientific man, to be sent immediately forward. So far so good. Again a wealthy broker of Austen Friars had consented to send an agent to Lake Superior to investigate the value of the property there, which Harley had offered for exploitation. The California mines promised still better; for all London, Harley wrote, seemed crazy after them.

Those were bright days, indeed, when each successive steamer brought some favorable tidings. Harley had been successful in procuring a delightful house, in which he was soon installed, and his plans were all working to a charm. At the end of two months I drew on him for one hundred pounds to cover (according to agreement) my personal expenses and also certain disbursements made in the course of business. The bill was duly honored, and it is impossible to describe my transports on experiencing this first evidence of success. *There* was something tangible. To be sure, only amounting to what I had disbursed, but it included a livelihood.

* As it cannot at this present crisis interfere with any of the operations of Mr. PARKINSON or his friends, we venture to call the attention of our Government to the natural advantages of this same port of Brunswick, and trust it will not pass unheeded. — EDITOR KNICKERBOCKER.

Harley was meanwhile careful to explain that it must necessarily be some time before *profits* could be realized. He managed, he said, in his various operations, to secure expenses by arranging for a small sum to be raised on the provisional shares, or on the various conventions he entered into. These provided for the expense of examining property and other incidental matters which Harley took good care should cover his expenses and my own. In this way the brougham and tiger were sustained, and a very nice time generally inaugurated for Mrs. Harley, while my own drafts, which gradually increased in amount, were promptly met.

It was not long before Mr. and Mrs. Harley were presented at Court, and soon found their way into society which, had they been born in England, they could never have entered. But as wealthy Americans, residing abroad, whose position was assured by their ambassador, and who stood well financially with their bankers, the *entrée* to fashionable circles was easy and felicitous. There, for the present, we may leave them.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

IN the summer of 1849 the cholera visited New-York. It did not interfere much with rich people. There were certain startling exceptions, however, sudden and sharp, which made the luxurious sensitive as to their hold on life, and induced a general hegira from the town to the mountains or sea-shore. As a rule, it was the poor who were forced to bear the principal burden of the epidemic, as they have to take other burdens grievous to be borne, but which Providence has decreed they *must* endure so long as they live. By the middle of July, the deaths by cholera alone reached one hundred daily. This account soon ran up to two hundred. I felt no great apprehension for myself, but children have an instinctive terror of pestilence, and I began to fear for them. So, early in July I took pleasant lodgings at a small town, in the interior of Connecticut, and remained there until the middle of September. I was happy to be able to aid Mrs. Hitchcock and her daughter to accompany us. In this quiet but delightful retreat I spent two months very pleasantly. I devoted myself to the young people, and glimpses of happier days shone in on me. Matilda appeared more natural than I ever saw her; only she had a nervous fear of the contagion which was at times melancholy to witness. I received my letters from Harley regularly, although my absence from New-York necessarily delayed some matters, and became each day more and more sanguine of satisfactory results.

When we all came back in September, the city had resumed its wonted aspect. Congratulations passed among friends and acquaintances as they met and found on inquiry each others' families with unbroken numbers. Sometimes condolences were tendered instead. But the pestilence had now left us, that was certain, and the inhabitants returned to their business or their pleasures with undiminished zest; indeed, rather with a heightened ardor, caused by a natural reaction.

As I gathered my little family safe around me the first evening of our ar-

rival, I *did* feel grateful to God for permitting us all to live. I called to mind how two years before we had come in from Newport, so suddenly to encounter that calamitous reverse. I could not prevent some severe pangs as I thought over the occurrences of that year; recalled the scenes in my house in Broadway, scenes in which my wife was always in the foreground. I thought of the stormy night, when I came home drenched with rain, to find her waiting for me — a ready, active, sympathizing spirit. How vividly I saw her, with her hand resting on my shoulder, looking anxiously into my face and demanding to know what troubled me. Then the scene changed to the last, sad parting; the melancholy termination of our united life. Oh! the rich, unbounded resources of her woman's heart! Where was she now? And I! What had I still to do here?

I looked up, and my glance fell on Alice. I was impressed for the first time with the fact that she was now a young lady. For the first time, as it seemed to me, I perceived the entire sacrifice she was making of herself to promote her Father's happiness. She was at an age when young girls most enjoy society; when its pleasures are fresh and its enjoyments genial and innocent. But Alice lived without any of these. Her time was devoted to the younger children and to me. It is true she had received invitations from some of our old friends, but she refused them all. For a time Miss Stevenson visited her, and endeavored to bring her out of the seclusion she had chosen; she called several times to ask her to ride. It was of no avail, and the visits were at length discontinued. Alice, evidently, had come to a decision as to her course, and was firm in abiding by it.

I say that I regarded Alice at that moment in a new light. It struck me that I was very unjust to permit her to go on in this manner. 'Alice!' I said.

She looked up.

'Come here, my child.'

She came, and seated herself by my side.

'Do you know what I am thinking of, Alice; do you remember two years ago?'

'How can I forget it, papa; the time when you were so unhappy?'

'I know, Alice, but I was not thinking of that. I was thinking of the time when *you* had so much to make you gay. You were just beginning to enjoy society — still a school-girl, but old enough to appreciate what you saw at home. Now, when you ought to mix with young people of your own age, you are shut up here, and are nothing but a drudge.'

'How can you say so, papa; do I seem so stupid and drudge-like to you?'

'No, indeed, but, my child, you are no longer a little girl. You have become, almost without my perceiving it, a young lady, and it is very wrong for me to permit you to be shut up in the way you are.'

'My dear father,' said Alice very seriously, 'I know what you mean; and knowing it, let me entreat you not to bestow one moment of uneasiness about me. For I assure you I think I never was so happy in my life — no,' (she paused as if to consider,) 'not even when dear mamma was alive. It seems as if I had so much to live for; to make things pleasant for you, and to look after

Charley and Anna. Oh! so much depends on me, papa — at least I make myself believe so — that I am very, very happy.'

I could not repress my tears.

'Besides, papa,' she continued, 'do not think I neglect myself. I read a great deal, you know, for you select the books. I practise my music, and you often tell me how much I improve. We have, too, some very agreeable neighbors; not wealthy people, I admit, but who are really refined and intelligent, whom I frequently see, and have pleasant chats with. And now can you not understand why I should be content?'

'God bless you, my child; God bless you.' It was all I could say. I kissed her tenderly, and rose, and went to my own room till I could subdue my emotion. Then I came back to the parlor, tea was brought in, after that we were musical — and so the evening wore away.

The cholera had not passed me by altogether. The next day, as I was going to my office, I learned what was to me very distressing intelligence. Mr. Norwood had fallen a victim to the terrible scourge. He owned a pleasant summer residence near New-Rochelle, and, although there was a good deal of sickness in the vicinity, he did not think it necessary to go elsewhere. He was taken suddenly one evening on returning from town, and in twenty-four hours was a corpse. I suppose I was selfish in my grief at the loss of my only steadfast and disinterested friend. The suddenness of the attack, and the swiftness of the result, appalled me. How full of life was this man! Literally he had been taken away in the midst of his days. I did not know how much I really depended on him till he was lost to me. So it is with us. We cannot appreciate the various props and supports which surround and sustain us till one after another is struck from us, and we are left defenceless. Mr. Norwood dead! was I never more to be cheered by his encouraging smile, nor buoyed up by his kind assurances? No, never again.

I sat an hour in my office thinking over events connected with my intimacy with this high-minded, honest advocate.

Unable to bear longer the sad thoughts which overcame me, I descended to the street. The first person I met was Downer. We shook hands. I never felt so cordially disposed toward him as at that moment. His countenance indicated a good deal of recent suffering.

'Have you been in the city all summer?' I asked.

'To be sure I have. How could a poor devil like me get out of it? I sent my wife and children into Delaware county, among the woods, where they could live cheaper than here, but I had to stay and make something to support them. Thank God I have lived through it. Never had a dispute with my wife before. This time I was determined to have my own way. She insisted on not leaving me; I declared she should. I brought the children into the argument, and that helped to carry the day. The fact is, I knew I should n't die. But I came pretty near it, though. Was taken one night all alone in my house. Well, I lived, and here we are.'

Since I had seen Downer's family, I entertained very different sentiments

toward him. I could fully understand, I thought, his struggles, and the feelings which actuated him. Little did he care for the smooth conventionalities of society when those he loved were ready to perish.

'So,' he remarked after a pause, 'you are out of it?'

'Out of what, pray?'

'Why, out of this hell-begotten business. I knew you would n't stand it long. I knew you could n't.'

'Oh! I perceive your meaning now,' I replied. 'It is true I have taken up other matters, which I thought promised better. But not because I was disgusted with what I was doing, I assure you. On the contrary, I sometimes have doubts as to the expediency of leaving a business I think I could have made a comfortable living in.'

'Well, you were doing pretty fair, that's a fact. But you started at a good time, and had n't been through one of our hard scrabbles. Then, I tell you, there must some go to the wall. It is the hardest fend off. So, thank HEAVEN that you are well out of it.'

'If I am *well* out of it, I will. Good morning.'

I turned to depart. Downer called me back. He wore a singular expression of countenance. He hesitated a moment, and then bluntly said: 'Can you lend me five dollars?'

'With much pleasure,' I exclaimed, and I handed him the desired sum.

'Doubtful if you ever see it again,' he said with an attempt to be jocose, and he walked rapidly away.

I found I had a good deal on my hands in bringing up various matters which had to be neglected during my sojourn in the country. My former *confreeres* soon gathered around me, and I was presently engaged, busily as ever, with Harley's instructions, with receiving and getting off the agents who were coming out, in laying hold of some new projects, and attending generally to the details of our various enterprises. My mind was again buoyed up with a feeling, which sure prospect of success invariably produces. The reader, who has thus far followed me, as I have endeavored truthfully to recount some occurrences of my life, must not make up his mind too hastily, that I was altogether without decision of character, or fixedness of purpose. It is a dreadful thing to become unsettled after one has passed fifty, and a most difficult thing to recover again. Indeed, it seems to be just a hazard, and nothing more.

You meet a man, for example, you have not encountered for many years. You had lost sight of him altogether. He was formerly an active, enterprising citizen, occupying a prominent position; now he is a complete wreck: that is very evident. But what stress of weather has brought him to this condition? His ship has gone down, perhaps, in very sight of port. From position and influence of a certain kind, having missed his footing, perhaps by no fault of his own, he has fallen clear into the other extreme. Reader, do not forget this class. Try, if it be possible, to do something to relieve those who belong to it. Remember, if you find in them any thing to censure and carp at,

that great have been their trials and misfortunes, and your charity must be proportionably great.

You meet another man whom you had also lost sight of. When you last saw him his coat was threadbare ; he was struggling with difficulties ; pressed down, harassed ; borrowing money to-day, so as to return what he owed for yesterday's debt ; jumping from bog to bog — very soon it seemed he would be engulfed. Now, how quiet and complacent he is ; how unembarrassed and quite at ease ! He has grown stouter and taller and broader. His face is fuller, and his complexion finer. You no longer see any restlessness of the eye, any perturbation in the countenance. He wears gloves, and he takes one off with unction as he shakes your hand. The first individual avoided you, this one evidently courts a recognition. It is plain he has weathered the storm, and got safe into harbor. But it might have been the other man who weathered it, and this who went down. Rejoice, therefore, with the one who is snug and safe in a fair haven, and lend a helping hand, if you can, to the one struggling among the breakers.

It is comparatively easy to write the history of our lives, but oh ! who shall write the history of the lives we do *not* lead ! I mean the lives which our youthful aspirations, our tastes and our hopes, marked out for us. The lives, perhaps, which we are just ready to enter on when a cruel destiny overtook us. Ah ! who shall dare to write that history !

END OF PART SECOND.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE DEBATE BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE : OR THE ANCIENT HEBRAIC IDEA OF THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION. With an Essay on the Literary Character of TAYLER LEWIS. Andover: WARREN F. DRAPER.

IN our judgment, the most profound and conscientious thinker in this country is TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D., at present Professor of the Greek Language in Union College. We record this as our earnest and deliberate conviction. Those who read his 'Faith the Life of Science,' and his 'PLATO against the Atheists,' were quite ready to welcome his 'Six Days of Creation.' Starting with the grand idea that 'Science commits suicide when it separates itself from religious belief,' Dr. LEWIS proceeds in a stately and logical march onward, to the utter discomfiture of two classes of persons, to wit: the avowed infidel, and the dough-faced Christian, who spends his time in seeking some apology for the lack of geological and other knowledge exhibited in the Scriptures. To these people TAYLER LEWIS is *Anathema Maranatha*. He offends the cherished pride of opinion of the one, and the red-tape Christianity of the other. Of course both these classes are exceedingly stirred up. Both have attacked Dr. LEWIS with so low and vindictive a display of venom, that they fall to the ground, carried down by the weight of their own malice. Really, we see no reason for any reply to these people, and believe the best way to deal with such pompous but shallow critics is to leave them alone. The anonymous author of 'The Debate,' manifestly is not of our opinion, but has entered the lists in defence and vindication of Dr. LEWIS and his works. He has done this in the volume before us (a book of four hundred and thirty-seven pages) with a great deal of heartiness and very considerable ability. The book is not well put together; it lacks from the beginning to the end clearness and simplicity of arrangement. One must be careful in reading it, not to get confused and a little mixed up with the positions of the several various controversies, and so forth; but we repeat, there is much ability displayed throughout, and, what is always important in such a volume, much earnestness. Still TAYLER LEWIS needs no apologist in this land. He soars far beyond the harmless shafts of the Andover Theologian, or the infidel scientific professors of the Universities. He may with confidence, like BACON, leave his name to 'foreign nations and the next ages.' The former long since did justice to it, and it gives us pleasure in this connection to quote some paragraphs from the 'London Review' for July, in its notice of this same work:

'PROFESSOR TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D., was for eleven years, from 1888 to 1849, Professor of Greek and Latin Literature in the University of New-York. Since 1849 he has been Professor in Union College, Schenectady. He has addicted himself to the study of philosophy and theology no less than of classical literature, and has added the mastery of Hebrew to that of Latin and Greek.

'The last hundred and fifty pages of this volume are occupied with an Essay on the Literary Character of TAYLER LEWIS, who is held in profound admiration by the anonymous author.

'The author says that COLERIDGE and DR QUINCY, though in respect of the fragmentary character of their writings, they afford a good parallel to TAYLER LEWIS, are in learning, logic, and intellect too inferior to be brought into comparison, and that the only writer with whom TAYLER LEWIS can be classed is PASCAL. As respects COLERIDGE, he makes this striking remark, that, although 'he has put forth a widely-felt and still extending influence, more so in this country than in England,' yet 'in its last analysis, his philosophical speculations are brilliant failures to reconcile principles not fathomed with doctrines not believed.'

'It is much to say—but we confess that the extracts given from his writings seem to us almost to justify the enthusiastic devotion with which Lewis has inspired his defender and panegyrist. We have met with few passages more nobly eloquent, or more distinguished by true and deep philosophy, than some of those with which this portion of the volume is enriched, and we earnestly wish we could have transferred the greater portion of them into these pages. Some of them are peculiarly appropriate to the present condition of thought and state of theological controversy in this country. Indeed, had the series been selected with a foresight of 'The Essays and Reviews,' and in order to counteract their teachings, they could hardly have been more exactly adapted to that end. How profound, how true, how seasonable are the thoughts in the following noble passage on 'The True Idea of God.' (The Reviewer cites the whole of this: pages 812-815.)

'It is possible,' says the author of this volume, 'to arrive at the conviction that revelation proceeds upon the idea of a preceding revelation, and upon the idea that there are certain moral truths known to man which it merely conforms and enforces,' (page 82.) There is at the end of the volume an excellent passage illustrating this sentiment, given from Lewis, from which we quote the concluding portion. (The Reviewer cites from pages 482, 483.)

'There are some admirable pages on the 'Law of Progress' peculiarly worthy of study, but which will not admit of fragmentary quotation. They are in disproof of 'the doctrine of eternal rectilinear progression as commonly held,' which Lewis maintains is not true of man, either physically or morally.

'The immediate occasion of the present volume is, that Professor Lewis has published a treatise on 'The Six Days of Creation,' which has been 'severely handled by certain critics.' His anonymous disciple and admirer steps forward—unknown to Professor Lewis himself as to the public at large—to vindicate his hero's theory. Prof. Lewis's treatise undertook to demonstrate the perfect and literal harmony of the Mosaic record of Creation with the principles of geologic science. 'It gave a masterly exposition of the nature of Scriptural language on natural subjects,' professed to furnish a strict and scientific analysis of the essential ideas which belong to the word *Day*, and to show that that word could be used with exact propriety, and that from the very text and context of the record itself, it can be shown that in the record of creation it is used to denote cycles of time of a certain description. In this way it professed, 'philologically to establish that the cycles of creation were indefinite periods; it also undertook to show that the language of the sacred writer is consistent with the position, and indeed, would be most naturally interpreted as teaching that 'Creation, as revealed, is a supernatural work, carried on by natural agencies, through indefinite times;' and that 'such was the ancient oriental idea of Creation,' from which the western and modern mind has strayed away, and thus brought the whole language of the record into confusion, and rendered it discordant with science and with fact.

'The volume before us is intended as a vindication of the theory from the criticisms of Professor DANA and BARROWS, but it is also intended to be in itself a supplementary treatise, evincing more fully the harmony of Professor Lewis's interpretation with all the facts of geology and with the geological cycles, and also to explain how the true idea of Creation, the key to the interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, came to be lost.

'It is an exceedingly suggestive volume. There are occasionally subtleties of distinction which seem to be exceedingly unprofitable; there are abstruse speculations, too, respecting 'a primary substanceless substance,' which will find few followers, but there is much deep thought and impressive writing. Both Lewis and his vindicator would seem to be, after a sort, Platonic realists, but they held their realistic views in combination with a spirit of reverence for the Divine revelation and of faith in its strict and assured truth, such as we have scarcely found paralleled in modern writings of a high scientific or philosophic class.'

EDWIN OF DEIRA. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1861.

It is a beautiful thing to sit down to a fair, melodious, romantic poem; a true Nineteenth Century *Trouveur lai*. No matter that its scene is laid like a fairy tale in the twilight of history — no matter that the lords and ladies all think and speak as no old heathens ever did, but in a beautiful, moral, poetic dialect like that which would be spoken by apotheosised literary folks — it is a fine poem and sweet reading. Such is 'Edwin of Deira.' Make the best of it, dear reader. This war has a little revived the old Romance, but its day is over. Stern research is bringing up knowledge of history, and only a few years will see all such lays, despite their beauty, dead-forgotten, and they will seem as naively ignorant to future readers as do the romances of the Kings of Bantam and Syria, and Mononopta, once so popular two centuries ago. It is all very much like reading a ghost-story, or sitting through a fine melodrama of the Fair One with Golden Locks. The coming poetry which alone will find favor is to be that of Nature — it is inevitable. But for this very reason we regard SMITH's musical legend not severely, but with a very tolerant eye, and even with real pleasure; just as we read ANDERSEN's and GRIMM's Stories.

The poems which suggest themselves by comparison to 'Edwin of Deira,' are Cottle's 'Alfred' — far less poetical but more truthful as a picture — and 'Griselda' by the German. Neither are much known now, but the comparison is suggestive. Something should, of justice, be said of the sweet flow of rhythm, the many happy similes — some original, and many reëchoing old chords — and the unexceptionably interesting plot. It is pleasant to read, very pleasant, and to those who have no theories of progress, in poetry or in thought, will be doubtless a dainty treat. There have been many, more or less like it, and there will possibly be a few more. It would bear quotation to a degree which, if samples could prove any thing, would induce a large sale — which it indeed deserves as being devoid of decided defects, and sprinkled with many brilliants. In fine — read it! It is quite as agreeable a book to kill an hour as the average of novels.

REBELLION RECORD: NOS. 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31. Second Volume. Bull Run Part. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

In this collected volume, we have more than one hundred and fifty pages, closely printed octavo, devoted entirely to the Bull Run Battle, and embracing every document of any importance which has as yet appeared in relation to it; the whole illustrated by an excellent map. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of these numbers, either to the future historian, or to those persons of the present day who would be fully informed as to the war. Mr. PUTNAM and his editor FRANK MOORE continue to deserve our thanks for this appropriate and admirably edited publication.

THE ANANBIAD. A New-England Poem, written in concert by DAVID HUMPHRIES, JOEL BARLOW, JOHN TRUMBULL, and DR. LEMUEL HOPKINS. Edited with notes and appendices by LUTHER G. RIGGS. New-Haven: THOMAS H. FRASE.

SOME fourteen years before the end of the last century, Hartford, Connecticut, was the residence of a select circle of wits and scholars. A large number made such a mark upon the literature of the country as entitled them to honorable mention in more than one department of history. These 'Hartford Wits,' as they were termed, at one time, and at the suggestion of Colonel HUMPHRIES, published in the New-Haven *Gazette*, and between the years 1786-7, a series of poetical papers which attracted much attention, and are constantly mentioned in all complete accounts of American poetry.

The 'Ananbiad' is satirical and grotesque, but rises more than once into true dignity, while we constantly feel in it the minds of gentlemen and scholars hardened and sharpened by the rough and recent experiences of the Revolution. It was published at a time when the storm of war was followed by the heavy after-swell of disorder and unsettledness, rising at times even to threatening insurrection. The biting satire of many of these fragments had its effect—it was the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum* of its time, and though it has long slumbered in oblivion, the historian has not been ignorant of its power.

As might be expected there are many passages in the 'Ananbiad,' peculiarly appropriate to the present time when another war for the soundest principles of union and freedom, and all of man's best rights, is raging over the same fields. The following extracts fully illustrate our assertion:

'STAND forth, ye traitors! at your country's bar!
Inglorious authors of intestine war!
What countless mischiefs from their labors rise!
Pens dipped in gall, and lips inspired with lies!
Ye sires of ruin, prime detested cause
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws;
Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes,
And Unioned empire lost in empty dreams!
Your names, expanding with your growing crime,
Shall float, disgusting, down the stream of time;
Each future age applaud th' avenging song,
And outraged nature vindicate the wrong.'

'Ye wanton States! by Heaven's best blessings curst!
Long on the lap of softening luxury nursed!
What fickle frenzy raves! what visions strange
Inspire your bosoms with the lust of change,
And frame the wish to fly from fancied ill,
And yield your freedom to a monarch's will?'

'What madness prompts, or what ill-omened fates,
Your realm to parcel into petty States?
Shall lordly Hudson part contending powers,
And broad Potomac lave two hostile shores?
Must Alleghany's sacred summits bear
The impious bulwarks of perpetual war?
His hundred streams receive your heroes slain,
And bear your sons inglorious to the main?
Ere death invades, and night's deep curtain falls,
Through ruined realms the voice of Union calls;
On you she calls! attend the warning cry:
'Ye live united, or divided die!'

'Awake! my chosen sons, in folly brave!
 Stab Independence! dance o'er Freedom's grave!
 Sing choral songs, while conquering mobs advance,
 And blot the debts to Holland, Spain, and France —
 Till ruin come with fire and sword and blood,
 And men shall ask where your Republic stood!'

'Sister of Freedom! heaven's imperial child!
 Serenely stern, beneficently mild,
 Blest Independence! rouse my sons to fame,
 Inspire their bosoms with thy sacred flame!
 Teach, ere too late, their blood-bought rights to prize;
 Bid other GREENES and WASHINGTONS arise;
 Teach those who suffered for their country's good,
 Who strove for Freedom, and who toiled in blood,
 Once more, in arms, to make the glorious stand,
 And bravely die or save their natal land!

'E'en he, at that moment when eternal night
 Rolls darkening shadows o'er his closing sight,
 Shall feel, 't were better on a plank to lie,
 Where surging billows kiss the angry sky;
 'Twere better, through a furnace, fiery red,
 With naked feet, on burning coals to tread —
 Than point his sword, with parricidal hand,
 Against the bosom of his native land!

'Where is the spirit of bold freedom fled?
 Dead are my warriors, all my sages dead?
 Is there, Columbia, bending o'er her grave,
 No eye to pity, and no arm to save?'

'Yes, they shall rise, terrific in their rage,
 And crush the factions of the faithless age;
 Bid laws again exalt th' imperial scale,
 And public justice o'er her foes prevail;
 Restore the reign of order and of right,
 And drive disunion to the shades of night.'

'Go, search the field of death, where heroes, lost
 In graves obscure, can tell what freedom cost, . . .
 No friendly hand their gory wounds to lave,
 The thousands moulder in a common grave.'

It will be found on examination that the 'Ananias' while indispensable to every complete collection of American poetry, and claiming a place on account of its historical value in every public library in the land, has also not a few intrinsic claims to merit. We return thanks to the editor, Mr. Riggs, who is, by the way, himself no indifferent poet, and trust that his patriotism and literary labor will not fail to meet their just reward. For the benefit of those desiring this work we would mention that it may be obtained by sending fifty cents to the publisher, who will mail a copy to any address on receipt thereof.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS: Illustrated by DARLEY AND GILBERT.
 New-York: J. G. GARGOXY.

We hold in reserve a fuller examination of the literary characteristics of this last by Boz; but in justice to the public would state that while the demand for the work has been extraordinary, with regard to the times, no edition published either in England or America, can be in any respect compared to this either as regards paper, typography, binding, or illustrations. If the latter be scanty, they fully atone for quantity by exquisite superiority of quality.

WRINKLES FROM THE BROW OF EXPERIENCE, AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES WOODMANSEE. Cincinnati. 1860.

ECCENTRICITY and grotesqueness, spiced with much originality, but modified by too many approaches to vulgarity and coarseness, are the characteristics of Mr. WOODMANSEE's 'Wrinkles.' To this we might add the objection that a continual harping on the old texts of 'Know thyself,' and 'All is vanity,' blended with much dull orthodoxy in several very serious poems, are not enough to furnish *thought* at the present day to educated readers.

The following are favorable specimens of Mr. WOODMANSEE's 'Wrinkles.' Of folly, he says :

'She heaps God-daring mountains to the sky,
And they shall fall upon her, by-and-by;
She is forever like the lightning-rod,
Aspiring heaven to feel the bolts of God.'

The following suggests walking in the tracks of one LONGFELLOW :

'Renown is Life's own true sublime
Soul's footprints left in Sands of Time.'

The next — like a score of others — suggests old quaint reading, recalling QUARLES' 'Emblems,' forgotten epitaphs, and almanac rhymes, and the arguments in SPENSER's 'Fairy Queen.'

'The sea-shell whispers on for aye,
Of worth it once possessed;
So doth Renown perfume the name
Of Fame's departed blest.'

The Tongue,

'Without leg-travelling, goes pell-mell,
And flies without a wing;
Iniquity on fire of hell,
And deadly is its sting.

'This Earth is but a hollow globe,
For all to ring and see
What Solomon sighed out to find —
An empty vanity.'

There are many minor poems in this volume which we have read with real pleasure, and should have enjoyed much more had it not been for the frequent recurrence of such semi-familiar tones as

'A meteor's glare, a flying feather,
One shoots, one bursts and — gone forever.'

Mr. WOODMANSEE has been so unfortunate as to be heavily over-praised by many friends, all of whose puffs are modestly reprinted in this volume. We fear that SAMUEL ROGERS, when he termed 'The Closing Scene,' the 'Paradise Lost of America,' had in mind COLERIDGE's verdict on KLOPSTOCK — 'a very German Milton indeed.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHILE we write there is trouble between the Administration and General JOHN C. FREMONT, in relation to the famous Slave Proclamation of the latter. We need not say that we speak as millions would in expressing regret for this difference. That FREMONT steps somewhat beyond 'the law,' that it is ahead of Mr. LINCOLN's Inaugural, that it is inconsistent with this and that, has been most forcibly and truly pointed out by the *New-York Times*. But are we to say with that '*basta?*' We trust not — from our very soul we trust not. The whole country, excepting the Peace poltroons, and others who are smeared in the secess-pool of treason, recognized its overwhelming *expediency*, and that right or wrong, it was the only effectual means to 'smash the South.' When such snarls, such contradictions occur in diplomacy, *Genius* manifests itself by a judicious 'arrangement:' by retaining the good, and evading the bad. But *how* to do it? Ay! there's the rub. A LOUIS NAPOLEON would probably find out 'how' in short order.

It is possible that we do the Administration injustice, and it is of course very certain that those err who, judging from old but unfortunately familiar political precedents, see in this a desire to effectually prevent FREMONT from becoming our next President. We can all remember how TAYLOR was treated in Mexico, but it would be rather too bitter to believe that such jealousies are now a-field. If they were, they would not emanate from Mr. LINCOLN. It is possible that the whole affair is already arranged, and that FREMONT knows where he stands better than the world imagines.

But whether JOHN C. FREMONT has acted well or ill as a general, whether he has been Americanly accessible to visitors, whether he has wasted money, or badly filled his appointment in any way, is not what we here propose to discuss. It is the principle of Emancipation, as set forth by his Proclamation; this, and this only, which now makes him a representative man before our people. He may sink or swim — that will not in the slightest degree invalidate the question, whether the principle of Emancipation set forth by him should be adopted, during this crisis, as a national measure.

As regards the mere legality of the act, discussion is little less than preposterous. In such times as these, especially in such 'situations' as those in which the Border Western States are now placed, Martial Law — the law of the strong hand and the blue sword — should control every thing. If pleading and replication rebutters, surrebutters and adjournments are to be intro-

duced into the tented field and embarrass strategy, why, then, the sooner we give up fighting the better. But where there is a will there is a way. If the Administration has the will, or if the American people choose to show that they have one, the way will be found, and that right speedily.

The great argument which is at present urged against using 'Emancipation for the sake of the Union,' and as the only effectual means of ending the war, is, that it will totally alienate the doubtful men, and especially all the slaveholders on the Border, many of whom, it is contended, are loyal. Perhaps a more preposterous argument, if we come to facts, was never employed. It is the old rigmorole which we all heard chanted, *ad nauseam*, last spring, over 'faithful old Virginia,' and 'gallant Maryland.' The Virginia fortresses must not be occupied — oh! no; it would shock the sensibilities of the gallant tobacco-farmers entirely beyond recovery. JOHN TYLER — the minimum of all Presidential smallness — remonstrated, with treason in his heart, and a lie on his lips, against suffering the guns of Fort Monroe to be pointed 'land inwards' toward Virginia! And so to preserve this precious fidelity, this Punic faith and Gipsy conscience, we *did* neglect every thing. Much we made by it! Maryland would gladly have served us the same trick, but we were too near and too strong. 'There are not,' said a Marylander lately in our office, 'ten loyal men at heart in the State.' And yet, after all this experience, we are willing to play the same game over again, to conciliate possible patriots in the West. 'He who is caught once,' says the Spanish proverb, 'is unfortunate; he who is caught twice is a fool.'

There are no 'loyal' slaveholders, no Union-loving negro-sellers. Long ere this every man who has sense enough to form an opinion, has formed it, and ranked himself on one side or the other. The South felt from the beginning the power which might be derived from this trickery of pretending to be undecided, and played it with great adroitness. Under this cover, secession pilfered and stole down to the very last moment, and by its means we are even now being cheated, harassed, and weakened. There always has been a tag-rag, bar-room, and gambler party in the North, whose 'prominent proclivities' always led them toward the slasher-gaff and cock-tail paradise of Dixie, and they are feebly seconded by a handful of those ten times more wretched renegades, the sneaking, bargaining, white-livered, white-feathered tin-peddlers of the Peace Party, who 'think that the war has lasted any how 'bout long enough,' and who would go on their knees to the enemy to reestablish 'trade' with them. These men are still hoping and working for conciliation. Above them are the patriotic but unthinking ones who regretfully believe that there must be inevitably two republics; opposed to 'giving in,' yet constantly exclaiming that we can never conquer the South. Above all are the well-meaning persons who, having walked their life in 'political,' constitutional, and conservative paths, cannot for their very lives and souls force themselves to look the tremendous facts of the day full in the face, and master the inevitable struggles into which we are being precipitated. These good people — and most of them are very good, well-meaning people indeed — persist in walking straight toward a precipice, declaring that it is all level, all perfectly level; and that all is coming out right and square as possible. They are all suffering from the old BUCHANAN blindness; they regard 'extreme' measures as our late President did, with a

silly, doltish smile, and treat cancers as he did — with rose-water and procrastination.

It is evident enough that all of these Disaffected or Dawdling men — these literal incapables, who have never been able to grasp the great questions of the day in their modern light — will all, sooner or later, coalesce into a more or less Southern Conservative party, to be opposed by a far more vigorous, powerful, and intelligent one, which latter is as inevitably destined to crush out the former as day is certain to succeed to night. This party, in the opinion of *Barre*s of the New-York *Courier*, will bear the name of Emancipation.

'The Emancipation party will be the attacking party; it will have the advantage of young blood, of reinforcements from the outs, of all who have been disappointed by the party in power, the vim and venom of the newly-made converts, the extremists of the Republican and the Democratic parties, of the old Pro-Slavery men and the Abolitionists *pur et simple*.'

It will, we may, however, add, be in no case whatever an 'Abolition,' or an *ultra* party. Its doctrines exist already fully formed in the minds of the great mass of the American people, in a resolve to quench this war by Emancipating the slaves in the Border States, not *especially* for the benefit of the negro, or solely out of humanity to him, but simply to put an end to a battle which otherwise bids fair to be unending, and a source of incalculable misery to both South and North.

It is very evident that the Emancipation party will be the Republican still more republicanized — more consistently and intensely *democratic*. It will embrace all who understand the glorious questions of Free Labor and Education; the men of Progress and of Action, who know what society is capable of becoming, if its forces are only properly managed. The sympathies of the great masses of the North and West will be with it — *it will hold the votes*. And while this war continues, every wave in it will only serve to wash the opponents of Emancipation into the position of enemies of the country, of dough-faces, sympathizers and Tories. We may rejoice, however, for the sake of all that is good and great, true and earnest, that the Conservative party is drawing to a head. The sooner it shows itself in all its reactionary colors, the sooner it will be put out of the way. Let no one reproach the Emancipationists with introducing an element of discord into the present Union party. They have always been an unit, have been universally recognized as the characteristic element of the North, and as the strong, consistent advocates of Constitutional liberty, and of Republicanism as opposed to the Southern Aristocratic Anti-Mud-Sill doctrine. Let this be borne in mind, for it is not more clear that water quenches fire than that the Emancipationists have been most desirous of crushing out this war by single, straightforward, energetic measures. It is the Conservative who interferes with its prosecution.

The mass of this country are not 'Abolitionists,' but they are no more blind than are all intelligent Europeans to the fact, that Slavery, at best, is 'a pity,' that it is a curse in the Border States, and that these latter would advance incredibly if freed from it. It is popularly said among them, that had it not been for 'Abolition,' Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky would long ago have been free. They would not encounter war and ruin for the sake of experimenting on the possibility of making the black happier by setting him free; but

when it comes to such intolerable insult, arrogance, robbery and murder, as the South has afflicted us with, they are quite willing and ready to retaliate by the only certain method, of fully humbling the pride of our foe — by proclaiming Emancipation.

It is said by the Conservatives that we can never subdue the South. But if we can weaken a foe, we can do any thing. In what does the whole strength of our foe consist? Simply in slaves, and this fact is set forth most clearly by the Southerners themselves, as shown in the following extract from the *Mobile Advertiser*:

'THE total white population of the eleven States, now comprising the Confederacy, is six millions, and therefore, to fill up the ranks of the proposed army — six hundred thousand — about ten per cent of the entire white population will be required. In any other country than our own, such a draft could not be met, but the Southern States can furnish that number of men, and still not leave the material interests of the country in a suffering condition. Those who are incapacitated for bearing arms, can oversee the plantations, and the negroes can go on undisturbed in their usual labors. In the North, the case is different; the men who join the army of subjugation are the laborers, the producers, and the factory operatives. Nearly every man from that section, especially those from the rural districts, leaves some branch of industry to suffer during his absence. The institution of Slavery in the South alone, enables her to place in the field a force so much larger in proportion to her white population than the North, or indeed any other country which is dependent entirely on free labor.

'The institution is a tower of strength to the South, particularly in the present crisis, and our enemies will be likely to find that the 'moral cancer,' about which their orators are so fond of prating is really one of the most effective weapons employed against the Union by the South. Whatever number of men may be needed for this war, there must be no holding back until the independence of the South is fully acknowledged.'

From which it appears plainly enough that it is four million of black slaves whom we are at present fighting, and that without these, Southern opposition would not be worth mentioning. The cravens and curs of Maryland and Virginia, who were all such wondrously warm Union men while under the strong hand — 'false, foul and fair' — are a type of the whole race, demoralized by 'nigger' owning and petty tyranny. Strike, then, one strong blow, and the friends of Secession will all turn into beggars for Federal office. We know them of old, despite their braggadocio. It is not true that the South will never come back. The South is too treacherous and too pliant, too Medieval and mulatto-like, not to kiss ardently the hand which it cannot cut off.

It was in the *KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE* that *Emancipation for the sake of the Union* — and of the White Man — was first consistently presented and upheld. We were the first to insist on it as the arm to which we shall infallibly be reduced if we wish to conquer in this war. Among the many childish arguments which have been addressed to us by irritated dough-faces, is the would-be significant reminder that President LINCOLN's authority does not extend below Mason and Dixon's Line!! Really. Perhaps those who hold this view may be able to inform us what the result would be of bringing Emancipation down to Mason and Dixon's? Quite enough, as we imagine, to free the Border States; quite enough to start such a stampede and send such a thrill of fright through the South as would provoke a terror without bounds.

But when is this to be done? It is getting to be time to attend to it. Our army is, as we all know, of course invincible, notwithstanding some little mis-

takes at Bull Run, Lexington, and other places, and the threat of the enemy to winter in New-York, Philadelphia and Washington, is, naturally, enormously preposterous. Still, as nothing is certain in this world, it may be that disasters of the most tremendous description *may* be inflicted in some way on us again. People in just as strong positions as we, have been astonished in just the same way — quite as unfortunately, according to all the improbabilities. Should all this take place, perhaps it may occur to some gentleman who has lost every thing, perhaps relatives with fortunes, that a little less scruple about legal and constitutional rules, in the times of *martial law*, and in the days of life and of death, might have been rather timely than otherwise.

On this subject we may commend to our readers the following extracts from a speech by Hon. M. H. CARPENTER, a Democrat, of Milwaukee :

' CAN the South learn nothing from the lessons of history? Or has God decreed the destruction of slavery, and does He propose to accomplish it through the madness and folly of slaveholders?

' If the South expects that we are much longer to fight this war with kid gloves, longer to send armies to the South, but strictly watch them to see they do not *much injure* the South, she is sadly mistaken. The powers that be may say so, wish so; but the rising determination of the North, the absolute imperious necessities of self-existence are impelling things forward where secretaries of war and smooth-faced officials cannot stop the course of events by crying: 'Respect all the rights of Southern property.'

' If this state of affairs is long continued on the part of the South, armies will march in that direction with the express purpose of *injuring* the South. This rebellion is not in strict conformity with the Constitution! and the South may find there is an *unconstitutional* way to suppress it.'

But these views are not confined to isolated instances. *All over the North and West, there has been manifested the most determined and enthusiastic admiration of Fremont's Martial-Law Proclamation, and that in such a manner as to leave no doubt that a tremendous majority are in favor of the views which it embraces. Old politicians, feeble Unionists, the dregs of our cities and the wash of kitchen-cabinets, may decry the measure; editors, who will be the first to hop the fence when the great majority becomes more apparent, may trim their sails just now to the conservative wind; but wo to them all when the roaring tempest of Emancipation comes down from the North and West. Then it shall be remembered who were the dough-faces and palterers and reactionaries — who were the Tories of the Great Struggle for Freedom. C. G. L.*

PRECAUTION. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. With a Discourse on the Life and Genius of the Author. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Illustrated from Drawings by DARLEY. New-York: W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY.

ONE by one the splendid row of COOPER'S Novels, illustrated by DARLEY, approaches completion. Happy those who can master all the gems of literature in such a form. There are persons to whom a clumsy *brochure* with three or four sheets loose is quite as readable as any other volume; we have even heard of men who would 'cut' the leaves of an expensive book with the finger! But those who feel a sunshiny pleasure in reading a fair and noble volume will be glad to read COOPER as we find him here.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—There were two little twin-boys once in a small town in 'Old Onondaga,' who used to go, moist hand-in-hand, across lots, (pleasant paths, with blackberries and 'ros-berries' in 'em too, along the fences,) two miles and a half, to the Presbyterian meeting-house, to hear the Gospel y'preached by one of the best and most simple-minded, and almightiest BORES that ever wagged his head in a pulpit, and knocked his 'Seventeenthly' out of the faded red cushion, into the heads of his hearers. In the winter, though, we used to ride in a two-horse sleigh, sitting by MOTHER, with our young feet on the foot-stove, with its blue-purple punctured top, hot and nice as could be, from the live beech and maple coals, covered over with ashes for safety, so as not to set the sweet-scented hay afire. We had ginger-bread and cheese for dinner, to be partaken of between the sermons at the neighboring deacon's, spreading wide around the big fireplace, with glowing faces, what time we devoured the same. In summer, it was not so pleasant in the 'meeting-house' during divine service. Long doctrinal sermons, in hot weather, are 'dry work'—to preacher as well as to hearer. You look off upon the shimmering green fields; listen to the stamp and whinnying of the horses under the shed, the singing of the locusts in the shade-trees, and the drone of the parson; and you become 'dry as a remainder-biscuit:' then you slake your thirst, doubly acute from the heat of the weather and the drouth of the discourse, from a pail of water standing in the porch: of cedar, 'blue without, white within,' the white bubbles rising from the bottom broken by a tin porringer. In far less time than we have taken to write this, came crowding these reminiscential thoughts into our mind as we perused the subjoined pleasant epistle from our old friend:

'MY DEAR CLARK: Alone in my little library this cool, quiet Sunday night, I sit musing, soothed by the grateful fragrance of a genuine 'Havana.' The family has not yet 'returned to town,' and that solemn yet pleasing sense of loneliness is upon me, which sends the mind 'way backward upon the ocean of life toward the point of departure. Out o' doors the crickets sing with mournful cadence the requiem of departed summer, all (as MAC SLOPER profoundly observes) in time and tune. How more than any other sound in nature does that 'cricket chirp,' carry us back to those days when the world was all before us; when life had a future to which we boys looked forward with hope and pride and joy. Another song, too, than the cricket's falls upon my ear. The choir in a near church is singing the Doxology to 'Old Hundred,' and that calls up some of my early trials. It tells me that the Parson has been long-winded this evening; that he has occupied more than his share of the allotted time; that he dislikes to put a long hymn to the already long service, and so finishes up with the Doxology compromise. I wonder how many little fellows have been trying to keep their eye-lids from weighing down through the 'heads' and tails of that long, dull, dreary discourse. Did you never pull them open, my dear CLARK! and fix the eye-balls on some particular lamp-light with a savage determination? Ay! and did they not the next minute drop, drop, drop; drawn together with a force quite discouraging, and persistently shutting up, like the once closed petals of the passion-flower, when you try to reopen them? *Appropos* of sleeping in church, I will relate an incident of my boyhood's career.

'Early in life I was committed to the care of a guardian uncle, JOHN, a Presbyterian parson of the bluest sort. My father, a brave, good man, died in the prime of his age,

and left my mother with a small portion of this world's goods, and seven children, of whom I was the oldest but one. Uncle JOHN, who preached in a village some miles distant from our home, offered to take me and to rear me as his own. The offer was accepted, and I, with my wardrobe, was duly transferred to the domicile of that worthy relative. The children had been brought up in the Episcopal Church, and I soon learned that whatever doubts may have existed with regard to other children, my total depravity was a foregone conclusion. The second day after my arrival, my uncle presented me with duplicate copies of a set of rules for the regulation of my conduct. They exceeded the Ten Commandments in number, there being twelve of them in all. One copy of this precious document was to be posted in my bed-room, and the other in a little work-shop, a shed adjoining the house. My aunt, a thin, sour-visaged, over-pious, childless woman, heartily seconded my uncle in his laudable endeavors to 'take my feet out of the horrible pit and miry clay.' So between the two, I did have a jolly time, I assure you. In those days 'pulpit bronchitis' had not been invented, and ministers were expected to do three sermons every Sunday. To all these I was expected to listen, and by way of pastime, to attend 'Sabbath'-school at noon.

'One warm, close summer-night, when the sermon was unusually dry and prosy, in spite of all my exertions, the leaden eye-lids would weigh down, and my tired senses would steep themselves in forgetfulness. 'T was vain to contend! Nature triumphed, and the usually joyful amen fell that night, at least, on one unconscious ear. The opening of pew-doors, the bustling noise of the people on their egress, the putting out of the lights, the closing of the church, all failed to awaken me, and the sexton turned the key on one lone sleeper. How long I slept I shall never know. But I well recollect the gradual gathering together of my scattered senses, and that some moments elapsed before I could realize my whereabouts. When finally I became fully aware of the fact that I was locked up alone in that horrible old church, I shut my eyes again and shrunk back into the corner of the pew, as if I would hide myself from some body's sight. With many struggles, I at last mustered courage sufficient to move out into the aisle and meditate on a way of escape. The windows were too high for me to reach, and too heavy for me to lift if I could have reached them. The door was locked beyond all hope of egress by that outlet. Groping around with a dim hope that some way of escape would be opened up, my hand came in contact with some object that yielded to the touch, and was gone. The thought of a ghost from the church-yard, taking a nightly walk through the old church, sent the blood with a thrill to my heart, and electric sparks with a tingling sensation to each particular hair on my head. The bell-rope was the innocent cause of my trepidation, and when my hand again came in contact with it, my plan of escape was perfected instantaneously. Seizing the rope as high as I could reach, and throwing on it the weight of my body, I felt the ponderous bell slowly yielding to my force, and then its iron tongue and brazen lips gave forth a sound that went booming away among the silent hills and valleys, awaking the echoes far and near, and starting the frightened villagers from their heavy slumbers. Again and again did I swing it around and ring out its awful tones. All the fear which so oppressed me at first had vanished, and I laughed with delight when I thought of the consternation I was producing, and the wild running to-and-fro and asking of questions which no one but myself could answer. I knew that some of them would sooner or later come to the church to learn who was ringing the bell, therefore I dropped the rope and crouched behind the door awaiting the event. Soon I heard foot-steps and voices outside, and among the voices that of the sexton. The key turned in the lock, the door opened, and a dozen or so of the village people came feeling their way slowly into the house. The night was pitch-dark, and I slid out unperceived when the last of the party passed in,

and striking across the fields at a slapping pace, soon reached the parsonage. My uncle and aunt — with an itinerant embryo parson, who was at that time quartered on us — were in front of the house, and I had no difficulty in slipping in the back-way and reaching my little room in the attic. To shed my Sunday suit and 'turn in' was the work of a moment, but not a wink too soon, for hardly were my breathing organs in condition to counterfeit sleep, when I heard the stealthy step of my aunt at the door, and I felt her presence there, standing, candle in hand, listening to my slow and measured breathing. A minute, and she cautiously pulled the door to and retired.

'Next morning, at breakfast, the theme was of course the alarm of the previous night. I was soundly rated and called a sleepy-head for not having been awakened by all the noise. My knowledge of the affair I always kept secret, and if this meets the eye of your readers in that village, they will learn for the first time who rung the bell on that memorable night.'

THE annexed telleth its own tale. Friends of Mr. RUSSELL may take out their pocket-handkerchiefs :

Re: *Eggs* by Correspondent;

BEING HIS VERITABLE HYSTORIA IN A FEW RHYMES.

Whereinne y^e authorre giveth the hys intentionnes.

'T is of y^e writerre for y^e TRINNE,
A scribblere knowne fulle welle;
I sitte mee doune inne humble rhymmes,
Hys hystorie toe tella.

Concerninge y^e Birthe-place of y^e TRINNE hys Correspondente.

Inne Dublinne townne hys youthe he passed,
Alle inne thatte wond'rouse iale;
Where PATRICK toades and frogges outecaste,
Where alle are free from guille.

Howe hee gotte hys educationne.

Wythinne greate Trynitie's stenne-walles,
Hys educationne gotte;
As longe as fundes were atte hys calles,
And stopped whenne theye were notte.

Howe hee soughte toe fille hys pockettes.

Butte fundes hee knewe thatte hee muste have
Toe carrie hym throughe lyfe;
Soe 'gan hee lyke a soldierre brayve,
Toe arme hymme for y^e stryfe.

How hee proceedede toe learne y^e arte of warre.

Hee cutte hymme firste a greye goose-quille,
Hee cutte itte fyne and sharpe;
Thenne sette hymselfe with readie wyll
Toe 'Carpe' and 'Counterscarpe.'

Of 'Forte' and 'Bastionne' redde hee thenne,
Of 'Towerre' and 'Gabionne' too;
Till bettere thanne alle othere menne
Y^e arte of warre hee knewe.

Howe he wente toe y^e warre as y^e TRINNE hys Correspondente.

Thenne wente hee oute to Brytayne's warre
Wythe Brytayne's soldierres bolde;
And whatte hee hearde and whatte hee sawe
Alle inne y^e TRINNE hee tolde.

Howe y^e Brittonnes were muche elatedde wythe y^e Tymes hys Correspondente.

Thenne all cryed oute: 'A prophette here,
A prophette have wee founde;
And one whos hathe notte anie feare
Of anie manne around.'

Howe hee slewe y^e redde-tape dragonne.

Hee mountdedde onne hys grey goose-quille,
And lyke thatte Gzozoz of elde,
Y^e redde-tape dragonne foughte toe kille,
Untille y^e beaste hee felled.

Howe hee returned home agayne.

Ande whenne y^e tediousse warre was o'er,
Hee gat hymme home wythe glee;
Wente forthe untoe hys natyve shore
Acrosse y^e boundlesse see.

Howe hee wrotte a booke.

And whenne hee hadde gotte home hee wrotte
Y^e storie inne a booke,
And pockettedde fulle manie a groate,
For welle y^e storie tooke.

Howe hee wente to y^e coronationne.

Nowe inne y^e mightie Northerne lande,
Where rules y^e Northerne beare;
A coronatione was atte hande,
Y^e scribe hee muste bee there.

Hee wente hymme forthe toe greate Moscows,
And there y^e feaste hee sawe;
A pageante greate itte was I trowe
As neverre was before.

And howe hee wrotte for y^e Tymes.

And alle y^e taylor scribe wrotte downe,
Alle for y^e newapapere,
Thatte all y^e folks inne Londonne towne
Whoe coulde notte see — might heare.

Of ramoures of warres.

And nowe strayinge ramoures 'gan toe comme,
Ramoures of deadlie fight;
Of Brittonnes drivenne fromme theire home
Toe flee withe sore afrighte.

Beneathe y^e sultrie Indianne sunne
Suche monstrouse wickedde deedes,
Suche fearefulle horrors there were donne,
One trembles as hee redes.

Howe y^e Tymes hys correspondentie wente to y^e warres.

Forthe wente y^e valiente soldierre menne,
And Russells forthe wente hee;
And armed withe hys trustie penne
He sayled acrosse y^e see.

And wrotte toe y^e Tymes.

And homme untoe y^e Tymes hee wrotte
Fulle manie a taylor fulle sore;
Of alle hee sawe he tooke hymme notte,
And for alle I knowe — much more.

Y^e ende of y^e warre.

For manie monthes y^e soldierres foughte
Beneath y^e Indianne sunne,
Untille y^e rebelle chiefs were caughte,
And thenne y^e warre was donne.

Howe y^e scribe became tired, and longed for homme.

Fulle tired I weene y^e scribe was he
Of travaylle and of toyle,
And longed he atte hys homme toe bee
Upon hys natyve soyle.

Howe hee returned to hys natyve lande.

Hee satte hymme downe inne peace toe wryte
Beneathe hys owne figge-tree,
Nor wist eftsoons anothere fighte
He destyned was toe see.

Hee heares agayne y^e notes of warre.

Butte soone hee heard across y^e lande
Y^e trumpette notes of olde,
And wythe hys trustie penne inne hande
Wente forthe thysse scribblere bolde.

Hee goes to Italie.

Toe Italie's fayre sunnie playnes
Hee wente hymme forthe betymes,
And fromme hys burninge littel braynes
Hee pictured alle her crymes.

Hee returns.

A fewe shorte monthes and back he flew
To Englannde's foggie coaste;
Quite thankfulle thatte y^e warre was through,
And hee not made a ghoste.

Howe hee talked to y^e peopel.

And rounde amonge y^e peopel wente
Y^e Correspondente wyse;
And oh! y^e monie thatte theye spent
Toe heare hymme, would surprise.

Newe soundes of warre fromme across y^e oceanne.

A yeare passed by, and thenne there grew
Across y^e oceanne wyde,
A fearfulle sounde, and welte hee knewe
Y^e whyche itte didde betyde.

Louderre itte grew, untill y^e roare
Was hearde fromme pole to pole;
Throughe everie lande, onn everie shore
Its echoes soone didde rolle.

Of y^e greate Americanne civille warre.

A nationne splitte inne verie twayne
Bye fearfulle civille stryfe,
Till theye whoe hadde beene friendes amayne
Now soughte eache otheres lyfe.

Howe y^e TRUES hys correspondentes settis sayle for America.

Uppe rose y^e scribe in haste, and flew
Untoe y^e bigge steame shyppe;
And cryed: 'There's worke for mee toe doe,
Bolde capayne lette herre rippe!'

Y^e shippe shee sayled fulle faste I trowe
Across y^e oceanne tyde,
Norre paused untill herre ironne prow
Hadde touched y^e othere syde.

Howe hee arrived inne America.

Y^e scribe hee 'gan hymme straye toe goe
Untoe y^e bigge hotelle,
And chuckled thatte noe manne didde knowe,
He was y^e greate RUSSELL.

Howe hee was welcommed,

Butte soone there came a merrie bande
Untoe hys chamberre wyde,
And welcommed hymme wythe outestretched bande
Untoe y^e Yankee syde.

And invitedde toe a dinnerre.

Thenne toe a monasterre dinnerre muste
Y^e Correspondente goe,
Wythe Irishe friendes, woe bye a buste
Theire friendlinessse woulde showe.

Howe hee wente toe Washingtonne.

And nexte hee wente to Washingtonne,
Stille onne hys errande bente;
And there hee dyned wythe manie a one,
And sawe y^e Presidente.

And thenne travayled Southewarde.

Thenne forthtoe y^e Southerne lande
Y^e Correspondente fledde,
And whatte hee sawe onne everie bande
Wee inne y^e Truxa have redde.

Whyche continueth hys travayles.

Fromme towne toe towne hee hurried onne,
Fromme State toe State hee flew;
And wyshed hys journeye itte were donne,
Soe fierie hotte itte grew.

Hys opiniuns of y^e inhabitantes and y^e climate.

Hee sayed theye alle were warlyke menne,
And verie harde toe beate;
Their handes were verie stronge, and thenne
Their legges were verie fleete.

Howe theye treatedde hymme wells.

Theye dyned hymme and theye wyned hymme
Wythe y^e sparklinge champayne juice;
Hee tolde themme notte toe mynde hymme,
Butte hee founde itte was no use.

Theye wyned hymme and theye dyned hymme,
Theye treatedde hymme fulle fayre;
Theye filled their goblettes toe y^e brimme,
And dranke till none was there.

Of hys ingratitude

And thenne untoe y^e Truxa hee writ —
A wickedde scribe was hee —
Thatte Southerners were juste y^e fitte
For a Prince fromme overe see.

And base slanderes.

And whenne y^e scribe hadde mayde retreat
Untoe y^e Northerne syde,
Hee shooke y^e duste fromme off hys feete,
And y^e Southe hee didde deryde.

Of y^e battelle whyche y^e scribe didde notte see.

And soon a battelle fierce was foughte,
Y^e scribe hee hurried onne,
Butte whenne untoe y^e fieelde hee gotte
Y^e battelle itte was donne.

Howe hee tried toe see it.

And yette y^e scribe had ridden at speede,
All inne y^e deade of nighte,
For muche hee wyshed y^e worlde myghte rede
Hys hystorie of y^e fighte.

Whyche gyves a lettere fromme y^e Tymes hys correspondent.

And now juste as a specimenne,
Toe ende these lengthie rhymes,
I give a lettere fromme y^e penne
Of y^e 'writerre for y^e Tymes.'

Y^e LETTERRE.

'Bulle Runne July y^e twenty-firste,
Welle! here I am, alle righte;
And juste returned from wytessinge
Y^e famouse Bulle Runne fighte.

'There was no fighte, there was no Bulle,
Unlesse itte mighte bee mee;
And I the onlie manne to runne,
At leaste thatte I coulde see.

'I satte mee onne a dystante hylle,
Fulle fyftee myles awaye,
Thatte I mighte see y^e soldierres kill
Life anie came mye waye.

'I hadde a branne newe telescope,
And a bottelle of olde Porte,
Wythe sandewytches, inne case I founde
Y^e provendere ranne shorte.

'And soone I sawe a monstrouse crowde
Fulle fyftee myles awaye,
And cannon there were roairinge loude,
And muskettes inne fulle playe.

'I satte mee there fromme earlie dawne
Untille y^e settynge sunne,
And thenne I thoughte thatte certaynelie
Y^e battelle muste bee donne.

'I sawe no fighte, butte I muste write
As iffe I sawe itte alle;
Thoughe realle I doe believe
Therre was no fighte atte alle.

'And thysse itte is mye judgements,
Afterre carefull studie mayde,
Thatte one syde is a coward,
And y^e othere is a frayde.

'I wysse you woulde lette me come home,
I'm tyred of alle thysse bustle;
I wysse no more y^e worlde toe roame:
Yours trulie BILLYE ROSSALL.

THE following are actual extracts from the Irish '*Hus-and-Cry*,' a sort of Police Gazette, published at Galway, Ireland:

'MISSING, JANE O'DOHERTY. She had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise-shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully.

'A reward of £5 is offered for the apprehension of MIKE O'BRIEN, who on Tuesday last stole the jackass with a pair of corduroy breeches, with blue eyes and a short pipe, and is very much given to swearing, and has his shoes down at heel.

'Absconded, PHELM, TIMOTHY, AARON, PHIL, and PADDY BLAKE, of Roscommon Jail, who broke into the turnpike, and carried off two pounds and six sucking-pigs in silver and copper, with a canary and a bull-dog, who had frieze-coats dreadfully given to bad language, and a wheel-barrow that cannot look you in the face without winking, and ten shillings will be given for each of their apprehensions.

'Lost, a Tom-cat, the property of Miss SANDERS, that was last seen going over the roofs of the houses in Holy-street, and is supposed to have dropt down one of the chimneys.

'Stolen from a house in Liverpool, a lady's *plain gold* ring, set with *one* large rose diamond, surrounded with eight lesser diamonds, all in silver; not transparent.

'Lost a cow, by MILES MAGEE, of Dernaholier, County Leitrim, giving milk with two short cocked horns!'

Is n't that 'Irish all over?' - - - We all of us laugh, at one time or another, at very foolish things: and sometimes, with a remembered sense of forgotten 'propriety,' or temporary abnegation of 'dignity,' we lament that we should have 'unbent' so thoughtlessly. 'Ye fools and blind!' is not this all a mistake? To be sure, a man *always* laughing, a 'Funny Man,' as he has come to be called; a man straining his poor thin brains to accomplish a miserable pun or an over-labored witticism; *such* a man is the very greatest of human bores. 'O, L. G. C.!' writes a Chicago friend, 'when I compare that varied contrast and natural succession of humor and pathos, which you and I love so well; such as flows, for example, from 'Brother S——'s polished and fertile pen; with the wretched attempts at mere word-play and pointless 'fun' of which we see so much now-a-days, I begin to think that we have 'fallen upon evil times,' and that 'laughing philosophers' will soon be as rare as flowers in January. The CHARLES LAMBS and THOMAS HOODS have vanished from England, and PHENIX and SPARROWGRASS disappeared from our own journals. Nevertheless, some there be in whom the old spirit has not altogether died away.' *Genuine* wit or humor, provocative of unaffected laughter, is a great promoter of *True Cheerfulness*: and of *that* a good-natured 'down-east' contemporary well says:

'Tonics, stimulatives, medicines! There's nothing in all the pharmacopœia half so inspiriting as a cheerful temper. Do n't fancy yourself a victim! Do n't go through the world with a face half a yard long! Do n't persuade yourself that every thing happens wrong! My dear Sir, *you* are the only person that is wrong, when you say that this is all a world of trial and trouble! It is a great deal better to be without an arm, or a leg, than to lack cheerfulness! Whenever we see a man sighing, and bilious, and despondent, about any thing and every thing, we know he is out of 'gear.' Cheerfulness is all he wants. Let him put on the spectacles of his merry-hearted neighbor, and it is wonderful what a different complexion the world will wear! No matter how thick and fast vexations may come—there's nothing like a bright little ray of the soul's sunshine to disperse them. Counted in dollars and cents, your wealth may be but a paltry sum, but if you have a cheerful temper, you are rich!'

THE Major in Texas is again welcome, to receive the sympathies of those youth who cannot form the angles of their elbows into the tyrannical formula of shooting on the wing. Listen:

'On the Wing.

'BY THE MAJOR IN TEXAS.

'In Camp: of Matagorda.

'DEAR KNICK: Your correspondents spin excellent yarns, they do so; but make way for this gun a moment: An unavoidable delay occurred in the arrival of our army provisions, while our company lay encamped at Indianola; and in the interim we

philosophically concluded to enjoy ourselves as best we might, not knowing how soon a chance bullet might send us whizzing into the land of shades.

'Camp was a short distance out of town, by a huge tank of stale rain-water, which was of that peculiar virtue that makes the bottle a relief. When we grew weary of cigars and watching the lazy Texans, and diminutive Mexicans driving their outlandish teams, we betook us to the water, like other amphibia, to refresh and rejuvenate the outer man.

'Talk about Newport, Rockaway, and Cape May! Give me the silver strand of Matagorda Bay, where the waves have just sufficient spirit to lave one in refreshing billows, without unmercifully expelling the breath, as if the ghost of your worst enemy rode upon the wave. No, no! I like none of your horrid breath-compelling batheries, at least not further south than the thirtieth parallel, for if one had there to buffet the waves as you do at home, many of us poor cusses would lay down to it, and let the billows swallow us up, *volens volens*; for you well know susceptible spirits partake of the lassitude of unstrung nerves in an enervating climate.

'But I started to tell you of my initiation in shooting 'on the wing.' One morning I awoke, my olfactories permeated by what I thought must come next door to Jove's ambrosia, and rising, I found our whole camp breakfasting on broiled grouse — every sinner!

'Being a stanch churchman, my first impression was, that our camp, like the Israelites' of old, was peculiarly favored on account of our pure religion; and this miracle of grouse was the next thing to a harvest of quails. But I regret to be under the necessity of informing you, on mentioning my supposition to our revered Chaplain, he placed a somewhat different construction upon it. I was at length brought to understand this was the annual grouse season, and the prairies for miles around, were alive with the luscious insect.

'Captain B——,' said I, turning to my chum, who I knew enjoyed the reputation of being a splendid marksman, 'I shall certainly die if debarred the pleasure of shooting in your society.'

'Certainly, caro mia;' and I caught the slightest shadow of a knowing glance exchanged around. 'My dogs, and hunting paraphernalia are at your service, Sir; but — ah! — are you *au fait* on the wing?'

'On the *what*?'

'On the wing; you surely understand the technical terms of the Christian science of sporting. You don't mean to confess you are such a barba ——'

'Oh! no, certainly not; but I have not had much practice since I left West-Point.'

'Ah! no. 'It is not to be expected you have. I regret to say for the glory of our country, grouse-shooting is not what it *should* be at West-Point; but, undoubtedly, among your studies was included the 'Sportsman's Code of Etiquette'?''

'With a blush that yet tingles my cheek, I was forced to humiliatingly confess I was ignorant of the article.

'And is it possible your education has been thus sadly neglected? But I pity you from my heart; I deeply commiserate your unhappy plight. *Entre vous*, though, *mon ami*, I can give you the quintessence!'

'Talk of drowning men clinging to straws! they never clutched at them with more avidity than did I at Captain B——'s disinterested advances.

'Sporting etiquette, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, is an arbitrary institution. What Ordeals were to ancient Britons, the Inquisition to Spaniards, Ostracism to the Greeks, is Etiquette to sportsmen. But the gist of all is embraced in this axiom: No sportsman ever *presumes* to take the life of an innocent, harmless bird, those feathered spirits of the aerial world, except through the humane contingency of

shooting on the wing. My conscience invariably reproves me for having eaten birds brought into camp by the *canaille*, for I know they have been murdered *sang froid* by those cursed pot-hunting Texans. Comprenez le sujet ?

“Oui, Oui !” responded I, my heart half in my throat.

“Any officer, any *gentleman* presuming to take the life of a bird otherwise, would be arraigned by an organized court-martial for downright, cold-blooded, deliberate murder ; convicted by the blood of his victims ; tarred and feathered with the coat of the palpitating flutterers, (than which I can imagine nothing more horrible,) and summarily expelled from camp. I shall be most happy to attend you personally with my dogs to-morrow at sunrise.”

“I would not like to depose under oath I rested well that night ! Morning dawned but too soon. Old Sol abruptly poked his jocund face, writhing in derision through the bluish-purple mist, laughing at me. Only the dew pitied me, and it lay in heavy pearl-wreaths on the high musquit grass, minding me of my true-love’s tears. I, being in a devout mood, was repeating to myself that portion of the Litany which ends, ‘Good Lord, deliver us !’ when who should slap me on the shoulder but Captain B——, with an uncontrollable grin on his countenance, equipped ‘*a tout côté*’ for the sport. Jumping within a pair of fathomless boots, which I devoutly hoped *would* swallow me up, we shouldered each a choice ‘WESLEY RICHARDS’ double-barreled,’ and sallied forth.

“I was plunging on as if my worst enemy was on the trail, when, ‘Hist !’ from Captain B——, arrested my impetuosity. ‘They scent the game,’ whispered he, pointing to the dogs ; and there stood a couple of as fine English setters as ever you saw, standing, their foot elevated, leering around at their master. Snapping his fingers, they dashed under cover, and flushed a covey of as pretty birds as ever lifted your eye.

“Bang ! bang !” went the Captain’s gun, and ‘bang ! bang !’ echoed mine ; he brought down birds at every shot, and I brought down — not even *feathers*. This scene was repeated again and again, like an ‘old wives’ story,’ until the Captain got hilarious, and I got doggedly sullen. Finally my companion strayed off, and I wandered on, neither knowing or caring whither, except to get out of sight and hearing of any mortal.

“*Tout-à-coup* I came to a stand-still. ‘This will never do !’ exclaimed I ; ‘I shall be a laughing-stock for the whole camp. Captain B—— will make a martyr of me, and I shall be black-balled sure as fate.’ This solo, mind you, was *executed statu quo*, on a boundless Texan prairie ; my chin resting on my gun ; the long musquit grass waving around me in billows of nauseating motion ; while above was one hemisphere of calm, clear, sunny, cloudless day. Oh ! for a vestige of a cloud, ‘no bigger than a man’s hand ;’ oh ! for a hurricane ; an incident ; any thing to interrupt, to intrude upon the horrid sameness. There is unnatural silence of earth, the prognosticator of earthquakes, and when the spirit of man bows to and confesses that a crisis in his destiny is at hand. But I roused myself, and shook off all the gentle monitions of my ‘better nature,’ loaded, primed my piece afresh, and started forth to *fetch an incident*.

“Suddenly I came upon a sight that made my blood run cold. Down, snugly nestled in the grass, was a group of from fifteen to twenty grouse, the prettiest things I ever saw. I abruptly halted — to call the dogs ! I believe the Prince of Darkness had whistled them off. I gently breathed, ‘Sheu !’ *pianissimo*. I thought of Captain B——, and I said, ‘I must shoot them !’ I thought of the Code of Etiquette, and swept the horizon once more with a *coup d’œil*. Solitude and silence reigned supreme. There was no one to tell the tale. Perhaps some little blue-eyed ones we wot of might have whispered, ‘God sees you !’ but the little blue-eyed ones were n’t about. Then followed another strong ‘tussle with the inner man,’ and would you believe it of me, dear KNICK, I deliberately drew trigger and coolly *murdered* ten of them !

'They were dead. I took up the poor flutterers one by one, whispered my remorse and contrition in their dying ears, stroked their ruffled feathers, kissed them, and put them gently into my empty game-bag. Since then I have purchased an exquisite statue, a Parian Diana, as an oblation to the 'Code of Etiquette!'

'After strolling around for a half-hour, I came within hearing distance of the Captain's gun.

'Hullo, scholar! what luck?' shouted my tutor.

'Infernal luck,' responded I; 'out of forty or fifty shots, I have only bagged ten.'

'Bagged ten! why, you ungrateful heathen, I never heard of such luck before, for a beginner! I'm proud of you; you do me honor; why, you have a handful of trumps, man! Ha! ha! how you will ride over their heads when you return to camp! *Entrez vous*, my brave fellow, we were all going to have a grand inquisition at your expense: all ruleable in war, you know, but you have made a miraculous escape of intended honors — not sorry, eh?'

'Can't say I am — very,' replied I, being very modest.

'*Nous verrons*: I am in a hurry for breakfast, and broiled grouse is not unpalatable when one knows *legitimate game* is set before him!'

'Oh! the stings of conscience! I verily believe that *legitimate game* will be the death of me yet!'

Major, sleep none the less soundly. That *ex voto* statuette of DIANA shall absolve you. - - - It is, comparatively, but a very little while since the following beautiful ODE formed one of the literary exercises of '*Class-Day*' at *Old Harvard*. The accomplished author, then unknown to us, has since, in several well-written and very instructive and entertaining prose papers, made himself widely acceptable to the readers of this Magazine:

©Dr :

BY OLIVER SHEPARD LELAND, NEW-YORK.

Air: 'Fair Harvard.'

In the clime of the olive the bold cavalier,
Ere he leaves the dear home of his youth,
As he prays to the Virgin to bless a career
Which he pledges to Honor and Truth,
Takes a leaf from the laurel his fathers bequeathed
And breathes his heart's dearest desire:
On the brow of the son may that laurel be wreathed
Which was won — which was worn — by the sire.

As ees gather a flow'et — our last — from the tree
Which our hearts' warm affections entwine,
And fade on the echo, o'er hill-side and lea,
The lingering notes of 'Lang Syne,'
We will hope that the flower our foot-steps may bless
May be with us in joy and in gloom;
It will bloom with new life in the hour of success,
It shall blossom and wave o'er the tomb.

A dream of the Future is dazzling our sight
As we start on Life's perilous way,
And sun-beams are glancing their rays of delight
To lead our rapt senses astray;
Our eyes would fain linger on each fairy hue,
But a sigh all unbidden will start,
And a tear, which we cannot repress, blot the view,
As we sorrow to think that — *we part!*

The spell must be broken that binds us in thrall,
Thy magic veil severed in twain;
Thy mists of enchantment, dear Mother, must fall,
The beams of thy day-star must wane.
And though our emotion we seek to conceal,
They seem like a sadly sweet knell,
Those sighs which the depths of our sorrow reveal
As we mournfully bid thee — *Farewell!*

Ah! 'those pleasant college-days.' - - - L. G. R., of New-Haven, (Conn.,) sends us the following amusing account of '*A Methodist 'Brother' Cured Forever From Lying, when a Little Boy*.' 'At a Sabbath-School Anniversary, held recently not a thousand miles from New-Haven, in Connecticut, a number of anecdotes, with appropriate 'morals,' were related, to the infinite amuse-

ment of 'the children.' It was on this occasion that 'Brother GEORGE K——' narrated a personal reminiscence, setting forth in terms eloquent the manner in which he was 'cured of lying.' We give the story as nearly in his own language as we can recollect. 'When I was a 'little shaver,' about as big as some of the boys I see before me, I lived to hum with father and mother, way down in New-Hampshire. (New-Hampshire's a big place, boys!) Father kept cows, he did; and every night, after school was out, father used to send me way off into the lots to fetch the cows, (perhaps some of these boys have fetched cows, some time.) Well, one night father sent me after the cows, and I did n't go straight after them, as I ought to have done; but I went and played with some other boys. (Children, when your father and mother send you after cows, go immediately and fetch them, and do n't stop on the way and play, as I did.) Well, I played with the boys till it got to be dark, and then I began to think about going home. But I darsent go home without the cows. So I went to the bars, and looked into the woods, but it was so dark I could n't see the cows. So I ran home as fast as I could. But I did n't want to tell father that I played till it was too dark to find the cows, so I resolved to tell a lie about it. I ran into the house as fast as I could run, and pretended to be frightened most to death. (Father and mother were there, and little brother JOHN; and father's hired man, and lots of folks.) 'O father!' said I, 'I seed a great big bear down in the woods, in the lot with the cows!' 'Oh! no; I guess not,' said my father. 'Yes; I did see a bear,' said I, 'and he liked to eat me up!' 'That's impossible,' my father said. But I stuck to it that I'd seen a bear; and father's hired man, who sat there, began to help me out. He said: 'I believe you did see a bear, GEORGE; it was a big black bear, was n't it?' 'Yes; a big black bear,' said I. 'And it had long shaggy ears?' 'Yes; great long shaggy ears.' 'And a large flowing mane?' 'Yes; a large flowing mane.' 'And he had a long shaggy tail that reached clean down to the ground?' 'Oh! yes, oh! yes! that's what he had!' And then father and mother and they all began to laugh, all but little brother JOHN. But I did n't see any thing to laugh about. Pretty soon, when we was going to bed, little brother JOHN (who was younger than me, and who used to lisp) said: 'Broder DORGE, do n't you know that you made an awful b'under 'bout 'e b'ar?' 'No, JOHN,' said I, 'what was it?' 'Why, you said 'e bear had a long shaggy tail; and do n't you 'member 'e picter in 'e 'pelling'-book, where 'e b'ar's got a *ettle short stump tail*?' And this cured me of lying! I never told a lie before; and I have never told one since.' - - - In these war-like times, when commanders of all grades, and subordinates in their degree, must be supposed to 'keep their place,' and not exceed their credentials, the following capitally-told story will not be lost upon our readers, military or other. It is from the London 'People's Journal,' and is an amusing specimen of '*The Retort Courteous*.'

'WHEN Lord —— was Governor-General of India, the 117th regiment (I give this cipher because such a regiment never was seen in Bengal, and I do n't choose to give the real number) was quartered at Fort-William.

'Lord —— was a very good man, probably a very great man, but he was a sad tyrant, and sometimes was apt to fancy that, instead of the representative of royalty, he was royalty itself. This was a mistake which occasionally led him into errors.

'Now, Colonel S —, who commanded the 117th, was about as good an officer as ever wore a pair of epaulettes; the regiment under his command, one of the most distinguished in His Majesty's service, were proud of him, and loved him dearly; because, although he drilled them daily till they almost fainted, he never suffered any one to pass a slight, or do any thing against the corps that he commanded. He is now a K.C.B. or G.C.B. Few officers have better deserved this often ill-bestowed honor. Colonel S — is a soldier; as the world expresses it, 'a soldier every inch of him.'

'My Lord —, who, by the by, was a civilian, ordered a grand review. The troops were drawn out on the Esplanade. The day was burning hot. The Governor-General could see from his vice-regal mansion that they were awaiting him. His Excellency chose to remain longer than usual at *tiffin*: the troops, having drooped for nearly two hours beneath the lingering rays of a tropical sun, were nearly worn out, when Lord — came prancing out to look at them. It is a great honor to be looked at by a great man; so the troops presented arms, and the officers dropped their swords. In a moment, however, the eagle eye of Lord — beheld a flag, stiff, bolt upright. He instantly dispatched an aide-de-camp to command that it should be lowered. Colonel S — respectfully declined, on the score that it was the king's color of the 117th regiment, and could only do homage to a member of the royal family.

'Am I not the representative of majesty?'

'You are, my Lord.'

'Then I desire that that flag may be lowered.'

'I extremely regret, your Excellency, that I am compelled to decline complying with your order. The king's ensign can only be lowered to royalty itself.'

'Sir, I insist —'

'My Lord, I will not give an order contrary to the rules of the service, and the directions given me when I had the honor of being placed at the head of this gallant corps.'

'You shall repent this disobedience. I shall instantly refer the question home, and if you are wrong, I'll have you dismissed from the service.'

'The enraged Governor-General, thwarted for the first time in his life, galloped back to his palace, where his anger considerably impeded his digestion. The 117th regiment marched into Fort-William, well knowing they had made a dire and powerful enemy.

'During the twelve months which elapsed for an answer from Europe, no officers of the marked corps were invited to his Excellency's banquets. Many petty slights were shown them; in a word, they suffered all the little grievances which superior authority can, when it chooses, inflict.

'At length the answer came. Colonel S — was right. He had acted strictly according to regulations; but a request was conveyed to him, that in future, *as his Excellency seemed to make a point of it*, he would lower the king's color to the Governor-General.

'Each considered he had gained a triumph; and the 117th were marched down to Calcutta again, to prove before the world at large that Lord — was to receive a bow from a red and blue flag, yeleft the king's colors.

'A review was ordered. The salute was given, and all went off well.

'That evening the Governor-General gave a grand party. He as usual commanded the band of the European regiment in the fort (the 117th) to be in attendance; it being the custom, in those days, always to strike up 'God Save the King' the instant the great man emerged from the drawing-room; occasionally, 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes' was thrown in as a delicate compliment, while a flourish of trumpets announced each course in succession; and the military musicians delighted the ladies during the meal with several pretty airs.

'On the evening in question, Captain C — (the aide-de-camp) stepped out of the room, and audibly pronounced, 'His Excellency.' This was a signal that Lord — was handing down the first lady in company, and should have been followed by the opening crash of the national anthem. But alas! not a sound responded to the appearance of his Lordship.

'What's this, what's this, eh? Is there no band?'

'Yes, my Lord,' tremblingly replied C —; 'the band of the 117th regiment.'

'Why do n't they play? Go and see. These men are sadly drilled, I fear,' blandly remarked his Excellency to the pretty Mrs. P —.

'The aide-de-camp returned. He actually looked pale with horror.

'Well, well, why do n't they play?'

'They have not brought their instruments.'

'Not brought their instruments! Stupid fools! Tell them to go instantly and fetch them; and if they are not back in half-an-hour I'll have them all punished. Here, you, Sir, you band-master, do you hear what I'm saying? Quick!'

'Please your Excellency, I can't.'

'And why? Do you presume to bandy words with me?'

'No, my Lord; but —'

'I'll have no buts. Be off, Sir, directly, and fetch your instruments. What could Colonel S — mean by sending the band here like a parcel of sticks? I do n't want the men — I want the music.'

'Please you, my Lord, I was ordered to say, the men of the band are under your Lordship's command, and attend according to orders. But the instruments belong to the officers, who purchased them by subscription out of their own pockets, and they refuse to lend them to you.'

'What!' roared the irritated Governor-General.

'It's not my fault, Sir,' ejaculated the poor band-master.

'We shall not paint the anger of the great man, or the joy of the officers at finding they had fully succeeded in conferring the 'retort courteous' on the proudest, the haughtiest man that ever landed in Bengal.'

THERE are many lyrics about the war afloat in these days: let us say that the following, by HENRY P. LELAND, is not among the worst:

WE HAVE SEEN OUR LAST RETREAT!

BY HENRY PERRY LELAND.

'SOLDIERS: We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts.' — GEN. McCLELLAN'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY, SEPT. 10, 1861.

THE morning-red is gleaming
That proclaims the brilliant day
When our flag in victory streaming
Shall see Treason dead for aye.
God will save our native land,
When we stand hand in hand.
We have beat our last retreat,
WE HAVE SEEN OUR LAST DEFEAT!

There were traitors in our camp,
Plotting treason every day,
But McCLELLAN made them tramp —
Sharp and short, too, is his way.
And the London *Times* shall say:
'Our reporter lies each day;
They have beat their last retreat —
THEY HAVE SEEN THEIR LAST DEFEAT!

Then the Prophet of the *Times*,
 Who disgraces Irish blood,
 Shall suffer for his crimes
 And shall grovel in the mud.
 Returning whence he came,
 With a bruised and battered name,
 He shall beat a swift retreat,
 With a JOHN BULL'S RUN defeat!

Though our brows may burn for shame,
 For the battle of Bull Run,
 While we curse a traitor's name,
 Yet we boldly bless the son
 Who from Pennsylvania soil
 Sprang to labor and to toil,
 And repeats: 'No more defeat,
 We have beat our last retreat!'

Brief our songs when gleam the swords;
 Let us pray God save the right,
 May the man of deeds' short words
 Find acceptance in THY sight.
 And while our hearts shall beat,
 May we bless him and repeat:
 'We have beat our last retreat—
 WE HAVE SEEN OUR LAST DEFEAT!'

September 12th, 1861.

Let us hope that this will prove true! - - - '*Samuel Hallett and Company's American Circular of Finance, Banking, Commerce, and Rail-Road Transactions*,' is one of the best and most comprehensive journals of the kind published in this city. Its credit at home is indicated by the fact, that all our daily newspapers, on 'steamer-days' for Europe, copy entire its opening *résumé* of financial, internal improvement, and trade operations; while in Great Britain it is a recognized and acknowledged faithful and reliable expositor of American Trade, Commerce, Finance, and Internal Improvements. Its statistical tables are admirably arranged, and beautifully printed; and some idea may be gathered of the variety of its contents, from the annexed summary of the subjects of the number for September, now before us: 'National Finances; our Ability to Pay;,' 'Share and Money-Market;,' 'New-York Bank Statement for September;,' 'American Rail-Road List,' with 'Description of Securities,' and 'Amount of Interest; Federal, State and City Securities,' including 'State-Loans,' 'City Loans,' and 'County Loans;,' 'Population, Wealth, Debts, and Property of the States in 1850 and 1860, respectively;,' together with a 'Rail-Road Share List, including Mileage, Rolling-Stock, Cost of Property, Last Year's Earnings,' etc. This 'Circular' is issued from the well-known banking-house of Messrs. SAMUEL HALLETT AND COMPANY, Number 58 Beaver-street, and can be had on every European steamer-day, by American correspondents with England. - - - Now, more than ever, is the time for the country to appreciate the need of physical education for the young. A school without a gymnasium and calisthenic teaching, no matter how abundantly it cultivates the intellect, is less than half a school, and parents are rapidly finding this out. It is therefore not without pleasure that we have learned of the success of the good cause in Boston, and read the recent very copious account of the first Commencement Exercises of Dr. LEWIS's Normal Institute for Physical Education, (incorporated last spring,) which took place at the Hall of the Institute, Number 20 Essex-street, on the fifth of September. Among those who delivered speeches on this occasion were C. C. FELTON, Presi-

dent of Harvard College, EDMUND QUINCY, and many other solid men of Boston; the whole being enlivened by the gymnastic exercises, in which eight ladies and five gentlemen took place; the whole, as we are informed, 'presenting the most gratifying evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they had been trained.' Success to Dr. LEWIS! Gentlemen or ladies who would do real *good* in this world—as much as any doctors—and would learn a calling whose practitioners are every day in more request, should qualify themselves to become teachers at the Normal Physical Institute. No better institution exists. - - - COL. COLUMN has a French friend, who is of the critical persuasion, and occasionally exercises himself somewhat in literature. The Colonel wrote a poem. The poem began with the words:

'Oh! rage, oh! rage, ye wintry winds.'

'Ah! my friend! how much superb is that line,' said the Frenchman. 'How *vary* moch superb! See then. *Oh! rage*—zat is good Engleesh for ze multitude—and zen it is French for one storm. Sare, et ees not every man who is cap-able of one such poeme!' And the Colonel brought out his segars and 'fumed himself into reflection.' - - - THE '*Rockland Academy: Boarding and Day-School for Young Ladies and Gentlemen*,' at Piermont, on the Hudson, is an excellent institution, of which we have already spoken, in terms of deserved praise, in these pages. We have had occasion, from personal observation, to *know* that all which is promised in the circular of Mr. G. L. CRAWFORD, the Principal, (so abundantly indorsed by the very highest authorities in this metropolis,) is amply redeemed in the management of the school. The improvement manifested in a little boy and girl whom we wot of, under the care of Mr. CRAWFORD, and his accomplished Vice-Principal, Miss MITCHELL, as well as of many other children, who have enjoyed, and profited by the same advantages, renders it almost a duty for us to say, that we know of no High School of Instruction superior to the '*Rockland Academy*' of Mr. CRAWFORD, at Piermont-on-Hudson. - - - The Philadelphia *North-American* recently presented its readers with a stirring lyric on the Bull-Run Retreat, by GEORGE H. BOKER, and we find in a copy of the *Evening Bulletin* of the same city another address from the same pen, '*Ad Poetas*,' summoning, in a stirring measure, all our bards to sing arms, and the men who fight well for their country. Truly enough, though:

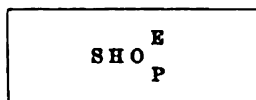
'T is not for all like Norman Talliefere
To sing before the warlike horde,
Our fathers' glories, the great trust we bear,
And strike with harp and sword;

'Nor yet to frame a lay whose moving rhyme
Shall flow in music North and South,
And fill with passion to the end of time
The nation's choral mouth.'

Still many a lay may be written which will do good service, so that

— 'MANY a soldier on his gory bed,
May turn himself with lessened pain,
And bless you for the tender words you said,
Now singing in his brain.'

Sing of the war and the times, O poets ! and spare us for a brief season those sweet Lines to —, and Stanzas to the Moon. When sweet Peace, lily-crowned, is again with us, *then* you may move to milder measures. A vermillion edict. Obey ! - - - Next to the reigning War itself, and intimately connected with it, (especially, just at this time, in the eyes of 'calculating' Englishmen,) is the article of Cotton. Discussions as to its supply for England, from various parts of the Globe, fill the English journals ; and the doubts and fears connected therewith, form the 'staple' of near all the British comments upon our unfortunate and unnatural armed rebellion. Looking over a bundle of pamphlets, the other morning, we came across a '*Paper on the Growth, Trade, and Manufacture of Cotton,*' which was prepared at the request of the New-York Historical Society, and read before them, some nine years ago, by J. G. DUDLEY, Esq. The republication of this pamphlet, at this time, would supply an important desideratum. It is admirably written, and is in all respects the most interesting and comprehensive history of the Great Staple that we have ever encountered. In fact, from the first mention of cotton by HERODOTUS, and its use in Rome and Egypt, before CHRIST, down to the present era, every possible detail, and ramification of detail, of growth, culture, improvement in its use, are amply given, and in a style so attractive as to win at once the attention of the reader. We know of no treatise in its kind which would so well repay instant re-publication. - - - An ingenious cobbler, in Stellacoom, (sweet name !) Washington Territory, managed to study out a plan to paint a sign for his shop, and save the expense of painting several letters. It is as follows :



The sign is characteristic of the proprietor, says the "*Puget Sound Herald*," who is known as a man of very few words, whose conversation rarely extends beyond monosyllables, and who is very provident of even these. - - - We should deem ourselves guilty of discourtesy should we fail to acknowledge the very general, earnest, and often enthusiastic comments which were elicited by our last number from our friends of the Press. Our political course has provoked much debate, but with rare exceptions, it has all been at least courteously expressed.

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THE

DECEMBER,

1861.

Snickerbobbers



OR

NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



New-York :

J. R. GILMORE, 121 NASSAU ST.

FORWARDERS AND THE PROPRIETOR

H. DEXTER & CO., AND BOSS & TURLEY

BOSTON : A. WILLIAMS & CO., J. J. DYER & CO.

LONDON : TINSLEY & CO.

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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publisher of the **KNICKERBOCKER** begs to inform its readers, that the '**REVELATIONS OF WALL STREET**,' which have attracted so much attention to its pages during the present year, will be concluded in the early part of the ensuing volume, when they will be followed by a **NEW SERIAL** of similar character, and of equal interest, by the same eminent author. The other popular writers who have contributed to the Magazine during the present and previous volumes will continue to enrich its pages, and to make the **KNICKERBOCKER** more and more deserving of the liberal support it has for so many years received.

The Publisher being desirous of entering upon a wider field of monthly journalism, yet wishing to preserve to the **KNICKERBOCKER** all the characteristics which have for nearly thirty years attracted to it so many friends, would also announce that, while this old favorite will be continued without change, he likewise proposes to embark upon a fresh undertaking, which will include many new and peculiar features. About the first of December next will appear the **CONTINENTAL MONTHLY**, a publication intended to present, in addition to the Literary attractions of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, a vigorous American element, to be mainly directed to the subject of Political, Social, and Educational questions, which will be treated in an independent manner, unrestrained by party claims, and unembarrassed by entanglements with any sect, society, or clique.

Terms for each Magazine: Three dollars per year; two copies for five dollars; three copies for six dollars.

1862, Dec. 29

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LVIII.

DECEMBER, 1861.

No. 6.

STRIKE BOLDLY!

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

WHEN a nation is at war, it is as when a man is playing a game. Success can only be made certain by devotion to a single object. The move or stroke made when the mind of the player is in the least distracted between two different possible advantages to be gained, is sure to fail. The first-class master who is subject to such hesitation is often easily beaten by an inferior, but determined and single-minded amateur.

The relative situation of the North and the South is much like that of two such players. With great material inferiority to its mighty opponent, the South enjoys the advantage of being decidedly, unscrupulously, and fiercely in earnest. It sees but a single aim, and devotes to that aim every energy. It is fighting to establish an independent government on the basis of Slavery. It knows its weaknesses, it feels that the *moral* support of all Christendom is withdrawn from it, it is conscious that it will stand as an Algiers among the nations, black and banned, without one social sympathy, and defended only by King Cotton; but then it is goaded by all this knowledge into sharp, decisive action, and is troubled by no earthly doubt as to the propriety or impropriety of any measure which is certain to injure the enemy.

The great, strong North, on the contrary, while giving its men and its millions, and while most anxious to win glory, union, and peace, is far from being an unit on the first *principles* of the contest. It is grand and glorious that the charm of the early Revolution still lingers over us, hallowing in beauty our Union; it is inspiring to reflect, that from that by-gone age voices still speak whose magic is sufficient to call again to the gun and the sword the grandsons of the men who fought freedom's noblest battle. But since that brave, old single-hearted time, when it was a simple question of a people against a king, new influences and new elements, which cannot be ignored, have arisen to complicate the strife. Slavery, which was an anxious grief, and a beginning of unde-

veloped disaster to the Fathers of the Republic, has grown with our youth, and strengthened with our strength into something which cannot be let alone, and which — fret and writhe as we may — *will not* be let alone by the majority of voters in the Northern States. It is idle to quibble before tremendous and inevitable *facts*. The great mass of the North, those who will ultimately settle this thing their own way, are every day determining in their own minds that Slavery must be done away with. The man must be blind indeed who, having witnessed what has taken place within a few years, can withhold his conviction that Emancipation in some form or other is certain to become universal among us. Like it or dislike, it is so. Let man deny it, and the steam-engine and labor-saving machine will assert it. Let the rich and indolent ridicule the assertion, and the man of labor, whoever he be, will, with the increase of practical and social knowledge, realize the degradation of being regarded as the parallel of a slave, and revolt against it. Common-sense, when she contrasts the slave portion of Delaware with the free-laboring portion, will be disgusted at such ridiculous waste of capital ; and her disgust will increase in comparing Virginia as she is to what she should be. With Slavery there has grown up, on the other hand, in the South, a state of society unknown during the early days of the Republic. *Aristocracy*, of the narrowest and most hateful description, that which is based merely on slave-ownership, has been proclaimed as the true basis of society. There has not been a paper of any standing in the South, and few writers or public men, who have not in the most determined manner urged oligarchy as the proper basis of government. Democracy and Republicanism, as understood by the founders of this Union, have been universally denied in 'Dixie,' as detestable and damnable. The serf or mud-sill has been declared to be the essential, fundamental element of every government. While every civilized nation on the face of the earth has been hastening with headlong speed away from the errors and terrors of the feudal age, the statesmen, orators, and poets of the South have revelled in their foul romance, and struggled back with all their might to the poison vapor-land of the old Serpent. Deny this if you can. It has *not* been 'only their talk' on the part of the South, and it is only ignorance which prevents any human being from seeing that they have seriously and earnestly endeavored to reconstruct that mediæval state of society, which it is the great effort of modern civilization to blot out. What was the whole philosophy of Hayne, of Calhoun, and of all their like ? To strengthen the local State at the expense of the Union ; to put, if interest demanded, the county above the State ; to assert the power of the Minority, legally if one could, illegally if one must ; to let the Individual vindicate himself by the strong hand above law and order ; to make the 'chivalric' idea, with its horse and arms, negroes and powerful family interest, superior to every other claim of society ; in short, to make a detestable provincialism take the place of cosmopolite culture, and a grand patriotism — and put the devil of *Might*, with all his angels, in place of divine *Right*. Tell the truth, and make any thing else, if you can, out of this Hayne doctrine, which has since his time poisoned the whole South, from Richmond to New-Orleans. Point out a Southern man or a Southern journal distinguished for advocating

those great principles of liberty, equality, industrial and social progress, which the genius of all Europe has united in advancing! It cannot be done. Within a life-time the glory and the beauty of freedom have been inconceivably better understood, and more practically advanced, than they were in the early days of our Republic. The 'tradesman' no longer stands with cap in hand in the Market-street of Philadelphia, humbly saluting the representative of a first family. In the restless and resistless action of Capital; in the constant tendency of science all the world over to invent cheap comfort for the multitude, and in its cessation to work exclusively for a favored few; in improved schools, and in the giant growth of the press, Time has seen liberty made real; ennobled and brought home to the humblest hut. Nowhere has this progress been so stupendous, so beautiful, as in the Northern belt of American States, from ocean to ocean; nowhere has its contrary principle been so practically and powerfully urged as in the Southern realm. We have gone beyond our fathers, and they have fallen behind them.

The difference has gone so far that the time must come when the South can neither live with us nor without us, unless the cause be removed. It is Slavery which has built up this pride, this precious 'aristocracy,' this provincial vanity, this vilest of all demoralization. But there are numbers in the North who as yet *will* not see this, while many others who perfectly understand it still declare that, though it be an evil in many respects, the South has a 'right' to the evil, and that they at least will do nothing, war or no war, to infringe on any man's 'rights.' Until this war assumed such terrific proportions, this 'wait awhile,' let alone, after-us-the-deluge patience and procrastination was followed by the majority. Even at the present moment, when it interferes vitally with the war, when it forms the essential cause of it, and is known to constitute our great social difference, men still protest against 'meddling' with it; because, forsooth, certain premature and rash philanthropists once went ill-advisedly and awkwardly to work to abolish it, and *therefore* we are to let the foe fight us at a disadvantage forever! But what folly! It is as though one were to protest against astronomy because of the judicial astrologers, and their sublime errors; or as though modern chemistry were to be the scape-goat of alchemy. Let the past bury its dead. We live in other times, under new needs, and those right terrible and pressing ones. 'Abolition' is dead, and the Emancipation which is rapidly rising in its place is not Abolition; is not 'a distinction without a difference,' is not 'a mistaken benevolence to the black,' or any thing like it, but simply a vigorous military need for the present, and a measure imperatively called for by the condition of the free white laborer of the future.

But here it is that the South has the advantage, that while so many in power at the North hesitate and 'do n't like to,' and 'do n't know,' Secession *does* know perfectly well what it is about, and *acts*. It is a very doubtful matter whether, if Jefferson Davis and his traitorous coadjutors were prisoners in Washington now, they would be hung. It is far more likely that legal quibbles and bail, and in due time champagne dinners and courtesies would be their portion. As for prompt severity, we have hardly known what it is. It was not

until the enemy had above one thousand of our men prisoners that we seemed to realize that prisoners formed a part of the war programme at all. It will hardly be believed that a leading New-York journal recently believed that it had effectually smashed the arguments for emancipating the slaves of rebels, by citing the fact that when Fremont's proclamation appeared, his nearest Secession foe countered it by proclaiming that for every rebel hung he would hang two Federalists, and for every slave liberated, would confiscate four belonging to Union men! That is to say, when you are fighting a man, take good care not to strike him if he should threaten to hit you twice as hard. And so our cotemporary would, by banning any interference with the great cause of all our troubles, put our country precisely in the position of a great lubberly craven, afraid to strike his little peppery insolent foe for fear lest the Smaller should hit hard and break something! Certainly, an easier method of concluding a battle never was imagined or conceded. Only be a little more unscrupulous than your adversary, and you may bid defiance to any thing he may do. And this has been the history of the whole trouble from the older times, when Southern insolents grasped the majority of our appointments, when Southern traitors blinded our Presidents, when Southern ruffians bullied Northern representatives, down to the more recent disaster of Bull Run—which is still being kept up, in all its tremor and cowardice, in the hearts of these men who fear Emancipation because—because they even now, while at war, dread the fierce sneer of the South, and remember how they would feel to be looked upon by Chivalry as 'abolitionists.' Ah! yes, gentlemen, you may ruffle it bravely, if you will—and you are mostly rather inclined to swagger—you may wear epaulettes perchance, or give all your hearts, money, and blood to our country—but you are *cowards*—white-livered cowards; and a future day will write you down as crawling snobs for your fear to look a great truth boldly in the face, because it was—unfashionable! You who dare not admit the great Fact which has been growing upon this land and before all this world for a generation—the stupendous fact of the rising dignity of labor and the degrading results of a recognized aristocracy founded on nothing but chattels—who and *what* are you? I will tell you what you are—all of you. You are humbugs of that pitiable kind whose deceit is more apt to be turned against yourself than others—the kind that great knaves use and demagogues play on as on wires. You are of those inflated cowards who are none the less cowardly for being willing to rush to a dramatic death; for you are afraid to look a great truth sternly in the face, and *live* for it. You are puling and paltry wretches, whom the first blast of abuse from a low newspaper would as effectually wither up as a cool sea-breeze would wilt a mosquito. You are the dolts and dough-faces who are useful to make majorities of, or to construct congregations, ward-meetings, and other mobs, where you vociferously applaud Names, though you cannot hear their speeches, and sign resolutions which you guess are all right, because they come from the Party. You are men who live in a free country, where every citizen is expected to exert his intelligence in mastering and reducing to practice great social truths; and you behave like the timid settled *bourgeoisie* of Europe, who look up to their 'betters,' and 'the quality,' to give

them ideas and prompt their acts. Out upon you! You have been cringing all your lives so abjectly before Southern chivalry, you have treated it so humbly as your 'betters' and your 'quality,' that now you are fighting it you cannot really think and feel, save according to its social canons. It was the hesitation and dilatoriness and sentimentalism and politeness toward the South of men who faithfully represented your weakness which built up this war to its present gigantic proportions, and it is you, and men like you, who are now building up the South every day into a great military nation. But go on with your bowing and scraping, your fondling with the wing, while you feebly peck with the bill. You are only rendering more certain the Great Catastrophe which must come as inevitably as God lives. There hangs suspended a thunderbolt—the dread lein-brand of Emancipation on the Border, which, when it bursts, will sweep Southern war and Southern institutions to nothing. And if there follow hard upon it the Devil's tornado of a Servile Insurrection, thank yourselves for the disaster. Do you not know that too great fear of a disaster often leads to the dreaded event?

Just at present the Administration is generally censured as representing this pacifying imbecility—I think with some injustice. The Administration is eminently representative, and will follow the command of the People when the People speak loudly and clearly enough. And the PEOPLE at this instant are in favor of final and energetic solution of this problematic curse; but in the way stand the gangs and cliques of wretched old politicians, who by force of old custom and ancient brazen impudence still utter untimely cowardice and harass the war. Away with them—their doom is sealed—we are entering upon new times, new ideas, new measures for which the old demagogues are utterly unfitted. And do you, O People! remember that henceforth a responsibility of tremendous weight attaches to you. Posterity will hold you responsible for the good or bad action of your administrative agents. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*. There is a great work to be done, and it will be done; it depends on your prompt action to decide whether it shall be bravely, swiftly, and gloriously brought about, or whether it be finally and wearily consummated through long years of blood, of suffering, and of shame.

A WORD FOR TURKEY.

THE advent of a new sovereign to power is always an important event in the history of a nation. Even in times of peace and prosperity, the change or continuance of a certain line of policy, may introduce influences that will reach far into the unseen future of a country, and finally decide its weal or ruin. And of not less importance to a state than its foreign or domestic policy, is the personal character of those in high official position. These, by their own examples of integrity and justice, may fix in the hearts of the great masses those principles of honesty and sound morality that lie at the basis of the permanence and prosperity of a government, or by venality and bribery may introduce the elements of vice and corruption that will break down the strongest government in the world. The present year (1861) has witnessed legitimate changes of sovereigns in two of the most prominent nations of the world, under circumstances the most critical, and even threatening the very existence of those nations.

America and Turkey, at the extreme limits of Eastern and Western civilization, widely separated as they are both in locality and their forms of government, almost equally divide the attention of the world; and it would be difficult to decide upon the fate of which of these two countries the problem of the future progress of the human race most depends. Both are almost equally misunderstood by foreigners, as well in their internal organization as in their relation to other nations. European aristocracies are not very apt scholars in the school of liberal principles, and will not fully understand, at least till the next generation, the true condition and influence of the 'Great Republic;' nor do their crafty diplomatists, in their eagerness to grasp the 'Sick Man's estate,' hesitate to represent, or rather to misrepresent, the internal condition and the future prospects of the Ottoman Empire, as best may suit their separate purposes.

In forming an opinion of the 'Eastern Question,' Americans, at least, can afford to be honest and unbiased. Even though we were not so far removed from the scene of contest that our vision will not be blinded by any important effects upon our material interests which any result of the question may produce, yet our national love of justice and equal rights, as well as a Christian regard for truth, should lead us to take a candid view of this Oriental people, and give them the credit due for what virtue and liberal principles they really do possess.

History has not always dealt fairly with the Ottomans. Its decisions have not often been drawn from a fair examination of her own records, as well as those of her foes, but the one-sided and never disinterested testimony of the enemies of Turkey have furnished nearly all of our historical knowledge of that country. The extensive works of the Ottoman historians have either been entirely ignored, or they have been simply mentioned without being examined. Nor indeed have most travellers, even from America, been much more just and considerate in the opinions they have formed, and given to the public through

the press. Pera and Galata, the European quarters of Constantinople, are thronged with renegades from all the adjacent nations. These pick up a smattering of several languages, and impose themselves upon travellers as guides and dragomans. They are the source of much of the information concerning the Turks that appears in 'foreign correspondence,' and by which public opinion is so insensibly moulded. And when a distinguished editor writes an article upon *Education in Turkey*, and afterward learns that his information was altogether erroneous, but still says, 'I thought it was right when I wrote it, and now it is written, I must send it!' we can easily see how public opinion, though honestly formed, is often in the wrong.

By these means Turkey is judged quite too severely. She is not that country of unmitigated licentiousness and oppression that her traducers would have us believe her to be. On the contrary, she has many traits that, when fully known, will be appreciated and prized by the liberal and free-thinking Americans. Not that she has not errors enough, and that her history has not been marked by scenes that fill the heart with sorrow to contemplate. But we must compare her with herself, her origin, the condition of the neighboring tribes, and with the European nations of her own day, and we will be more mild in our judgment.

Turkey is represented to us as the land *par excellence* of intolerance and persecution. Before examining this charge, it is but proper to state, that it is quite out of place for the neighboring Christian churches to say any thing upon this subject. Whenever the power of persecution has been placed in their hands, they have never failed to use it — not merely against Jews and infidels, but against each other. But let us examine the early history of the Ottoman Empire, and we will understand why, when the alternative was offered them, the Servians cried out, 'Rather the Turks than the Latins,' for their rulers, and placed themselves under the power of the Sultan. Brusa, a large and prosperous city about fifty miles south of Constantinople, was the burial-place of Othman the First, and was for a long time the capital city of the Sultans. Here, for a long time before the fall of the Byzantine Empire, the Armenians enjoyed the full liberty of their religious faith, and of all the ceremonies of their Church. When Mohammed II. conquered Constantinople, (1453,) among his very first acts was one of religious tolerances. He effaced the traces of devastation, and rebuilt for Christians many places of worship. Santa Sophia excepted, he divided with them their churches, and left them the fullest liberty of all their customs and their public worship. He directed the Greeks to select a new Patriarch, install him with all the ceremony, and invest him with all the power they had under the Greek Emperors; and recalled to the city the colonies of Greek Christians that had fled at his coming to the coasts of the Black Sea, promising them liberty and protection. He brought the Armenian Archbishop Joachim from Brusa, raised him to the rank of Patriarch, and gave him privileges and powers equal to those of the Greek Patriarch. Large colonies of Armenians flocked to Galata, and there became the bankers of the capital.

The Jews — that people who hardly yet cease to be abused in every nation in Europe — were driven from Catholic, Christian Spain and Portugal, but

found in Mohammedan Turkey the fullest enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. Nearly the whole of that large colony of Jews in Spain, variously estimated at from half a million to a million in number, the most flourishing that had been founded since the great depression, and rivalling for a long time the Moors of Cordova, by its riches, industry and learning, were established at Brusa, Salonica, and Constantinople, where they were governed by their own civil laws, and were protected in the enjoyment of their peculiar religious customs.

Of Latins (Catholics) there are several sects in the Empire, and they all have equal privileges with the Greeks and Armenians. The Protestants have had missions in the Empire, for the last thirty years; and now they have several churches or preaching-places in Stamboul itself. (Stamboul is the old city, and is now mostly occupied by the Turks.) Instead, then, of being a place of peculiar persecution, Turkey has been a place of refuge for exiles of all religions and all nations, and in no country in the world do the laws allow of fuller religious liberty.

The traveller in the East meets with no greater annoyance than the dishonesty and perfidy, that so frequently extend from the highest social rank to the lowest 'palicar.' In none is this trait more strongly marked than in the Armenians and the Greeks, especially the latter. Ever ready in classic times to sell their country for a bribe, they retain to this day their habits of intrigue and deception. Part of their hospitality consists in gaining the confidence of their guests, and then in abusing it in their absence. More honest in their social intercourse, the Armenians are equally crafty in trade. In this respect the Turks are infinitely superior to the native Christian population of the Orient. (In the Orient, every one born in a Christian family is called a Christian, without the slightest regard to personal piety, or even morality or honesty.) It is a pleasure to look into the frank, honest faces of the Caigjis of Constantinople. If by chance you leave a bundle in a caique, you may be sure of finding it there on your return, unopened and untouched.

The following cases will illustrate the honesty of the common Turk, and his indignation on being accused of a lie or a theft. It compromises his manhood and his religion. Rev. Dr. — had just returned to Constantinople, from a visit to America. A Caigji met him in the street, and claimed a certain sum for taking some baggage to the steamer, and which had by accident been left unpaid. The Doctor asked a few questions, to satisfy himself of the truth of the claim, when the honest Turk, in evident mortification, looked up to heaven, and said: 'Would n't Allah know it if I were telling a lie?' Doctor — paid the amount, and on going home, found it was as the Turk had said. A merchant in Galata sent a number of purses of money by a Turk to another merchant in the same city. From one bag a certain amount was missing, on his arrival, and the Turk was charged with the theft, but he resented it with indignation. A clerk was sent back with him to the first merchant. Then the Turk, in evident distress, said, stretching both hands up toward the heavens: 'Would not God above have seen it if I had stolen it? and would not He hear me if I were telling a lie?' On examination it was found that the amount missing had

been taken out by a clerk to pay a bill, but that no note had been made of it, and hence the apparent theft.

In and around Constantinople the Turks catch from the native Christians much of the contagion of dishonesty. And often the unwitting traveller, while purchasing at the bazaar, is placed in a very false light by his guide or dragoman. In that great city you hear of crimes, of thefts and murders, but always in the quarters of the Christians and the Jews — never in those of the Turks ; they are quiet at home early in the evening, as all good husbands and honest people ought to be. This same trait of honesty characterized the early Sultans especially. Says a distinguished writer : 'The limits which Mohammedan intolerance prescribed to itself were seldom transgressed. The word pledged to unbelievers was rarely violated ; and with all their oppression, the Moslem conquerors were mild in comparison with those who obeyed the pontiffs of Rome and Constantinople.'

To this native honesty of the Turks is added a kindly regard for even brutes that are in physical suffering. The very birds recognize them as friends ; and it is a beautiful sight to see these songsters fly at liberty within the mosques, and alight beside the Mohammedan worshippers, as they are going through their devotions. You never see Turks inflict those annoying cruelties upon the beasts of burden, so often committed by those of other nations around. Either growing out of their honesty and kindness, or closely allied to them, is their spirit of hospitality. The traveller is always welcome to a portion of their fare, be it ever so humble ; and in their great feasts an extra plate is set for the wayfarer who may happen to pass by.

It is the general impression that every Turk has a number of wives, concubines or slaves. The error of this opinion is abundantly shown in the fact, that in the whole empire the number of females exceeds that of males by less than one-fortieth part. Polygamy exists only among the rich, and even with them to but a limited extent. The obligations that the laws impose upon the husband, to give every wife a dowry, to furnish for her separate apartments, and to supply her with her own body of servants, make polygamy quite too expensive to be generally practised. The utmost number that the law allows at any time is four wives. The Turk is indeed eminently domestic in his feelings and enjoyment. Without theatres or other places of public amusement, he seeks at home the pleasure that men of other nations find outside of the domestic circle. The parental and filial affections thus engendered form a most pleasing element of the Oriental character. The introduction of European manufactures has been of great injury to the harems. Machine-made clothes and carpets, that do not give one-tenth the service of native goods, sell at half their price, and hence drive them quite out of the market. Every harem was formerly a 'domestic factory,' where were made carpets, articles of apparel, and rich and costly embroidery. An honest rivalry existed as to who could produce the best or most tasteful articles. Even beys and pashas were proud to say of their rich garments, that they were made in the harem by their wives.

Slavery, and especially female slavery, among the Turks has received the condemnation of the whole civilized world, and is regarded as one of the most

terrible elements of Oriental barbarism. In its best form, slavery is always bad enough. But as regards slavery or licentiousness, it is hard to tell which Christian nation can throw the first stone. Russia has but just entered upon the experiment of freeing her serfs; and even now what better is that country, and her neighbor Austria, than two nations of slaves? Enlightened France, but a few years ago, set her slaves at liberty. England — Christian, Protestant England — established slavery in the American colonies against their will, and it was not until after a thirty years' struggle that she emancipated her own slaves, though she now lifts her hands in holy horror that other nations are guilty of this awful sin! And what shall free, Christian, Republican America say to despotic, Mohammedan Turkey, while she herself holds over four millions of slaves in the vilest bondage that history has ever recorded?

Slavery does indeed exist in Turkey, but to a limited extent, and in a form comparatively mild. After seven years' servitude, the slave receives his freedom, as by the Mosaic law. The child of a female slave, by her master, is entitled to full heirship of his estate, and is treated in every other respect like the children of the wife. Without specifying other particulars, suffice it to say, that in many respects the morals of Turkish slavery are beyond comparison better than that of the Southern States. Much indignation is heaped upon the Turks for tearing the beautiful Circassian girls from their free mountain homes, to supply the harems of the beys and pashas. All this is bad enough, and ought to be changed, as without doubt in time it will be. But the fact is, that often these Circassian girls look forward with eagerness to the time when they shall exchange their wild, and to many of them cheerless, homes among the mountains, for a palace on the Bosphorus, where they know that a life of ease and luxury awaits them. There they are usually taught music, embroidery, and other polite arts. As to the vices of the harem, let Paris, Berlin, London, and New-York set a better example, and then they may condemn the Turks. In regard to drunkenness, and other social vices, Turkey will compare favorably with any nation in Christendom. You would hardly make a Mussulman believe that there are foundling-hospitals in every important town in Europe.

The Mohammedan religion is regarded as unfavorable to science. The explicit statement of the Koran to the contrary, and the great attention paid to learning by the Arabians, sufficiently refute the charge. Cordova at the West, and Bagdad at the East, were the chief strongholds of classical literature and philosophy, and were indeed the nurseries of the elements of modern science, when Europe was sunk in the ignorance and barbarism of the dark ages. Many of the early Sultans not only were skilled in all the learning of their days, but they also founded — first at Brusa, and then at Constantinople, academies and colleges in connection with the mosques, with which they adorned their capital cities. Wherever a few Mohammedan houses are built near together, a mosque is erected, and in connection with every mosque is a school of some kind. It is stated that there are over a thousand libraries attached to the different mosques of Constantinople. There are also forty public libraries, to which Christians can only get access by a special firman. Several of these are not attached to mosques. The buildings for them are constructed with

great elegance. The halls for reading are large and airy. The manuscripts are on vellum, neatly bound in red, black, or green morocco; and then for further protection are inclosed in cases, also of morocco, on whose edges the title of the work is written in large characters. (The Arabic alphabet is adopted by the Ottomans.) These manuscripts are arranged according to their subjects in cases, protected by doors of sash or trellis-work. Catalogues arranged with care contain the titles and tables of contents of each manuscript. There is also in each of these imperial libraries a 'Catalogue or General Statement' of all the works extant in the three languages of the country — the Turkish, Persian and Arabic.

The libraries are open to the public each day of the week, except Tuesday and Friday. Librarians are appointed, who receive visitors with the sober and dignified politeness of the Orientals. Extracts or entire copies of the manuscripts can be made, but the originals cannot be taken from the building. In the fifteen termed the 'larger,' of these libraries are over forty thousand manuscripts, many of which are very choice. As the libraries of the Byzantine Emperors fell into the hands of Mohammed II., when the greater part of the large collection of Matthias Corvin, at Buda, (Hungary,) and much of the Arabian literature, were conveyed to Constantinople, it is supposed that an examination of these manuscripts would bring to light many important works of both classical and early modern literature.

Ottoman bibliography is divided into five principal branches: sacred literature or theology, jurisprudence, philosophy and the sciences, poetry, and history. By far the most extensive branch is that of sacred literature. It is composed of commentaries, glosses and interpretations of the Koran, and of the *Hadis* or oral traditions of the miracles and sayings of the prophets, with its commentaries. The *Hadis* contains many precepts of the purest morality, and is highly prized by the Turks, while the Persians reject it entirely. It has not been translated into any of the modern languages. The department of jurisprudence comprises the commentaries upon the civil law, as deduced from the Koran; and the *Fetvas*, or records of the decisions of the *Muftis*, or Judges: corresponding to our legal reports or digests. The department of philosophy and sciences comprises works on metaphysics, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics, natural history, alchemy, (or chemistry,) medicine, astronomy, astrology, and music. Nearly all the works in these three departments have descended from the times of the Califs of Bagdad. Even the large number of works written by the Ottomans, especially those on jurisprudence, are written in Arabic, which is yet the polite, and often the official language of the Mussulmans.

Persia was the cradle of Mohammedan poetry; not even the fame of the seven Arab poets, who enjoy the privilege of having their poems suspended in the Caaba of Mecca, equals the renown of Saadi, Hafiz, Djami, and of Ferdouci. Poetry has flourished indeed to a great extent among the Ottomans, but rather as an exotic plant, less vigorous than in its native soil, but yet not without much richness of perfume. Among the more than two thousand principal poets, whose works are preserved and prized, are found sultans,

viziers, generals, and even women. The idea that the Mohammedans do not think women have souls, is only one of those perverted views that prevail concerning this people. There are indeed one hundred and forty Turkish poetesses, whose works are preserved. Several of them are very celebrated, such as the beautiful and talented Mihri, the Sappho of the Ottomans, who sang her love for Iskender; and later, Leila Khatour, who has recorded in verse her love for Fuad Effendi. Ottoman poetry takes the practical stamp of the Osmanli. It is sententious, has an air of philosophy, is always moral, and frequently religious, even when treating of love, and is rather didactic than lyric like the Persian, or epic like the Arabic. Its more usual themes are: the power and goodness of the CREATOR, the pleasures of knowledge and of study, and the frailty of all worldly things.

The most important work in their historical collection, which is very complete, is the 'Book of Annals' of the Empire, from its origin down to the present time. These annals are often prolix and yet fresh in their style, frequently overburdened with Oriental figures, often full of exaggerations; and yet from the details they give of the customs of the times they record, the harangues of the visiers to their armies before battle — among the most eloquent specimens of military eloquence on record — the discourses and extracts from the works of the Sultans — often persons of great learning — they will in the future unfold rich treasures to the historian, and perhaps may place that portion of history, of which the Ottoman Empire formed so prominent a part, in a very different light before the world. Beside these formal treatises, are many works on etiquette, both social and courtly; and large numbers of albums, or collections of epigrams, quotations from authors, proverbs, and choice bits of poetry. The taste for these 'selected pieces' is very extensive among the Turks. They are in every library. Every learned man forms them for himself, according to his taste or his studies.

There are at present in Constantinople alone three Turkish newspapers. The system of education has been lately revised, so that even now a majority of the Turks can read their own language. Schools are established for females as well as males. Females indeed have never been deprived of the privilege of education. Other and vital reforms are under consideration by the government, which if adopted, as they undoubtedly soon will be, will place the inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire on a ground that will compare very favorably with any nation in the world. The medical and naval academies have for a long time been highly creditable to the intelligence and enterprise of the Government.

The point upon which the most complaint has been made of late years is the administration of the finances, and the collection of taxes. These charges are unhappily too well sustained. The whole system is wrong, and financial prosperity can hardly be restored until it is modified. But a careful examination will show that the blame does not rest wholly upon the Turks. The taxes are 'farmed out' by districts, that is, sold at public auction. These are bought frequently by Greeks, Armenians and Jews. Enough is added to the tax to pay the expense of collection — here is where the iniquity lies — and

the military enforce the collection of whatever sum the contractor levies. The poor Turkish subjects suffer thus the greatest exactions, but they can only cry, 'God is high, and the Sultan is far away!' and submit. The reports of the British consuls in the Ottoman Empire upon this subject, show us 'that almost invariably more injustice is done, when these taxes are 'farmed out' by Armenians or Greeks, than even by the worst pachas.' The late Sultan was mild, generous, and yielding to a fault, and hence many of his officers either concealed these transactions from his view, or persuaded him to overlook them.

All the other nationalities, resident and subject to the empire, are taxed by their own Church, (which with them is synonymous with civil authorities;) and hence if injustice is done, the Turkish government cannot be blamed. Facts show, that with them the wrongs and oppressions of the tax-gatherers, even when they are bishops or priests, are greater even than those of the pachas. But on the question of taxation, resident subjects of foreign powers certainly have no ground of complaint, for they are not taxed at all. All that they can ask is, that they might be taxed; and that part of the amount levied might be appropriated to improving the streets, building wharves, laying out parks, and other public works. Foreign residents are amenable in all respects to the laws of their own countries, and in no respect to those of the Ottoman Empire. Indeed, if liberality and toleration do not exist here, there is no meaning in words, nor do they exist in any country.

By a singular and most unwise commercial regulation, the duty upon exported goods is twice as great as that upon those that are imported! Hence all manufacturing interest is paralyzed, the country is drained of coin, the paper currency is continually fluctuating much below its par value, and the lines of legitimate trade are often completely broken up. With a judicious reform of tariff-duties, which has happily been inaugurated by the new Sultan, a just distribution and collection of taxes, and the opening of lines of intercourse with the interior, the financial prosperity of the Empire can easily be placed upon a firm and secure basis. With over four thousand miles of sea-coast, with all the material necessary for constructing a navy of unlimited size, with a climate varying from temperate to tropical, with agricultural resources unsurpassed, and a population of from thirty-five to forty millions to be supplied with merchandise, its commerce, placed upon a judicious basis, would rival that of any country in the world.

The liveliest hopes of the friends of Turkey, and the fears and misgivings of her enemies, have been excited by the vigorous policy adopted by the new Sultan, Abd-ul-Aziz Khan, immediately upon his accession to power, June twenty-fifth, 1861. Having lived up to the time of his coronation quite secluded from all public affairs, he was known only to be a man of integrity and energy. He is a rigid teetotaller, smokes neither tobacco nor narghilli, is a fair scholar, a fine pianist, an expert marksman and angler, and is skilled in practical agriculture and mechanism. He, indeed, has many of the qualifications of the 'good Sultans of the olden time.' Since his advent to power, he has far outstripped public expectation by his activity and energy. He visits, without previous notice, the arsenals, foundries, navy-yards, and barracks. He inquires the cost and

use of each tool, and the price of all that is manufactured, and sees for himself the actual condition of all the departments of public service. Nothing escapes his scrutiny. The courts of justice he has organized anew, making a proper division of the different departments, and throwing independent labor and personal responsibility upon officers who had before been but automata in the hands of their superiors. He has placed his own son in the army as a private, and has ordered to be stricken from the lists the names of all the officers — sons of beys, pachas, or whoever they may be — who have not been promoted in due form, or for services actually rendered.

He has deposed and disgraced the late Minister of War, who has been so notorious for his malfeasance for the last fifteen years, and has ordered an investigation into his accounts during his whole term of office. Others in high office have been also deposed and their accounts examined. In his first 'imperial Hatt,' or proclamation, he declares that 'all existing treaties and obligations of the government shall be promptly and effectually carried into execution, and that all subjects, of whatever religion or nationality, shall receive without distinction his care and protection;' and he calls upon 'all good and loyal citizens to assist and coöperate with him in carrying out his designs.' All his proclamations are marked with sincere expressions of 'dependence upon the Divine care and mercy,' such as would well become a Christian sovereign.

To show that he is sincere in his desire to improve 'the Empire which God has providentially placed in his hands,' he has immediately brought reform home to the Grand Seraglio, or royal palace. The three hundred wives, or more properly, slaves of the last Sultan, have been sent, with a pension, to the old seraglio, or to the different palaces on the Bosphorus, and a large number of servants of the royal palace have been dismissed. The mother of the Sultan, who is entitled to an income of half a million of piasters a month, consents — and this half by force — to accept one tenth of that amount. The sadly neglected army and navy now receive their pay promptly and in full. The Sultan has made liberal donations from his own private purse to the soldiers and employés in the establishments that he has visited. Over four hundred splendid horses from the imperial stables, have been sent off to active service in the artillery and cavalry. The private theatre of the palace has been closed, and the musical corps of the palace has been reduced to five in number. The interest on the public debt — one hundred and forty thousand pounds — was remitted in gold on the day when it became due. Every day shows us some new example of his energy and sincere desire to renovate his empire. His acts are not those of a headstrong, thoughtless man bent upon making a sensation, but they all seem to have been wisely chosen as to time, method and occasion.

As a natural consequence, public energy and integrity have already wrought a wonderful change in the feeling of the public. Government funds have risen twenty per cent in market value in the three weeks the Sultan has been in power. If the reforms that have already been introduced, are properly followed by others judiciously made, Turkey will soon eclipse the prosperity of any former period of her history, and the 'sick man' of Emperor Nicholas will be found to be decidedly convalescent.

It is a great mistake to think that either through its civil or religious organization, the policy of the Ottoman Empire is inelastic, incapable of reform, and that it must of necessity remain behind the civilization of the day until it is displaced or dismembered by the great European powers. The reforms of the last thirty-five years are but the inauguration of better ones yet to take place. The destruction of the forty thousand Janissaries — that military power which achieved by its organization and discipline such glorious victories in the early days of the Ottoman power, but which in later days became such a barrier to all progress in the empire, was but the inauguration of a system of changes that will result in making Turkey again one of the most powerful, as she has always been one of the freest nations in the world.

And finally, as to the 'Question of the Orient,' a question that has vexed diplomatists for the last century, especially the diplomatists of those states which are anxious to see the Ottoman Empire fall to pieces, that they may enrich themselves from its ruins. It has become very popular and patriotic of late to talk of disintegrating many of the existing nations, and of reorganizing them upon the basis of a common origin and language. If this principle were fully carried out, all the present boundaries of countries would be broken up, and in many cases it would be impossible to reestablish them in any manner. The whole history of Europe, since the rise of the Roman Empire, has been one of conquests and emigrations. This principle of 'nationalities' grows out of a misapplication of the republican doctrine of the sovereignty of the people. Its only feasible application to European questions would seem to be that where an intelligent people of a common origin form a large majority of a country and desire to form a separate nation, they should be allowed to do so, with a proper regard, of course, to existing treaties. If this be denied, there remains the last resort — the right of revolution.

Let us apply this principle to the Ottoman Empire as it exists to-day. It has a population of from thirty-five to forty million inhabitants, and includes at least fourteen nationalities. Of these the Osmanlis* or Turks, number over thirteen millions, or more than one third of the whole. Of religions, there are at least eight sects. In the Empire there are from twenty-one to twenty-five million, or three-fifths of the whole. Thus the ruling power is in the majority, both by religion and 'nationality.' But let us suppose a change to be made. It must either be by a foreign occupation — not on the principle of 'nationality,' or by a division of the country among its own races. In the former case, Russia will take Asia Minor and a large portion of European Turkey, while France will take as a luxurious morsel Syria and Egypt. It is not easy to see how England will get any share of the 'sick man's estate.' For Russia to occupy this beautiful country, would be a great misfortune to it and to all parties concerned in its commerce; that she could hold it, except as a military and subjected province, no one would assert. The same would apply to the French occupation of Syria and Egypt. It would also be a death-blow to British interests in

* *OSMANLIS* means men, or followers of *OTTMAN*, the founder of the nation. They object very much to the name of Turks, which originally means *barbarian*, and which name they apply to the Turcomans, a wild tribe of the interior.

India. Russia and France would indeed soon, by mutual coöperation, control Europe, Asia and Africa.

To divide the Ottoman Empire among the resident races, would be a task still more perplexing. The hope of the Greeks of reconstructing the old Byzantine or Greek Empire, with Constantinople for its capital, is too preposterous to take into consideration, even if it were to be desired. And if a division is to take place, who is to decide what parts of the country would be allotted to the separate races, which are now scattered promiscuously throughout the Empire as their tastes or interests may chance to draw them? The whole question seems quite too chimerical to be discussed. The Ottomans are the prevailing and ruling race, and they will remain so for some time to come.

But if the Ottomans were driven from Constantinople back into Asia, anarchy would soon break out and peace would not be restored till they were brought back. The various races have neither the virtue nor the intelligence requisite for self-government. The present government not only should, but undoubtedly will remain the ruling power for a long time; how long, the development of future events must decide. Turkey is not that 'barrier to modern civilization' that many would have us believe. She is, in fact, the only channel through which that civilization can be carried to the wild races of Western Asia, and of Arabia and Africa. Having a common religion, she has an influence over those tribes that Christian nations perhaps never would obtain. She can thus peacefully introduce among them the reforms she has begun at the capital. Let the reforms commenced by the last two sultans be carried out by the present sovereign with wisdom and energy, and followed by others judiciously adopted, and Turkey will resume and retain her place as one of the leading nations of the world.

These opinions and views little accord with those usually held, but they have been candidly formed and frankly expressed. They are not drawn from the perverted and interested articles that appear in the journals of the day, nor are they drawn from the oft-repeated copies of the diaries of travellers, who have fallen into the beaten track of their 'illustrious predecessors,' or who obtain their information mostly from the unprincipled guides and dragomans of Galata and Pera, but they are the result of cautious and candid examination, and are also supported by the testimony of disinterested and intelligent persons, who have made this country their residence for years. They have been written with no interests to serve and no party to please. Not that Turkey has not had, and has not still, her faults and her crimes. She has. But these, and these alone, are usually held up to the public view. But she has also her virtues, and she deserves to have them known and appreciated. And as we said at the commencement of this paper: 'Americans at least can afford to be honest and unbiased in the judgment they form. Even though we were not so far removed from the scene of contest (the Eastern question) that our vision will not be blinded by any important effect upon our material interest which any result of the question may produce, yet our national love of justice and equal rights, as well as a Christian regard for truth, should lead us to take a candid view of this Oriental people, and give them the credit due for what virtue and liberal principles they really do possess.'

NOTES OF WOMANKIND ABROAD.

SECOND PAPER.

With a good-by to the fair land of France, I took steamer at Marseilles. In due time that town whose hills are cleft into terraces for the support of stateliest palaces, and whose olive and vine-clad gardens are overlooked by the grandly colossal statue of a World Discoverer, while Levantine-rigged fleets serenely ride in its bluest gleaming bay—that town rightly known as Genoa the Superb came into view. Yet, a little while longer and I was briskly peering about in that street of Arcades by the water-side, noting the wheelwrights, blacksmiths, hucksters, and so on, all driving their several callings in their dim, thickly-crowded booths, and driving them most quaintly withal, and, as it seemed to me, in highly mediæval fashion, when all of a sudden I experienced well-nigh the deepest searching stroke of happiness that I had ever known. For it was at the close of morning mass, and the sex in tenderest, clean-conscienced mood, were strolling homeward, all black-eyed, shapely, of rich, red complexion, and wearing that famous head-gear of veils so white, so delicate, and so gracefully flowing, that each wearer seemeth as a ‘ladye’ of Fairy-Tale Castle, or Decameronian Garden, come to town, to be thereafter most blissfully wedded! It was, indeed, a refreshing spectacle, and the more so, that one inevitably came to the swift conclusion, that in at least one part of the planet, the salient features of the Blessed Opera, and still more blessed Ballet, not only thrive out of doors, but thrive so vigorously as to become the normal condition of things. But alas! for the brevity of human bliss! In a few moments a change came over the spirit of my dreams; since I speedily remarked, that, notwithstanding her heavenly veil, each female sported beneath her skirts a pair of at once the most common-place and the very longest of cotton ‘inexpressibles,’ so long, in fact, that not even one jot or tittle of ankle or instep, much less, of course, of well-turned ‘limb,’ could I see. This enormity comforted so ill with my sense of operatical propriety, that for once in my life, at all events, I was ‘positively shocked,’ and in the end spoke to my companion, saying: ‘De Smith, thou with me faithfullest worshipper of ‘God’s last, best gift,’ we are, indeed, wretched, confoundedly so. Let us make ourselves entirely so. Let us hasten and waste the days among the pictures and statues at Rome.’ Whereupon we went. To be sure, our route was a round-about one, but I fear the Inexpressible plague was upon us all the while; at least, it rendered perfectly inoperative at Milan, sundry of what would otherwise have been the divinest of *black* veils, which are worn by the women there, as their Genoese sisters wear the white ones; though, to tell the truth, I did not observe the sex a great deal on my way, as the naughty creatures were for the time out of my books. When we reached the Eternal City, it was the day before Christmas. On Christmas Day in the morning thereof I went to St.

Peter's, for the Pope was to be there, and the times in general thereabouts promised to be both lively and unique. I found the church fairly filled, the throng mainly comprising English, Americans, the various species of the Catholic clergy, and ranks of French soldiers — this last tribe constituting a sort of armed constabulary for the nonce. As a grand burst of dramatic chanting broke from the main choir, I was moved to draw near thereto, and let the concord of sweet sounds work upon me. While the spell was stealing o'er me, and while I was gently swaying back and forth under its influence, as all people do who take thought to behave properly under the like circumstances, I suddenly became aware of a female figure, with baby in arms, sitting on a flight of altar-steps near by, which figure was so noticeable in itself and so different from every thing of the kind that I had ever known before, that I directly forgot the music, the mutilated wretches who sing it, and all, indeed, belonging to it, to furtively survey the dear. Well, she was 'both comely and tall,' as the song says, with a clear, creamy, swarthy complexion, in fact, just that complexion which distinguishes the flowers of our American swamp magnolia, with great width of shoulder and hip, and rare depth of bosom. Her eyes were not properly speaking eyes — they were two large, coal-black stars, with whose rays the longest swart eye-lashes intermingled. And though her person was thus striking, her garb was still more so. Her skirt was of changeable yellowish silk, relieved with a fanciful apron, if I remember aright, of white; her bodice was a hussar's flaming red jacket, with sleeves plentifully slashed with gold; while a gayest-flowered shawl was artfully swung (secured by sundry pins, as I saw) across her back. But this was not all. She wore about her neck a chain of gold and also a string of coral beads, both of most florid description; the longest of showy ear-rings swung from her ears; a sword-like bodkin of silver, with something on its handle reminding one of a Bird of Paradise of the old picture-books, fashioned of silver-wire tasseling and red feathers, surmounted the thick folds of her raven-black hind-hair; and each one of her fingers owned — it is as true as gospel, Ma'am — seven or eight rings apiece. Assuredly she was a show — a glittering, fanciful show. But, after all, the rank and station in life of so singular a being, was not without deep interest to me, and this I could in nowise define. At first, she suggested thoughts of brigand sweet-hearts, gipsy brides, and the opera. But these ultra romantic conceptions I of course immediately pooh-poohed and banished. Then I asked myself, 'Is she not perhaps some spectacle specially devised for the occasion? a mimic Madonna, or something of that sort? And will not properly selected persons in due season enact a round of reverences before her? But, in answer to these surmises, the fair one herself did not seem to be engaged in a way at all unnatural to her. She tended her baby when it needed nursing with perfect unconcern; nay, when she at last discerned how closely she was the observed of a certain graceless foreigner at hand, she, ality, it is true, but visibly chuckled. I was puzzled most severely.

But finally, the Pope finished his shoulder-high palanquin-ride up and down the church; the soldiers rose from their knees, the simultaneous clang of their musket-butts resounding on the marble pavement like thunder the

while, whereupon an Italian 'Jeems,' sweltering beneath the most extensive white box-coat I ever saw, so extensive, in fact, that it trailed behind him skirt-like on the floor, drew near to the fancifully-adorned female and dropped a word in her ear. With which intimation the fancifully-adorned arose and arranged her petticoats, (giving proof that she was *sens* 'inexpressibles,' I rejoice to say,) when Jeems planted himself some ten feet in front of her and stood stiff, bolt upright. Indubitably, something was about to be done. With the lapse of a moment or two, a lady dressed in severest black, (all the so-called ladies who attend St. Peter's on its high-tides, are thus arrayed,) appeared in the distance; and bowing and smiling to the other ladies who were beginning to put themselves in motion, made a significant gesture with her hand; the which being seen by Jeems, he sailed grandiosely after his mistress toward the church-door, being followed at the right interval by the fancifully-adorned, who was thus clearly proclaimed to be his coadjutor in 'suvvice,' and a Roman 'Mary Hann.'

Incited by my altogether pleasing observations in vast-spreading St. Peter's, I was fain to continue my investigations among the Roman women. The locality where the stranger most freely sees those of the higher class, is on that breezy, palm-studded drive and promenade, known as the Pincian Hill. Here the select dears display themselves at about four of the clock in the afternoon, on rare occasions riding, but most usually driving in open calecha, soft wind-music (from a military band near by) timing their pace the while. Many Americans gathering their ideas from the opera and other moving dramatic works, are of belief that the Italian Marchioness or Countess is beautiful of necessity; just as the turtle-dove is (or passes for being) faithful, the lamb sportive, the babe prattling, and so forth. Accept my assertion in perfect confidence, good friends, when I declare that this is nowise the case. Our Countess may have noticeably fine black eyes, the like sort of hair, and passably good teeth. That is all. Her shape is commonly neither very good nor very bad: 't is of the medium quality in these respects. But what will charm you the least in her appearance, is the unfortunate make of her nasal structure. Verily, it is no high-bred looking 'classical,' thin-nostriled feature this, but for the most part, is either in Jew-like guise, with an uncanny bend therein, or too roundly adipose and knob-like on the end thereof. Cruel fate, which by thus spoiling her 'beak,' sternly, nay, inexorably forbids the most impassioned admirer likening the Countess to Venus, or a goddess of any kind! As for her complexion, it is pallid; and her hands and feet will set nobody crazy. Her air is decidedly guarded and reserved. Why it is, I do not fully know, from what baleful influence it springs I cannot wholly tell, (though I might, indeed, speculate on the topic,) but frankness, that spiritual jewel of purest ray, is to be noted but very little of the Roman fair, and hence, when the Countess is conveyed about and about on the palm-studded Pincian, without any other expression than that of 'keeping dark,' she is but true to the manner of her guild. Her dress is of sombre color, devised in the Parisian style, but alas! not worn with more than a third of the dash and grace of the original, as the veriest snob instantly detects. Again, she follows the Parisian standard in another particular, namely, she has painted eyes. Let us be thankful that the

march of civilisation is of the irrepressible nature, and thus briefly get rid of a didactic essay, by way of digression! As the Countess addresses a friend, naturally, it is effected as far as possible, with that demeanor of simulated indifference, to which the baleful influence above adverted to compels her, but still there are times when the impassioned life lying at the root of her being forces the spell, and you mark my lady putting her statement with energy and sparkling glance, and as well bringing to aid a variety of most characteristic and not ungraceful gestures of the hand. Her physical health is usually sound, that is, it may be called so. Still, I saw one or two of her sisterhood, who much after the manner of sundry of our American married ladies, looked peaked and of transparent blue-veined aspect, breeding suspicious touching them of over-secundity and nervousness; and further, I likewise saw one or two of her sisterhood, who also, like sundry of our younger American town-bred women, seemed sunk in uttermost 'softness,' and as though they lived on moon-light, dreams and cream. These latter specimens surprised me very greatly. I did not look for such a thing on Tiber's 'robustious banks,' and I certainly saw no such thing on the shores of what we will call, by courtesy, the flashing Seine.

The Countess rideth abroad with her dog. Not always, to be sure, but very frequently. I think I may safely observe, by way of a generalisation, that a fondness for the rheumy-eyed poodle is peculiar to the women of Latin stock. She also—at least I saw her do the thing once—taketh parrots and chaffinches on long journeys with her. She so loveth pets of this kind, that she cannot be comforted to leave them at home. But whether she fares lengthily or briefly, there is one thing that she will assuredly leave behind, and this is her daughter. O you Anna Matilda! and you Sarah Jane! give ear that ye may hear. You, who under the safe-guard of the ever blessed Star-Spangled Banner, snub your mothers; run up bills at stores; receive and entertain 'the men' in the summer twilight of the best parlor; flirt your fill in the streets; and get 'engaged' as Heaven and your own sapient minds see fit to ordain; and in short, who take all the precedence to yourselves possible; be joyous in your joy, and above all, sound a particularly exultant hallelujah, in that your native banner is star-spangled and not the tri-color which would proclaim your land Italian! For if it were, your strait would be hard. Instead of snubbing your 'Mas' all unscathed, the scale would be turned and you would be the one that would be snubbed, and in a meral sense, even got under foot out of hand. Instead of running up bills at stores, you would have neither money nor trust; zero would be the figure wherewith to express your mercantile transactions of all kinds, save now and then a light purchase of candy. Instead of receiving and entertaining 'the men' in the tender gloaming of the summer parlor, the only males who would be allowed to come near you—the naturally dissolute being that you are held to be—would be your Pa, your confessor, and your younger brothers, who are hoped to have no harm for you in them. Instead of flirting in the streets, you would, in the first place, be kept out of the streets, except on about three occasions during the year, and on these you would be forced to avert your eyes from every pair of pantaloons.

you encountered. Instead of contracting your 'engagement' as you saw fit, it would be done by family conclave, wherein your opinion would go for nothing; and whether you married a man of twice your age, or became, as it is blasphemously called, a bride of the Church, to be incontinently thrust into a convent for good, and all, is a question solely of family policy. This, my dear Miss Anna Matilda and Miss Sarah Jane, is the difference between being an American girl and an Italian. In brief, an Italian girl, or a Roman one, at least, is distrusted on every hand, watched on every hand, and tyrannized over on every hand. In view that these are some of the conditions of her life, is it at all strange that she should by degrees contract the habit of wearing a covert look? Not so very; and though many an irate bachelor may wish, and with good grounds too, that our Yankee girlhood might be somewhat repressed, yet this case of Italian maidenhood is altogether too bad. Help, good Lord, thy children do not consider! The Countess, therefore, leaveth her daughter in a place of durance and taketh her not abroad. Her usual human companion is her aunt, her maid, her sister, her mother; though once in a while, her husband sees fit to accompany her. Certain signs that you detect, coupled with certain facts that come to your ken, make it hard for you to believe that she cares very particularly for this husband of hers, or that commonly, any thing more than the want of opportunity prevents her consoling herself with some one else. Her religious views will not prevent her, at all events. Not but what she is religious — religious even up to the eyes. But her religion (and it is by no means difficult for one at all 'sharp' to take the measure of it) consists in the faith that a fat old Italian gentleman is a Pontiff of heavenly purity and infallibility; that the *parroco*, or parish priest, is a creature to be held in deepest awe; that at stated times one must be giving of alms, (the sole good article in her whole creed;) and that when you are riding in the Campagna cars, (where I actually saw the thing done,) or threading the pokerish passes of the Appenine pine-woods, (where I heard of the thing being done,) a sign of the cross reverently made on the breast, will forbid accidents and stay bugaboos. We can now afford to leave the Countess and see what awaits us in less exalted circles.

The Roman women of middle rank are not altogether so protrusive in their sphere, as the like women of French towns. They by no means drive the men entirely out of the business field, as do the Gallic burghesses, but, nevertheless, they are to be freely seen in the shops, as well as other places. As for their appearance, they are, on the whole, better-looking than the female Orsinis, Corsinis, Borgheses, and so on, having, in addition to the fine black eyes and hair, and good teeth, to be seen of those *aristocrates*, notably superior forms. In particular, they have beautiful arms, necks and shoulders: long, luxurious descents not being theirs, to enervate and emaciate, in these respects. Their garb is of the French pattern, but sad in tone, and when you call it passably neat, you give it all the praise it will bear. They do not shine as shop-keepers; they were not made for the vocation, and hence do not fit thereunto. Not but what they have intelligence enough, and are even sufficiently unprincipled — as will at last become manifest — but they have not the light, dexterous turn of the French women, or in other words, they lack the all-

conquering tact of that tribe in the management of every variety of detail. Their minds are concentrative. They impress you as if they could, on a pinch, deliver themselves of a *coup de main* that would raise a row in the world. And as one evidence of this concentrative tendency, I saw several of them who kept shops for the sale of time-pieces, engaged in the intricate occupation of watch-making, a thing which at least I never saw in France, and which I greatly doubt me, is not to be seen there in other than perhaps isolated cases. Their ordinary manner is thoughtfully undemonstrative, as it is bound to be. But do you but speak the right word—and you cannot fail to do it at last, if you follow a certain well-known lady's prescription and 'make an effort'—and you see a change, my friend. Those swart eyes flash; that full, stately form becomes elastic; those shapely fingers grow eloquent; and above all, that Roman throat delivers itself in a voice which for richness, flexibility and sweetness is without compare among all the speech, and much of the music known among men. Yes, the *Bocca Romana*—the Roman mouth—deserves every whit of its fame; and you who wonder why opera-singers are so prone to be of the Italian race, will have less wonder anent this same proclivity, when, as on your rounds through the Eternal City, you are not unfrequently besought to buy shirts, 'done up' with rare ungainliness, and rolling-pin built (and therefore ineffectual) segars, in sweetest recitative and *preghiera*. The spiritual picture presented by such of these women as I had the opportunity of studying—though it is proper to confess, they were but few—was a funny one, to say the least. Their sentiments were what popular gossip affects to term 'liberal.' That is to say, I became apprised that, although they went to mass and confession, gave alms, and in one or two instances, even taught Sabbath-school, all at the behest of the hierarchy, they still ridiculed most laws of any real ghostliness, and held a mess of pottage to be the chief thing, and not the way you came by it. Again, to such queer refinements had their logic got, that I further found that they esteemed marked looseness of character, in nowise incompatible with high self-respect. Of a truth, it may be said that the cooks spiritual of the Papal seat, in their over-grown abundance—and whether Franciscan, Dominican, or other, they are actually to be counted by regiments—have not only spoil their broth, but even turned much of it into unbearable slops. No deeper in the mixture let us poke.

Nevertheless, it will never do for us to leave the Roman middle-class women, without for a moment paying our respects to the *Padrona*—as I found her, at least—which person is the lady of whom you rent your rooms; since by this means we shall gain a glimpse at Roman domestic life. The *Padrona* comes by her house by renting it herself; either of Prince Borghese, Rospigliosi, or Torlonia, who, I should think, from the stories told of their possessions, owned about all Rome. It is a five or six-storied, 'rough-cast,' tufa-built mansion, with court-yard, in the European style, and stands, let us say, either in the *Corso*, or *Piazza di Spagna*, Rippetta, or parts adjacent thereto. Its mistress rents it by floors, to lodgers pure and simple; and makes whatever profit she can by the transaction. She passes for a woman of wonderful 'faculty,' the *Padrona*, and moreover, she firmly believes such to be the case

herself: a comfortable fact, to say the least, in all things sweetly consoling. She is—naturally—married, and in age any where from thirty to fifty. Her complexion is perforce of swart and durable quality, and you may safely bet that she measures forty inches in girth, under her arms, and is withal as strong as a horse. As she shows you over her house, preparatory to your accepting lodgment therein, you observe that she has furnished it in a tawdry, shabby-genteel, Parisian fashion, such being her taste; and further, that should she encounter any little accumulations of dust or dirt, during the passage, she is in nowise abashed thereat, such being her nature. When you have selected your rooms, and paid your month's dues in advance, after the Roman custom at such times, she feels it incumbent on herself to conduce to your physical comfort in every way; and also (putting by her usual reserve) proffers various little dishes of chat wherewith to aid your entertainment of mind: the which offerings you all the more readily accept, when reflecting that whether they entertain you or not, they are not without a certain value, through the opportunity they afford of fathoming the lady's ways, and sifting her opinion. One thing leading to another, then, you discover that the *Padrona* begins the day betimes: in the winter a little after sunrise, and in summer even by sunrise itself. Her first business is to fortify herself with a cup of *café noir*, and then trip it to mass. Her devotions over, she returns to partake of what we should call breakfast, but what is in reality just the 'collation,' (*colazione*), as Italians name it; made up as it mainly is of bread, cheap wine, and whatever fruit is procurable. This sumptuous meal finished, she sets her domestic, either man or woman, to making the lodgers' beds, (fancy a hulking, bewhiskered, white-aproned wretch making your bed, good reader, and thus recognize that it is by no means all poetry, this sojourning in foreign lands,) and like any solid Mistress Jones or Brown, of our latitude, hies forth to market. But if she goes to market, like Mrs. Brown or Jones, she does not, by a very great deal, purchase marketing like unto that of those ladies; for first, she wends to the baker's, for a loaf or two of bread; then to the oil-merchant's, for a cruse or measure of oil; then to the wine-merchant's, for sundry bottles of a white and red mouldy cider, that is conventionally known as wine; then to the most dirty and picturesque *Piazza Navona*, for a few carrots, a cabbage or two, some broccoli, a little lettuce, a tiny joint or knuckle of meat, and haply a handful of snails, and a pint of chickens' heads, all which are in one way or other got to the place of their destination; the bread, meat, and vegetables, to do duty after their several capacities as soup and salad, the perchance ventured upon snails, and chicken occiputs, to be stewed, and served as side-dishes; the wine to wash the solid banquet down withal; and the oil to serve as salad-dressing, and likewise food for certain household lamps, which, inasmuch as they comprise a pair or more of metallic bowls, (wherein the wick is set afloat,) that are affixed to a brazen rod, terminating in a ring, whereby the implement is borne about or suspended, constitute an *objet* as noticeable as any that you see in Rome. The family-dinner comes off at any time from twelve o'clock till three; at the end whereof, if it be summer, our housewife (as well as every other mortal about the house) flings herself on

the bed for a nap ; while, if it be winter, she calls her daughters, (who, by-the-by, are but mythical existences to you,) the best frocks and petticoats we have are huddled on, and we sally forth into the streets, to bask in the sunshine till vespers. With the evening-tide, should the weather be chilly, the ladies gather in the kitchen, or some one of their bed-rooms, each hugging to her lap an earthen-ware utensil, like unto a kind of hand-basket, wherein about a quart of embers glow ; and, in the mean time, calling fitfully to the domestic for bits of bread, and the indispensable cups of *café noir* ; and in this most weak imitation of the 'assembled family circle,' (fearful words to Anglo-Saxon ears !) they 'loaf' away the hours till bed-time. In summer, this evening period passes rather more comfortably to the *Padrona*, if not to her tabooed daughters ; for then the good dame, in a sly way, makes as well as receives a certain share of visits, and even becomes aware of a good deal of gossip and flirtation ; for both of which latter, she, woman-like, has the liveliest gusto. Such, interspersed with going once in a while to the theatre, to the great religious celebrations, and to the public drawing of a lottery, is the *Padrona's* life. She sews but rarely ; she bakes and brews not ; she cooks no further than a little boiling and stewing over a diminutive furnace, set beneath the kitchen chimney-opening, constitute cooking ; and especially she washes not, since, as all the world is aware, or ought to be, this performance is effected only at distant intervals in Rome, and then but by washer-women living in the suburbs, who cleanse such vast quantities of clothes at once that when they are hung out to dry, it seems as if the Eternal City was as well the chief place on earth, for the purification of soiled linen, as for the purification of souls. And neither, I regret to say, does our *Padrona* read or write. The chances are ten to one, that she is ignorant to the uttermost of these arts. But if she even is not, she will engage herself therewith with exceeding seldomness. Further, she is without mentionable thrift or management. All her work seems lying at loose ends. Yet, true to her type, she is by no means without the appearance of ability, or, as I have said before, the belief that she owns it ; and as she discourses to you of her doings, she puts on the expression, as though she moved mountains every day. To sum up her endowments on this head, she has been but poorly bred, and if that her endeavors but yield her passably genteel clothing for herself and daughters, a stomach without actual emptiness, and peradventure a monthly lottery-ticket, she calls herself well off. Her relations with her husband are generally proper ; that is to say, the twain dwell together without coming to blows. And in order to insure this happy state, they live as far as possible entirely separate, owning different apartments by night, and also different pursuits by day. For indeed, the *Padrona* finds her husband a bore rather than otherwise, and thus this swain diverts himself in distant meadows ; but in what way his capers peculiarly run, is more than I can divulge. As for her children she of course, takes the deepest interest in them. Her son, with HEAVEN'S blessings, may, she thinks, perhaps get to be a clerk. Her daughters will, alas ! be without dowry — one is sadly forced to the conviction, that every body flees from portionless girls, now-a-days — (true in more senses than one, O *Padrona* !) Yet, people must live ;

well, we do n't know ; we will do the best we can. But the dame is not without guidance in her difficulties, for the priest keeps her and her progeny — particularly the female part of it — under lynx-like supervision, gives whatever advice he sees fit ; and, above all, proves that it is for her chief interest to be prompt at the confession-box, and devoutly fulfil all churchly duty. Yet, as we already know, she is of a class who do not placidly comply with the pastoral direction. She has long since reasoned it out very well, that the parochial 'Gentle Shepherd' is no shepherd at all, but more like a wolf in sheep's clothing ; and if she prays at any time, with the smallest sincerity, it is for the end of his guidance. Still, she has not quite rid herself of other superstition, though she may have broken through that particular form of the same, which would affirm the infallibility of the priesthood. She has full faith that there is such a thing as the 'Evil Eye.' Also, through dreams and other mystic manifestations, she knows when to buy lottery-tickets, and engage in sundry more of her highest enterprises. The age of chivalry is indeed over ; but that of bugabooism would seem to have more vitality. And yet, if the dame's weak-mindedness went no farther, it would be well — but it unfortunately does go much farther. She has actually no true apprehension of the higher ways of life. When, on some fine day, a splenetic word drives you to reproving her concerning some of her grosser shortcomings, she will sing it out to you, all laughingly, to be sure, but with an air, nevertheless, that assures you that she more than half-believes her conclusion : 'Oh ! yes, *Signore*, 't is no doubt, as you say, a great thing to live aright, but so that nobody finds it out, where is the harm of once in a while doing otherwise, I should like to know !' In short, the *Padrona* is a bemuddled individual, as well as one naturally a little 'ornary,' as certain of the Philadelphians expressively say ; and I can just now think of nothing that would do her half as much good as the wholesome shock of a sound Puritanical spanking.

But it is in the streets, after all, that one encounters the most purely pleasing pictures of Roman female life, and this entertainment is afforded by the class that we will, in a general way, christen Peasantesses. Curiously enough, your American eye detects a few faces among these, bringing the features of your sweet-hearts at home to mind. For indeed, you wander forth to see, now and then, faces with soft brown eyes, soft brown hair, and lines of cheek and brow of a gentle oval. The only difference is, that these Roman visages are somewhat less delicate and fair-skinned, as a rule, than their fellows at home ; and when closely scanned, reveal greater powers of life and endurance. But the shapes of these women are by no means American. It is true, they are not generally inclined to stoutness, but they are still, from head to toe, of fibrous cast, and wear the plainest look of a marked degree of toughness. Most naturally this type of the Italian fair is a highly pleasing one to the itinerant Brother Jonathan. They recall with wonderful vividness the image of some cherished Fanny or Lizzy of the Middle or Southern States, and then they are to be admired on the part of their own gifts. Again, you meet consorting with this sisterhood, short-statured, broad-backed, broad-cheeked, large-toothed women, whose arms and limbs are of the hugest, whose eyes and hair are of the blackest, and

India. Russia and France would indeed soon, by mutual coöperation, control Europe, Asia and Africa.

To divide the Ottoman Empire among the resident races, would be a task still more perplexing. The hope of the Greeks of reconstructing the old Byzantine or Greek Empire, with Constantinople for its capital, is too preposterous to take into consideration, even if it were to be desired. And if a division is to take place, who is to decide what parts of the country would be allotted to the separate races, which are now scattered promiscuously throughout the Empire as their tastes or interests may chance to draw them? The whole question seems quite too chimerical to be discussed. The Ottomans are the prevailing and ruling race, and they will remain so for some time to come.

But if the Ottomans were driven from Constantinople back into Asia, anarchy would soon break out and peace would not be restored till they were brought back. The various races have neither the virtue nor the intelligence requisite for self-government. The present government not only should, but undoubtedly will remain the ruling power for a long time; how long, the development of future events must decide. Turkey is not that 'barrier to modern civilization' that many would have us believe. She is, in fact, the only channel through which that civilization can be carried to the wild races of Western Asia, and of Arabia and Africa. Having a common religion, she has an influence over those tribes that Christian nations perhaps never would obtain. She can thus peacefully introduce among them the reforms she has begun at the capital. Let the reforms commenced by the last two sultans be carried out by the present sovereign with wisdom and energy, and followed by others judiciously adopted, and Turkey will resume and retain her place as one of the leading nations of the world.

These opinions and views little accord with those usually held, but they have been candidly formed and frankly expressed. They are not drawn from the perverted and interested articles that appear in the journals of the day, nor are they drawn from the oft-repeated copies of the diaries of travellers, who have fallen into the beaten track of their 'illustrious predecessors,' or who obtain their information mostly from the unprincipled guides and dragomans of Galata and Pera, but they are the result of cautious and candid examination, and are also supported by the testimony of disinterested and intelligent persons, who have made this country their residence for years. They have been written with no interests to serve and no party to please. Not that Turkey has not had, and has not still, her faults and her crimes. She has. But these, and these alone, are usually held up to the public view. But she has also her virtues, and she deserves to have them known and appreciated. And as we said at the commencement of this paper: 'Americans at least can afford to be honest and unbiassed in the judgment they form. Even though we were not so far removed from the scene of contest (the Eastern question) that our vision will not be blinded by any important effect upon our material interest which any result of the question may produce, yet our national love of justice and equal rights, as well as a Christian regard for truth, should lead us to take a candid view of this Oriental people, and give them the credit due for what virtue and liberal principles they really do possess.'

forced to do. Yet you have no trouble in divining the chief points in their constitution, for nature is far too rampant in them to be held in abeyance, by the mere feint of holding one's face straight. Thus, it becomes clear enough that they are not of an affectionate turn, and hence are not really lovable. Certainly they form attachments to the males, after the manner of their sex the wide world over; but with them, the distraction is sudden, fiery and furious; and commonly ends, ere long, either in utter indifference or a Grand Row. The reason of the indifference is, that they need a frequent supply of stimulus to keep their own fires of love aglow; or in other words, that volcanic nature of theirs is very fitful and unsteady, while that of the row is, that they readily yield themselves up to the pains of the green-eyed monster, and are promptly moved to do battle by him, and no trifling battle of mere tears and lamentations either, but one inspired by the thirst for vengeance, and conducted by clear cold steel. Do not dream that such viragoes are without sundry dear little weaknesses, however, for instance, do n't dream that they are without a weakness by no means rare among their kind in many localities — curiosity. They have of this, and to spare. Though they are denied the felicity of openly giving vent to this pet *penchant*, they nevertheless indulge in it with a rude alyness — as if, for example, a drove of cows saw fit to give over pasturing for a while, and play the part of shrewdest peepers — and especially do they take note of whatsoever of foreigners stray among them; and some poor Englishman or American who meets them, with any oddity of person or apparel, is soon taken measure of, and roguishly nicknamed, and even (after another native propensity of the sex) jocosely ridiculed and reviled. Their domestic habits are of such a nature, that if a true New-England housewife chanced among them, she would most probably stand in need of a strait-jacket, ere long. What the words neatness and tidiness really amount to, they have no conception of. They mainly live, let us say, in sluttishness, and therewith end this part of our inquiry. Indeed, they care but little or nothing for house and hearth. Sometimes, it is true, you see them in horse-play with their children; and though they certainly never coddle their husbands, they not unfrequently henpeck them a bit, and this appears to comprehend their whole idea of what we name 'the sacred duties of the wife and mother.' To go to the root of the matter, they are of a wild nature, and even give you the impression, that they are a lot of brigandesses that have been recently captured, and liberated on the very flimsiest kind of parole. Another thing relating to them, which strikes you with not a little force, is their great aptitude in the art of expressing themselves by signs. Their apprehension of what concerns them is of the very liveliest quality, and the ideas they wish to convey, they do convey quite as well in pantomime as in speech. More than once it occurred to me, that they set me on my way for miles; sold me the fruits and cheap wares of the country; and even gave me satisfactory histories of localities, by mere motions of the fingers, interspersed with a few words; they pitied my weak, cestive Italian, you see, and spared it. Considering well upon it, it is fair to conclude, that such a race as this, is by no means hopeless, after all! Still another thing of great prominence with them, is their devotion to

religion. And they are no transcendental, abstract believers either, but radically literal, and far more so than any of the women of their country. On various occasions have I beheld them down on their knees in actual mud (though to speak with exactness, this would be when they had their 'every-day' clothes on) before some shrine or other, praying away with an air which showed how deeply their hearts were in the supplication; and with the like earnestness they are ever on their way to mass, sermon, and vespers. It is a paradise of sugar-plums, and 'swinging on the gate,' that they believe in, you observe, and they work for it with sweat, and quickened breath, no other methods being of any efficiency. And though one and all of us are in duty bound to Mourn over the Lost condition of such worshippers, in that their views of the future state are so crude, I for my part do n't at present see how the case is to be altered; for, be it known, that what the Papacy tells them relative to the sensuous glories of the Papal heaven, their own beautiful, fruitful Italy, with another kind of revelation, seems somehow to confirm. Where nearly every mood of Nature appears fairly hot with love, and well-nigh uncontainable with delight, to calmly swallow so chilling an ice-cream as Calvinism, for instance, would be a feat quite as hard to perform as that of the most enterprising gymnast that ever trod the tan. Then, again, they are permitted to hear nothing read, as well as to read nothing, even when they are able to read, which occurs most rarely, that contends with this idea — another pregnant fact. Accruing from this religious training, are two qualities to be noticed of them, which, since they offer the greatest contrast, are highly curious. One quality is, that no people with the least pretensions to civilization are more superstitious than these peasantesses; they live in a perfect atmosphere of signs, wonders, dreams, talismans, blights; in short, of all known bugaboos that can be counted. The other quality is, that they are, as a class, the most Virtuous of all the women of Rome.

A tradition runs in this country, that the Italian peasantry are a jocund crew, and ever ready for diversion; particularly that of singing and dancing. This may be the case, but as far as my own observation is concerned, I am unable to indorse the statement. I never saw the Roman peasantesses (or peasants either, for that matter) engaged largely in any other amusement than on some feast day-driving in cabriolet, or walking about, with all their finery on. On one or two occasions I saw them sitting about the door of a tavern, drinking wine and chaffing. On one occasion only I heard a middle-aged she-Hercules singing. She sang a ballad of love, and the pains of love, wailing most pathetically in a minor key withal; and with a manner of intonation, which, I am told, is peculiar to Roman singers of the lower classes, and which was very striking, in that it dealt with making much of certain notes of the upper base. In like manner, I once saw a pair of young *Trasteverini* women (or I was told that they were so) dancing. I came upon them all suddenly, and near the Coliseum. They danced without music, and for the period of just about three minutes, or till they fairly saw that I was watching them. The performance was really very expressive and graceful, but still languishing, and even voluptuous. I noticed that all its movements were quite slow; there

were not the slightest attempts at any brilliant '*pas*' or *pirouettes* therein; but, it bore ever the air of deepest fervor and longing. Therefore, while I cannot bear testimony to the fact of having observed much singing and dancing among the lower classes in Rome, I am yet able to testify, that both kinds of sport have at least an existence among them, and receive Characteristic treatment.

As for the methods in which these fair ones gain their livelihoods, they are many. According to the European custom, they delve much out of doors. They do every thing that their brothers and husbands do, in the way of hard labor, save that I never saw them wielding an axe. But still I saw them hoeing in gardens, ploughing, pitching manure, building stone walls, driving laden donkeys, and the beautiful mouse-colored, long-horned oxen of their country; and even breaking stone for the repair of roads. I also saw them spinning with a distaff, (a most curious and entertaining piece of handicraft this, for a machinery-bedeveled American to witness!) acting the part of child's nurses, (after the style of my fair friend of St. Peter's;) working rude looms, for the manufactures of coarse stuffs; vending vegetables, and all kinds of market-produce from barrows; knitting stout white stockings, (which even their husbands are also fain to do at times;) selling flowers; serving as models for artists; and begging. This last vocation, as every body knows, is a very popular one in Rome; and when a peasant mother becomes overburdened with children, she is apt to take it up, and, as far as I could learn, without any loss of character or caste. The amount of daily wages that they earn of course differs. Perhaps fifteen cents of our money would be a liberal average. Yet I am told that they earn quite as much as their male partners, which indeed is not surprising, as these said gentry form but a shiftless, under-sized class, with expression and gait marvellously like that of the greenest 'Paddies.'

A word now as to the far-famed costume of the Roman peasant women. The fundamental principle of the array seems almost universally to be the red jacket of the hussar, a gay shawl, and a high-colored skirt. The head-dress varies. But the most noticeable of all is the one so often copied in picture, and referred to in story; which consists of a yard or more of striped cloth, that lies squarely across the forehead, and depends down the back. A great deal of gold and silver ornamentation comes in with this kind of vesture; ear-rings, rings, bodkins, and necklaces galore; which adds greatly to the holiday and scenic effect of it. And it must by no means be supposed that this attire is sported at all times. It is purely of a 'Sunday-go-to-meeting' character, and on ordinary occasions gives place to a much less flashing garb. I regret to say that these national costumes are rapidly fading away — giving way to a shabby-genteel imitation of the Parisian styles. Saddest of mishaps! For talk as much in the 'humanitarian,' 'elevation of the cosmopolitan idea' strain as you see fit, I shall still stick to it, that Italy is one of the last places on earth where any thing like the spread of 'the views of the day' (in clothes) is even tolerable; and to my mind, whatever Pontiff, or other Italian Potentate, would stop said innovation by the intervention of a special law, would be as greatly deserving of his 'service of plate,' or his string of stirring 'Resolutions,' as the veriest steamboat captain that ever drowned and burned

, his legions, and 'nobody to blame.' It is by no means hooped skirts, and perked-up bonnets, but the high-bedizened semi-barbarous *contadini*, and their like, that assort well with *Tivoli* mountains, the ivy-draped Coliseum and aqueducts, the bare Campagna, with its flashing sunshine, and the Albanian hills, with their towered eyrie-like villages, their burnt steepes and gorges, their vineyards, and their interspersing groves of olive, ilex, and stone pine.

THE UPRISING OF THE NORTH.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT STARRING.

THEY are coming! Lo! their banners!
Lo! the freemen of the North!
In their strength, indignant rising,
They have come resistless forth.

There are swart and sturdy farmers
From the clover-fields in bloom,
There are stalwart handicraftsmen
From the spindle and the loom.

Lo, they come! men rough and hardy—
Give them welcome from your lips!
Spinners of great hempen cordage,
Weavers of broad sails for ships;

They who force abundant harvests
From a cold and sterile soil;
They from busy marts of traffic,
And the furnace-blast of toil;

And the scholars from their chambers—
These have risen at our call,
And the one great bounding Northern heart
Beats in the breast of all.

And these with trust in Providence,
Are bearing on the sword;
And they shall give us victory,
With the blessing of the Lord.

A LEGAL FACT.

BY FRANK FELTON.

'Oh! yes, oh! yes, oh! yes! The Circuit Court is now met, pursuant to adjournment,' cried the Sheriff, and Judge Melvin took his seat upon the bench. Immediately hats were off, seats were assumed, and every thing became as still as a country school-house upon the entry of the grim old pedagogue.

The record of the proceedings of the day before was read by the clerk. Judge Melvin signed his name, and then motion-hour began, proceeded, and ended at the expiration of one hour. Judge Melvin then called the people's docket, but none of the defendants were ready.

'Gentlemen,' said the Judge, 'the court has adopted the following rule: Upon the calling of the docket, each case, as it is called, must be disposed of or continued, before the calling of the next cause. This rule will go into operation to-morrow morning.'

The business of the court then proceeded in the usual manner, interrupted only by adjournment for dinner, until by the sheriff it was aloud proclaimed: 'Circuit Court is now adjourned until to-morrow morning, eight o'clock.'

'Well, Beauchamb,' said James Morris, one of the members of the bar in attendance upon the court, 'I want you to come over to the hotel to-night, and we will have an oyster-supper. Beaumont, Joe, and several other young lawyers will be there, and we can have a good time.'

'Well, Morris, I'm obliged to you; but I cannot come to-night, as I have two cases to try to-morrow, and I must post up on the law, or I shall not be ready for trial when the cases are called.'

'Now, Beauchamb, that is too bad. You must come. What cases are they? Am I interested in them?'

'You are for the plaintiff in one of them, and Murray is for plaintiff in the other. The first is *Holt v. Smith*, and the second is *Horton v. Black*.'

That is better than I expected. I am interested in both cases. I am Junior Counsel in *Holt v. Smith*; but I heard old Murray say this morning that we would have to continue it, as one of our witnesses is absent. And in *Horton v. Black*, you are mistaken, it does not come up till day after to-morrow. What number is it?'

'One hundred and ten,' said Beauchamb, turning to his private docket.

'Yes, that's right. But I have it on my docket the first case for the fourth day, and you have it the last on the third day. But one hundred and nine is the last case for the third day, and one hundred and ten is the first for the fourth day.'

'Are you certain of it?'

'Just as certain as I am that I am standing here.'

'Well, then, I guess I shall be over to-night.'

'I hope so. Be there as early as you can.'

'I will.'

So saying, Beauchamb proceeded on toward his office, while Morris went into the hotel. On his way, Beauchamb met Murray, who told him not to be uneasy about *Holt v. Smith*, as he should continue it in the morning. Beauchamb thus assured of Morris' honesty in one case, felt reassured as to the other, and thought no more about the matter.

'Now, boys! We're all right now for a good time. Here's the oyster-soup, the wine is on the way, and I say emphatically, we're bound for a good time,' said Morris to his assembled cronies prior to Beauchamb's arrival. 'Now, boys, we must get Beauchamb drunk to-night. I intend to drug whatever he drinks, so as to keep him out of the way to-morrow, as a case in which I intend to make three hundred dollars if I win it, will come up to-morrow earlier than he expects. It is set the last case for to-morrow, but it will be reached to-morrow morning, as nearly all the cases before it will be continued. So you see, if Beauchamb is not there, under the rule of to-day, he will lose the case.'

'Well, we're all right,' said one of them, and a few moments afterward Beauchamb entered. They soon demolished the oysters and other edibles. Morris then passed around the wine, handing Beauchamb a glass drugged with morphine.

'Excuse me, Morris, as I am opposed to the use of wine. I never drink it. But please to hand me a cup of coffee, and I'll endeavor to be sociable with that.'

'Well, so be it. I never wish to force a man to do any thing against his will,' said Morris, as he poured out the coffee. As soon as he had poured it out, he affected to hear some one at the door, and walking to the door, he opened it and stepped out, cup in hand. While there, he poured some morphine from a small paper into the coffee, and then returning to the room, handed it to Beauchamb, who unsuspectingly drained the cup, and ere long his head was upon the table fast asleep. They put him to bed in one of the rooms at the hotel, and left him.

'*Holt v. Smith*: are the parties ready for trial,' said Judge Melvin after motion-hour next morning.

'We are ready, your honor, on the side of the plaintiff,' said Morris.

'Stop, Mr. Morris, you are entirely too fast,' said Murray, the senior counsel. 'I have, your honor, just filed an affidavit for a continuance, and as Mr. Beauchamb, the counsel on the other side, is absent, I would suggest that the question be postponed until to-morrow morning.'

'Very well,' said the Judge, making the entry upon his docket. The next case was then called, and upon motion of counsel continued, and so with the next, and the next; then some cause in which there was judgment by default, then one or two brief jury-trials, and then *Horton v. Black* was called.

'Are you ready, Mr. Morris,' said the Judge.

'Yes, Sir.'

'Sheriff, call Mr. Beauchamb.'

'Henry Beauchamb, Henry Beauchamb, Henry Beauchamb!' called the Sheriff, but no answer came.

'Mr. Sheriff,' said Murray, 'send a messenger to Beauchamb's office. Perhaps he is busy there.'

The messenger went and came. Beauchamb was not there, and after some delay Judge Melvin gave judgment by default.

Next morning Beauchamb came into court, and soon as motion-hour began, rose and moved a continuance in the case of *Horton v. Black*.

'That case was disposed of yesterday,' said the Judge.

'It was the first cause for to-day, so Morris told me night before last,' said Beauchamb.

'You lie,' said Morris; 'I told you no such thing.'

Scarcely had the words left Morris' mouth ere he lay sprawling on the floor, prostrated by one powerful blow from Beauchamb.

The sheriff then stepped between them, and the Judge, after fining each of them, one for a blow and the other for disgraceful and ungentlemanly language in the presence of the Court, proceeded with the business as if nothing unusual had happened.

A few days after Court was over, a young man called upon Beauchamb in his office, and told him that he wished to sue the hotel-keeper for wages, etc., and after talking a while about the business, said to him, that he could not afford to pay him much of a fee, as having lost his place and having his mother to support, he needed all the money he could get.

'Oh! never mind. I'll not charge you any thing now, and you can pay me whatever you please, when you feel able, and I shall not care if I never get any thing.'

'God bless you, Mr. Beauchamb. Whenever you want any thing done, just call on me, and if I am able, I'll do it for you.'

'All right, Billy. How long have you been at the hotel?'

'About a year.'

'Were you there the night we lawyers had an oyster-supper?'

'Yes, I was.'

'You know, then, that I was asleep up there nearly all of the next day. Now I would like most devilish well to know what made me so sleepy.'

'Did you drink any thing, Sir?'

'Nothing but coffee.'

'Did that lawyer Morris pour out and hand you the coffee?'

'Yes, he did.'

'Did he ever give you any coffee after he came in from the hall?'

'Yes, I remember he did go out in the hall after he had poured me a cup of coffee. But what has that to do with the question?'

'A good deal, for I was standing at the top of the stairs when he came out with the cup in his hand and poured something white in it out of a little white paper he took out of his vest-pocket, and then went back into the room.'

'Oh! yes, I see it all now, and I'll make him suffer for it yet.'

Not long after this, Mr. Horton, the defendant in *Black v. Horton*, called in. Beauchamb told him how it was that he lost his case. Horton was satisfied and went out. In about an hour he came back.

'Look here, Beauchamb,' said he, 'I can't understand this. Here is a judgment against me on a note of four hundred and fifty dollars and interest and costs. The note is on file at the Clerk's office, and it is undoubtedly signed by me; but I'll swear that I never gave Black a note for that amount in my life. I gave him one for one hundred and fifty; and I'll be d—d if I ever pay him the four hundred and fifty.'

'Well,' said Beauchamb, 'I never noticed it. I had not yet drawn up my plea in the case, and never noticed the copy of the note. You had better go and see what Black says about it. Perhaps it is a mistake.'

Next day Horton came back, and handed Beauchamb a paper, which Beauchamb took, and read as follows:

'O —, III., Nov. 18th, 1855.

'Received of Samuel Black, for collection, a note for *one hundred and fifty* dollars, with ten per cent, after due, payable one year after date to Samuel Black, or order; dated June 18th, 1853, and signed by Henry R. Horton.

'JAMES MORRIS, Attorney, etc.'

'Well, Horton, we'll have to head Morris in this rascally way of stealing. We will first file a bill to restrain and enjoin the collection of that judgment, and then see if we can't catch him for forgery.'

'Oh! yes, Oh! yes, Oh! yes!' and the Circuit Court was began. Record is again signed, and motion-hour is again over, and Judge Melvin again calls his docket.

'Gentlemen, the first case this morning is, *'The People v. James Morris.'* Is the defence ready?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Sloan, the counsel on that side.

'Very well, let a jury come to try the cause.'

'Your honor has not asked whether the prosecution is ready,' said the State's Attorney.

'The Court supposes that *'The People'* are always ready,' said the Judge.

'Well, Sir, as it happens, we are ready now,' said the State's Attorney, 'but, your honor, you go upon a very violent presumption.'

'Yes, Sir, very violent indeed.'

The jury was then slowly empannelled, and the opening statements of counsel were made.

'Is Mr. Black, Samuel Black, in court?' said the State's Attorney.

'Yes, Sir,' said Black, rising and coming forward.

'Very well, then be sworn, if you please.'

Mr. Black was then sworn, and took his place upon the stand; that place, wherever it may be, that most coincides with the ideas that counsel have of the best place for a witness to stand.

He then identified the receipt that Morris had given him for the note, and also the note, and swore to the alteration and changing of the figure 1, in the body of the note, to a figure 4.

Billy Hamilton, the boy who had formerly been employed at the hotel, then testified to what he had seen upon the evening of the oyster-supper. Beauchamb swore to the fact of Morris persuading him that he was mistaken as to the day of trial, and the effect the coffee had upon him. After cross-examination, which was very rigid indeed, (and Sloan was a master-hand at cross-examination,) Beauchamb stepped out of the court-room, and soon came in conducting a young man of about eighteen or nineteen years of age. He conducted him to the Clerk's bar, where he was sworn; and then Beauchamb, after placing him upon the stand, asked him:

'What is your name?'

'Joseph Vinton.'

'Please to tell the jury what you know about this case.'

'Well, Sir, I am a student in Morris's office. One day last fall I was sitting in the office reading, when Morris came in, and seated himself near the stove, and took a paper out of his pocket-book, and commenced reading it. Having his back toward me, I looked over his shoulder, and saw what it was. He then looked up, and suddenly asked me to go and get him some paper at the store just below the office. I started out; but as soon as I shut the door, I looked back through a knot-hole, and saw him take a pen, and make two marks on the paper. When he had done so, he placed it in his secretary. I then went on and got the paper, and brought it to him. He put it in his secretary, and went out, leaving his keys in the door of the secretary. I opened it, and found the paper.'

'Is that it?' said Beauchamb.

'Yes, Sir; that's the same. I found that it was different from the note as I read it over his shoulder; for as I read it over his shoulder, it was *one* hundred and fifty dollars; but this, as I found it when I took it out of the secretary, was for *four* hundred and fifty dollars.'

'Are you certain that this is the same note?'

'Yes, Sir, I am.'

'Did you ever mention this to Morris?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Did he deny it?'

'Stop, witness, don't answer that question,' said Sloan. 'We object to it.'

'Very well, then, I'll ask a different question. What did Morris say when you told him?'

'He at first denied it, and then admitted it, but begged me not to say any thing about it, promising me half the money, and to take me into partnership with him.'

'All this happened within this county, did it?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Very well, then, you may take him.'

Sloan then took the witness, and commencing with his birth, made him tell his life, every now and then slipping in some sly question bearing upon the case; but Vinton did not swerve. Sloan would misstate the evidence, and

Vinton would correct him, and all through a rigid examination of more than five hours, until Sloan gave it up, having only succeeded in making the case against Morris more hopeless than before. Beauchamp then asked a question or two to clear up one or two points, and rested the people's side. Sloan announced his conclusion, and the case being submitted without argument, Morris was found guilty by the jury, and a few days after was slowly dragging out his term of ten years in the State's Prison.

'Well, Beauchamp, you have done wonders,' said Murray, the 'big' lawyer of the bar; 'but I would like to know how you found out that fellow Vinton?'

'Well, you see I sometimes call on a young lady named Vinton; she is a sister of Joseph. I have occasionally seen Morris there. To tell you the truth, I am engaged to her. Joe thinks there is nobody like his sister. Not long ago, I told her Morris's adventures with the case of Black v. Horton. And a few days after that she told me that she thought her brother knew something about it. I then concluded to find out, and sent Billy Hamilton, a right smart young fellow, for whom I managed a suit without fee, to watch them. He planned it out, and hired himself to Morris, and kept himself around until he overheard the conversation Vinton swore to, and then he told me, and I had Morris arrested; and got Fannie Vinton to make Joe promise to come up as a witness.'

'Well, you are well paid for kindness to poor people, any how.'

'Fannie,' said Beauchamp to his wife, one day, a few months after this, 'what do you think of this?' and he read as follows:

'SUICIDE.—James Morris, lately sent to the State's Prison from G—— county, was this morning found hung in his cell. He had evidently hanged himself, as the table had been drawn out to the place where he was suspended, and had been kicked over. The night before he had been foiled in an attempt to break out, and this was probably his reason for suicide.'

'Lord have mercy upon him!' said Fannie.

'Amen!' said Beauchamp.

DIEGO ORDAS IN EL DORADO.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR.

DIEGO ORDAS come to El Dorado,
Getteth down from off his weary steed ;
And, 'Here,' he cries, 'O CORTEZ ! is the haven
That shall reward our wanderings indeed.'

Bright shines the gold o'er all the ancient city :
Gold on the house-tops, gold to pave the streets ;
And golden cuirass, shield, and burnished helmet,
At every corner wondering ORDAS meets.

All day he wanders through the devious mazes,
That blaze and sparkle on his weary way ;
And still he stumbles o'er the shining pavement,
When silver night shuts out the golden day.

All through the night the pale moon sees him stumbling,
Where golden glimmers sparkle in her light ;
And still no outlet to the mighty city,
Finds weary ORDAS when he ends the night.

Another day — 'Oh ! for a gleam of water !
Oh ! for the sound of gleeful Spanish tongue !
Oh ! for the shiver through the burning daylight,
That sings in Spain when convent bells are rung !'

And still he wanders through the devious mazes,
That blaze and glimmer on his weary way ;
And still he stumbles o'er the golden pavement,
When silver night shuts out the second day.

'Sure there's a curse o'er all this ancient city !
Sure there's a curse on palace and on street !
No friendly hand salutes me in my passing ;
No friendly welcome ever do I meet !'

And through the night the pale moon sees him stumbling
Where golden glimmers sparkle in her light ;
And still no outlet to the mighty city
Finds weary ORDAS when he ends the night.

And when the sun upon the dreary morning
Springs, golden-red, from out the glorious east,
DIEGO ORDAS, blindly crawling onward,
Dreams, as he staggers, of a glorious feast.

No kindly food has passed his lips for ages —
 So runs his dream — but now he finds, at last,
 A table spread, where all that earth can furnish
 Of food and wine sets forth a rich repast.

And greedy ORDAS snatches at the viands,
 Seizes the flasks with dry and trembling clutch —
 But all freshness of that heavenly banquet
 Changes to gold upon his slightest touch !

'Sure there 's a curse upon this ancient city !'
 Cries hungry ORDAS, prowling through the night ;
 'And even in dreams it drives men on to madness ;
 O gold ! O cursed gold ! I hate thy sight !'

And through the night the pale moon sees him stumbling
 Where molten gold-light sparkles in her gleams ;
 And still no outlet to the mighty city,
 And still no rest in waking or in dreams !

And when the sun upon the dreary morning
 Springs, golden-red, into the burning sky,
 He shoots death-madness on the fiery pavement,
 Where weary ORDAS has lain down to die.

THROUGH THE COTTON STATES.

PART THIRD.

THE long, tumble-down bridge which spans the Waccamaw at Conwayboro, trembled beneath our horse's tread, as with lengthened stride he shook the vile secession mud from his feet, and whirled us along into the dark, deep forest. It may have been the exhilaration of a hearty dinner of oats, or it may have been sympathy with the impatience of his fellow-travellers that spurred him on ; whichever it was, away he went as if Lucifer — that first secessionist — were following close at his heels.

The sun which for a time had been industriously wedging his way into the dark masses of cloud, finally slunk out of sight and left us enveloped in a thick fog, which shut from view all of Cottondom, except a narrow belting of rough pines and a few rods of sandy road that stretched out in dim perspective before us. There being nothing in the outside creation to particularly attract attention, I drew the apron of the carriage about me, and settling myself well back on the seat to avoid the thick-falling mist, fell into a train of dreamy reflection.

Niggers, slave-auctions, cotton-fields, rice-swamps and King Cotton himself, that blustering old despot, with his black arms and 'under-pinning,'

his face of brass, and body of pure 'raw material,' passed through my mind, like Georgia trains through the Oconee Swamp, till finally my darky friend came into view. At first I saw him a little child, amid the blazing ruins of his wilderness home, gazing in stupid horror on the burning bodies of his father and his kindred. Then, kneeling at the side of his dying mother in the slave-factory at Cape Lopez, and — still a child — cooped in the 'Black-hole' of the accursed slave-ship, his little frame burning with the fever-fire, and his child-heart longing for death. Then he was mounting the Cuban slave-block, and as the 'going! going! gone!' rung in my ears, I saw him hurried away, and driven to the cruel task — still a child — on the hot, unhealthy sugar-field. Again he appeared, stealing away at night to a lonely hut, and by the light of a pine-knot, wearily poring over that Book, slowly putting letters into words and words into sentences, that he might know '*What God says to the black man.*' Then I saw him a man — splendid of frame, noble of soul — suspended in the whipping-rack, his arms bound above his head, his body resting on the tips of his toes, the merciless lash falling on his bare back, till the red stream ran from it like a river — scourged because he would not aid in creating beings as wretched as himself, and make merchandise of his own blood to gorge the pocket of an incarnate white devil.

As all these things passed before me, and I thought of his rare intelligence, of his fine traits of character, and of the true heroism he had shown in risking perhaps his own neck to get me — a stranger — out of an ugly hobble, I felt a certain spot in my left side warming toward him, very much as it might have done had his blood been as pure as my own. It really seemed to me a pity — anti-Abolitionist and Southern-sympathizer though I was — that a man of such rare natural talent, such superior character and energy, should have his large nature dwarfed, be tethered for life to a cotton-stalk, and made to wear his very soul out in a tread-mill, merely because his skin had a darker tinge and his shoe a longer heel than mine.

As I mused thus over his 'strange, eventful history,' and thought of the handy way nature has of putting the *right* man in the *wrong* place, it recurred to me how the good 'Brother Beecher' one evening, not a great while before, had charmed the last V from my waist-coat pocket by exhibiting, *à la* Barnum, a remarkably ugly 'cullud pusson' on his pulpit-stairs, and picturing the awful doom which awaited her — that of being reduced from baby-tending to some less useful employment — if his audience did not 'come down at once with the dust.' Then it occurred to me how much finer a spectacle my ebony friend would make in the good preacher's show-room; how well his six feet of manly sinew would grace those pulpit-stairs; how eloquently the reverend gentleman might expatiate on the burning sin of shrouding the light of so fine an intellect in the mists of niggerdom, only to see it snuffed out in darkness; how he might enlarge on what Scip could do in elevating his down-trodden race, either as 'cullud' assistant to 'Brother Pease' at the Five-Points, or as co-laborer with Fred Douglas at abolition conventions, or if that did n't *pay*, how, put into the minstrel business, he might run George Christy off the track, and yield the brethren a liberal dividend for the 'Cause of Freedom.' As I thought of the

probable effect of this last appeal, it seemed to me the thing was already done, and that SCIP WAS FREE.

I got back from dream-land by the simple act of opening my eyes, and found myself still riding along in that Jersey wagon, over the heavy, sandy road, and drenched with the mists of that dreary December day. The reverie had made, however, a deep impression on me, and I gave vent to it somewhat as follows:

'Colonel A —— tells me, Scipio, that your mistress wants to sell you. Do you know what she would take?'

'She ax fifteen hundred dollar, massa, but I an't worth dat now. Nigger property's mighty low.'

'What is your value now?'

'P'raps eight hundred, p'raps a thousand dollar, massa.'

'Would your mistress take a thousand for you?'

'Do n't know, Sar, but I reckon she would. She'd be glad to get rid of me. She do n't like me on de plantation, 'cause she say de oder darkies tink too much ob me; and she do n't like me in de city, 'cause she 'fraid I run away.'

'Why afraid you 'll run away? Have you ever tried to?'

'Tried to! Lor bless you, massa, I neber taught ob such a ting—would n't go if I could.'

'But would n't you?' I said, thinking he had some conscientious scruples about running away; 'would n't you if you could buy yourself, and go honestly, as a *free* man?'

'Buy myself, Sar!' he exclaimed in surprise; 'buy my own flesh and blood dat de Lord hisself gabe me! No, no! massa; I'd like to be free, but I'd neber do *dat*!'

'Why not do that?' I asked.

'Cause 't would be owning dat de white-folks hab a right to de black; and 'cause, Sar, if I war free I could n't stay har.'

'Why should you stay here? You have no wife nor child; why not go where the black man can be respected and useful?'

'I'se 'spected and useful har, massa. I hab no wife nor child, and dat make me feel, I s'pose, like as if all de black people war my children.'

'But they are not your children; and you can be of no service to them. At the North you might learn, and put your talents to some use.'

'Sar,' he replied, a singular enthusiasm lighting up his face, 'de Lord, dat make me what I ar, put me har, and I must stay. Sometimes when tings look bery black, and I feel a'most 'scouraged, I go to Him, and I say, 'Lord, I 'se of no use, take me 'way, let me get tru wid dis, let me no more see de sufferin' and 'pression ob de poor cullud race;' den He say to me, just as plain as I say it to you, 'Keep up good courage, Scipio, de time will come; '* and now, bless de Lord, de time am coming!'

* THE Southern blacks, like all ignorant people, are intensely fanatical on religious subjects. The most trifling occurrences have to their minds a hidden significance, and they believe the Lord speaks to them in signs and dreams, and in almost every event of nature. This superstition, which has been

'What time is coming, Scipio?'

He gave me a quick, suspicious glance, but his face in a moment resumed its usual expression, as he replied: 'I sure, massa, dat I could trust you. I feel you are my friend, but I can't say no more.'

'You need not, Scipio, I can guess; and what you have said is safe with me. But let me counsel you not to be rash — wait for the white man. Do not let your freedom come in blood!'

'It will come, massa, as de LORD will. When He war set free *de earth shook, and de veil ob de temple war rent in twain!*'

We said no more, but rode on in silence; the darky absorbed in his own reflections, I musing over the black volcano, whose muffled echoes I then heard 'away down south in Dixie.'

We had ridden on for about an hour, when an opening in the trees disclosed a by-path, leading to a plantation. Following it for a short distance, we came upon a small clearing, in the midst of which, flanked by a ragged corn and potato-patch, squatted a dilapidated, unpainted wooden building, a sort of 'half-way house' between a hut and a shanty. In its door-way, seated on a chair which wanted one leg and a back, was a suit of linsey-woolsey, adorned by enormous metal buttons, and surmounted by a queer-looking head-piece that might have passed for either a hat or an umbrella. I was at a loss to determine whether the object were a human being or a scarecrow, when, at the sound of our approach, the umbrella-like article lifted, and a pair of sunken eyes, a nose, and an enormous beard, disclosed themselves. Addressing myself to the singular figure, I inquired how far we were from our destination, and the most direct route to it.

'Wal, stranger,' was the reply, 'it's a right smart twenty mile to the Colonel's, but I reckon you'll get there, if you follow your horse's nose, and ar good at swimming.'

'Why good at swimming?' I inquired.

'Cause the 'runs' have ris, and ar considerable deep by this time.'

'That's comforting news,' I said.

'Yas, it ar to a man as seems in a hurry,' he replied, looking at the horse, which was covered with foam.

'How far is it to the nearest run?' I asked.

'Wal, it mought be six mile; it mought be seven, but you've one or two all-fired ones to cross arter that.'

Here was a pleasant predicament. It was nearly five o'clock, and our horse, though a noble animal, could not make the distance on an unobstructed route, in the then heavy state of the roads, in less than three hours. Long before that it would be dark, and no doubt stormy, for the sky, which had lowered all the afternoon, every now and then uttered an ominous growl, and seemed ready to pour down upon us. But turning back was out of the ques-

handed down from their savage ancestry, has absolute sway over them, and one readily sees what immense power it would give to some leading, adroit mind, that knew how to use it. By means of it they might be led into the most desperate deeds, fully believing all the while that they were 'guided ob de Lord.'

tion, so, thanking the 'native,' I was about to proceed, when he hailed me as follows :

'I say, stranger, what 's the talk in the city ?'

'Nothing, Sir,' I replied, 'but fight and secession.'

'D — n secession !' was the decidedly energetic answer.

'Why so, my friend ? That doctrine seems to be popular hereabouts.'

'Yas, pop'lar with them South-Carolina chaps. They'd be oneasy in heaven if Gabriel was cook, and the Lord head-waiter.'

'They must be hard to suit,' I said ; 'I 'kalkerlate' you're not a South-Carolinian.'

'No, Sir-ee ! not by several mile. My mother moved over the line on purpose to make me a decent individual.'

'But why are you for the Union when your neighbors go the other way ?'

'Cause it has allers carried us along as slick as a cart with new-greased wheels ; and 'cause, stranger, my grandther was one of Marion's boys, and spilt a liddle claret at Yewtaw for the old consarn, and I reckon he'd be oneasy in his grave if I turned my back on it now.'

'But, my friend,' I said, 'they say Lincoln is an Abolitionist, and if inaugurated will free every darky you've got.'

'He can't do that, stranger, 'cordin' to the Constitution, and my old grandther used to say that ar dokermunt would hold the d—l himself ; but, for my part, I'd like to see the niggers free.'

'See the niggers free !' I replied in undisguised astonishment ; 'why, my good Sir, that is rank treason and abolition.'

'Call it what you're a mind to, them's my sentiments ; but, I say, stranger, if there's any thing on airth that I uttarily despise it ar a Northern dough-face, and it's clar to me you're one on 'em.'

'There, my friend, you're mistaken. I'm neither an Abolitionist nor a dough-face. But *why* do you go for freeing the niggers ?'

'Cause the white folks would be better off. You see, I have to feed and clothe my niggers, and pay their owners a hundred and twenty and a hundred and fifty a year for 'em, and if the niggers war free they'd work for half that price.'

Continuing the conversation, I learned that the umbrella-hatted gentleman worked twenty hired-negroes in the gathering of turpentine ; and that the district we were entering was occupied by persons in the same pursuit, who nearly all employed 'hired-hands,' and entertained similar sentiments ; Colonel J —, whom I was about to visit, and who was a large slave-owner, being about the only exception. This, the reader will please remember, was the state of things at the date of which I am writing, in the very heart of secessiondom.

Bidding the turpentine-getter a rather reluctant 'good-by,' I rode on into the rain.

It was nearly dark when we reached the first 'run,' but, fortunately, we found it less swollen than our way-side acquaintance had represented ; and we succeeded in crossing it without difficulty. Hoping that the others might be

equally as fordable, we pushed rapidly on, the darkness meanwhile gathering thickly about us, and the rain continuing to fall. Our way lay through an unbroken forest, and the tall, dark pines which towered on either side, moaned and sighed as the wind swept fiercely through them, like a legion of unhappy spirits let loose from the dark abodes below. Occasionally we came upon a patch of woods where the turpentine-gatherer had been at work, and the white faces of the 'tapped' trees, gleaming through the darkness, seemed an army of 'sheeted ghosts' closing steadily around us. The darkness, the rain, and the hideous noises in the forest, called up unpleasant associations, and I inwardly determined to ask hospitality from the first human being, black or white, whom we should meet.

We had ridden on for about an hour after dark, when suddenly our horse's feet plashed in the water, and he sank to his middle in a stream. My first idea was that we were in the second 'run,' but as he pushed slowly on, the water momentarily growing deeper, and spreading around us on either side as far as we could see, it flashed upon me that we had missed the road in the darkness, and were fairly launched into the Waccamaw river! Turning to the darky, who was driving, I said quickly:

'Scip, stop the horse. Where are we?'

'Do n't know, massa, but I reckon we 'se in de river.'

'A comfortable situation this, Scip. We can't turn round. The horse can't swim such a stream as this in harness. What shall we do?'

'Can you swim, massa?' he quietly asked.

'Yes, like an eel.'

'Wal, den, we'd better gwo on. De hoss will swim. But, massa, you might take off your boots and overcoat, and be ready for a spring if he go down.'

I did as he directed, while he let down the apron and top of the wagon, and fastened the reins loosely to the dash-board, saying as he did so, 'You must al-lers let a hoss have his head when he swim, massa; if you rein him, he go down sure.' Then, undoing a portion of the harness, to give the horse the free use of his legs, he shouted, 'Gee up, ole Gray,' and we started.

The noble animal stepped off slowly and cautiously, as if fully aware of the danger of the passage; but he had proceeded only about fifty yards when he lost his footing, and we were plunged into an entirely new and decidedly cold hip-bath. 'Now 's de time, ole Gray,' 'show your broughten up, ole boy,' 'let de gemman see how you swim, ole fier,' and similar exclamations proceeded rapidly from the darky, who all the time avoided touching the reins.

'It may have been one minute, it may have been five—I took 'no note of time'—before the horse again struck bottom, and halted from sheer exhaustion, the water being still almost level with his back, and the opposite bank too far-off to be seen through the darkness. After a short rest, he again 'breasted the waters,' and in a few minutes landed us on the shore; not, unfortunately, in the road, but in the midst of the pine-trees, which there were so entangled with under-growth, that not even a man, much less a horse, could make his way through them. Wet to the skin, and shivering with the cold,

we had no time to lose 'in gittin' out of dat,' if we wished to avoid greater dangers than those we had just escaped. So, springing from the wagon, the darky waded up the stream, near its bank, to reconnoitre. Returning in a few minutes, he reported that we were about a hundred yards below the road. We had been carried that far down the stream by the strength of the current. The only way was to follow the 'run' up along its bank; this we did, and in a short time had the satisfaction of striking the high-road. Arranging the harness, we were soon again under way, the horse bounding along as if he appreciated the necessity of vigorous exercise to restore his chilled circulation. We afterward learned that it was not the Waccamaw that we had crossed, but the second 'run' our native friend had told us of, and that the water in the middle of its stream was fifteen feet deep!

Half-dead with the cold and wet, we hurried on, but still no welcome light beckoned us to a human habitation. The darkness grew denser till we could not even distinguish the road, much less our horse's nose, which we had been directed to follow. Inwardly cursing the folly which brought me into such a wilderness, I said to the darky:

'Scipio, I 'm sorry I took you on such a trip as this.'

'Oh! neber mind me, massa; I rather like de dark night and de storm.'

'Like the night and the storm, why so?'

'Cause den de wild spirits come out, and talk in de trees, and make me feel bery strong *har*,' he replied, striking his hand on his breast.

'The night and the storm, Scip, make ~~me~~ feel like cultivating another sort of *spirits*. There are some in the wagon-box, let us stop and see what they are like.'

We stopped, and I took out a small willow-flask, which held the 'spirits of Otard,' and offered it to the darky.

'No, massa,' he said laughing, 'I neber touch dem sort ob spirits; dey raise de bery ole debil.'

Not heeding the darky's example, I took 'a long and a strong pull,' and—felt the better for it.

Again we rode on, and again and again I 'communed with the spirits,' till a sudden exclamation from Scip aroused me from a half-stupor, into which I was falling. 'What's the matter?' I asked.

'A light, massa, a light!'

'Where?'

'Dar, way off in de trees ——'

'Sure enough, glory, hallelujah, Hail Columbia, and Yankee Doodle, there it is! We're all right now, Scip.'

We rode on till we came to the inevitable opening in the trees, and were soon at the door of what I saw, by the light which came through the crevices in the logs, was a one-story shanty, about twenty feet square. 'Will you let us come in out of de rain?' asked Scipio of a wretched-looking, half-clad, middle-aged woman, who came to the door.

'Who ar you?' was the reply.

'Only massa, and me, and de hoss, and we am half-dead wid de cold,' said Scip.

'Wal, strangers, thar's mighty poor fixins fer trav'lers har, but you can come in. The horse,' she added, addressing the darky, and pointing to the rear of the hut, 'you can stow away under the shed.'

Here, my friend, the editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, requires me to pass the night. If I ever 'git out ob dat' shanty, the reader will hear from me again.

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET:

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF *ST. LEGER*.

'Mialike me not for my complexion.'—*MERCHANT OF VENICE*.

PART THE LAST.

CHAPTER FIRST.

'BENEATH heaven's genial sunshine, every where
Is heard the utterance of the human heart;
Each in his language doth the plaint impart;
Then why not I in mine?'

THIS narrative is resumed at a period nearly two years and-a-half subsequent to the date referred to in the preceding chapter. It brings us to the spring of 1852. The lapse of time we will bridge over by a brief epitome of what occurred during those thirty months. It would be easy to fill a volume with details, but it would contain many repetitions, and would not serve the purpose I have in view.

Two years and-a-half, after we are fifty-two, cannot well be spared. At that age every year counts. It is not pleasant to be reminded in the midst of our labors, especially when a family at home is entirely dependent on them; it is not agreeable, I say, to be reminded by some incipient debility or tell-tale weakness that the infirmities of age are beginning to hover around us. All of a sudden we discover we have not the same suppleness of joint, the same elasticity of limb, the same general activity of body as before. We put it down to a cold, a touch of rheumatism, or a slight visitation of neuralgia—to any thing but what it really is, the advance-guard of dissolution. After a while we give it up. The cold is not cured, the rheumatism and neuralgia do not mend, and we submit to the inevitable destiny which says: 'Grow old or die!'

It is then we grudge the years which bring us no returns, which leave us no better than they found us. For men, as they advance in life, feel a saddening disappointment when they think how meagre of results it has been to them. So true is it, that there is implanted in the breasts of us all a consciousness that we ought not to live in vain.

Two years and-a-half, reader, and we meet again.

There is an end to my numerous speculations ; and without my being made rich or comfortable, or having one penny laid aside. I have an impression that most of my readers imagine that Harley had undertaken to lay some snare for me, that I was about to become his victim, or dupe, or be unfortunately involved by his practices, or something of the sort.

I have no such experience to record. Harley proved to be just what he appeared. During those two and-a-half years he worked indefatigably. He crossed the ocean several times. His perseverance was marvellous ; his hope always large and encouraging. On the whole, I cannot say I have any reason to complain of him. I must give, therefore, a brief explanation why at the end of this period I find myself in this unpleasant situation.

It will be remembered that I was to have one-quarter of the net profits of the various enterprises connected with America, which Harley should engage in. At the same time, I was to draw on him for my necessary expenses. The result of each separate undertaking may be briefly summed up as follows :

Of the three California gold mines, but one turned out to have a title which would pass. It took a year to get satisfactory evidence of that, and a great expense. By that time far better placers were offered. In fact, London was flooded with auriferous projects, from the Mariposa mines of Fremont to the mere 'show' of the California squatter, represented only by an attractive lump of gold. So Harley thought best to sell our mine, for five thousand pounds, (twenty-five thousand dollars,) cash. It had simply cost the owner the trouble of prospecting it, and of going through the usual squatter-law form of taking possession — nothing more.

From this twenty-five thousand dollars had to be deducted, by the terms of sale, the various charges and expenses of the solicitors, for examining titles, attending meetings, etc. etc. etc., which amounted in round numbers to seven thousand five hundred dollars. Mem. : The solicitors who received these large fees had influenced their clients to make this purchase, and had to be paid accordingly.

Of the seventeen thousand five hundred which remained, the owner got one-half, and I a fourth of the balance. I had no reason to complain certainly.

The Virginia gold-mine promised very well. Here were some improvements, and a quantity of ore already excavated. A geologist of respectability was sent out to examine it. His report was flavored with the choice viands and fine wines of the Old Dominion ; and on the strength of it a company was brought out, nominally in Paris, under the French law of *en commandite*. The shares were really owned in London by some speculators, who to avoid all responsibility prevailed on a Frenchman in their employ to act as *gerant*. These people soon began to speculate in the stock, having got it on the mining list, and paid not the slightest attention to working the mine itself. The proprietor did receive in cash the amount of his improvements ; for the rest he obtained a certain amount of the shares, and Harley and I took our proportion, but we had to engage not to offer in the market for the space of one year. Harley also received a pretty large sum under the disbursement account, of which my share was about a thousand dollars. After a while, the stock began to fall ; those

in the scheme had worked off their shares on the simple ones who were outside, and the whole broke down. To be sure they violated their contract as to working the mine; the fact is, they never intended to work it, only to use the company for stock operations, which they were enabled the better to do, because the mine was in working order. Harley threatened law proceedings and various other measures, but the affair subsided as such affairs generally do. Harley was too busy to prosecute; it might not have been judicious, and so the whole matter dropped. Certain shareholders to this day curse Harley as a swindler, when it was the Englishmen who swindled their brother Englishmen in the business.

An interesting book might be written about the mine on the Isthmus. Here every thing was right. The ore was very rich and abundant. The grants perfect. The conveyances *en regle*. In due course a company was formed in London, a *bona-fide* company, to exploit this really valuable gold-mine. It was on this enterprise that Harley principally depended for the realization of his grand ideas of fortune. And there seemed nothing in the way to prevent. The directors were not only respectable, but embraced some of the best men in London. The plans were good; the subscriptions promptly paid; Harley's share in the contract was so large that with a moderate success, wealth was insured to us both. He had agreed (he could not well do otherwise if he wished to exhibit confidence in the scheme, and he certainly had confidence in it) to receive a certain portion of paid-up stock after the company should raise the requisite amount of working capital. A splendid lot of machinery, a first-rate engineer, a geologist, practical miners to work the mines, a large quantity of provisions, including pork, beef, flour, together with a *generous quota of spirits*. Harley had repeatedly warned the manager that it was absolutely essential for the success of the expedition that no liquor be allowed to the men. He had carefully investigated this subject as connected with the Isthmus, but the advice was disregarded. The people arrived. Before the machinery was erected the fever broke out among them. Nearly all died, or suffered the entire loss of health. Only those who practised total abstinence were saved, and they were few. By this time over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars had actually been expended, or rather wasted. A fresh call was made, for Englishmen will not readily give up an affair they have put their money into. Another hundred thousand was raised. Harley had to contribute on his stock, although they were paid-up shares, or lose it, for the company had raised all the working capital they agreed to. Another expedition started. Strange to say, Rum in large quantities was again permitted to be sent, although under the control of the manager there. The men, unused to the climate, clamored for spirits. The manager yielded. In fact, he thought it would do them good. The result was a repetition of the same unhappy scenes as before. This consumed more than two years. Still the company would not give up. But Harley could no longer respond to the tax on his shares. He had already managed to sell some, although the stock was not on the market, but now nobody would buy. Other matters not going to his mind; he was unable to pay the considerable sum called for, and so his stock was forfeited. I will remark

here, that after two more discouraging experiments, the company were entirely successful, and their shares are worth at this day, on the London mining board, nearly one hundred per cent premium! Thus we just escaped realizing an immense fortune!

I have already mentioned an agent had been sent out to report as to the value of the two Lake Superior copper-mines. These were two separate properties. Unfortunately, the title to one was in litigation. Harley was promised by his principal that all difficulties relating to it should be settled before an agent could arrive out. It proved to be impossible, and that was an end of the matter. The other property was very valuable, and promised largely. The owner was a 'cute Down-easter, who, seeing the advantages to be reaped from the enterprise, came back with the agent to London. These two had put their heads together on the voyage to cheat Harley out of the benefits he was to derive; he had a written contract for one-half the profits, as usual, and this now seemed to the owner beyond all reason. The result was, he intrigued with the London broker, told stories to Harley's prejudice, employed a solicitor to look into the contract, who decided Harley had not complied with every particular, and in his judgment it could not be enforced. In short, Harley saw clearly what was going on, and determined to have no litigation or scandal. He therefore permitted the owner to buy out his interest for five thousand dollars, which was paid to him in cash, and the parties remained apparently on the best terms. For it was a principle with Harley never to quarrel with any body.

The company for the working of the Tennessee copper-mine went forward very well. But it was subject to the fate of every English undertaking; that is, it was badly managed at first, and a large amount of money spent unnecessarily, not to say wasted. After two or three misadventures it began to produce something, but Harley was in no position to wait for dividends, which, to the great joy of these Englishmen, promised to be very regular in four or five years! So he sold out our interest on the best terms possible.

The Virginia land-company charter amounted to just nothing at all. The titles were involved in such inextricable confusion, 'lapping over' each other sometimes five or six deep, that although, as the solicitor said, the lands were doubtless there, and enough of them, it required more professional skill than he was capable of, to disentangle the snarl.

The Georgia affair might have turned out well could we have kept our secret. But the appearance of a British agent, whom it was soon rumored was a special messenger from the Bank of England, (1) and whose every word and gesture were watched and reported, threw the whole region into a state of excitement. When it came to the mysterious business of taking soundings in and around the harbor, and making minute inquiries on various subjects connected with the resources of the country, the excitement was complete. The agent, despite the endeavors of our Georgia friend to keep him close, was surrounded by hosts of pine-land people, who were ready to sell at any price, cash down. It is but fair to say, the agent remained true to his convivial pledges; he had come out, he said to all inquirers, for a certain purpose, and

he had nothing whatever to do outside of his instructions. But this only added fuel to the flame. In vain our Southern friend endeavored to quiet it. He became the object of envy to the surrounding country, so that in less than a fortnight after the return of the agent to London, there followed him three individuals from that region, each with plenipotentiary power to sell at least a hundred thousand acres of land at ONE QUARTER of what Harley asked for his ! The next steamer brought out two more Georgians, on whom these three, who acted in concert, had stolen a march, and who had other large tracts at still lower prices. The result was, the whole scheme was knocked in the head ; although Harley had the pleasure, if pleasure it was, to see the five 'representative men,' after spending six months in London, and quarrelling with each other, return home with loss of money, time, and reputation, only to be exposed to abuse from their constituents, on whom they had drawn largely for expenses.

But the live-oak lands of Florida, there was an opportunity ! The price of the land was understood and settled on. The titles beyond question. The quality of the oak timber undisputed. All the expenses calculated, and what a fortune ! — on paper. Alas ! there was one screw loose. The little item of *transportation* had been overlooked ; or rather at the last moment it was ascertained the whole speculation turned on the completion of about one hundred miles of railway, on which trains were already running but twenty-five miles !

The invention for making paper out of the bark of certain trees, although patented in America, Harley found to be an old French discovery, which had already been unsuccessfully experimented with.

The plans for smelting ores with little or no fuel, and for generating steam with equal economy, turned out mere chimeras of the brain of some half-crazed mechanical genius.

The French brandy scheme, I have already said, was abandoned by Harley.

The invention for making steel out of coarse pig-iron promised a great deal. The inventor was a poor man, who could advance no money for testing it. So he gave Harley three-fourths of the patent, on condition he would furnish all expenses. It cost quite a sum to patent the invention all over Europe, and still more to erect a small shop for experiments. It can scarcely be said that these experiments failed, but while the theory of the process was successfully demonstrated, practically it would not pay, except on a large scale ; and no Englishman could be found ready to embark so much money in a new process, when the old served very well. Here was a considerable loss, but there was no help for it.

The other 'little matters' turned out little. A few pounds were from time to time realized, but there were no important results.

Thus in brief I give the reader the result of over three years' work, counting from the time I first engaged with Harley, to the period referred to in the commencement of this chapter. During that period, I repeat that Harley was indefatigable. He worked very hard, and with an energy almost miraculous.

Nothing could exceed the tact, and activity, and adroitness which he displayed. Had it not been for these, we should have realized nothing.

As it was, the account current stood about as follows :

California gold-mine,.....	\$8,750
Virginia do., received for expenses,.....	3,800
Sales of Isthmus gold-mine stock,.....	13,800
Received from same as expenses,.....	4,000
Lake Superior property,.....	5,000
Sale of interest in Tennessee mine,.....	10,000
Other receipts,.....	5,000
	<hr/>
	\$50,350
Per contra.	
Paid assessment on Isthmus shares,.....	\$4,300
Loss on experiments with pig-iron,.....	4,200
Various small losses,.....	2,000
	<hr/>
	\$10,500
	<hr/>
	10,500
	<hr/>
	\$39,850

In round numbers, forty thousand dollars in net cash was the result of our labors from say the first of January, 1849, to May of 1852.

Of this, Harley made a scrupulous division, although the expenses of his office compared with mine were more than three to one; still he simplified the whole by crediting me with just one-fourth of that net amount, to wit, with ten thousand dollars, less a mere trifle. After all, not a bad business for something over three years' work. How, then, am I to explain the condition you find me in at the end of the time? I can do so very easily. I confess I was much surprised when Harley sent me his account current, in which I stood credited with the above-mentioned sum, and charged with my drafts on him, which amounted to nearly five hundred dollars *more* than the sum to my credit! On looking over the account, I found it was quite correct. Was it possible I had drawn at the rate of three thousand dollars a year? I could not believe it, yet it was so. There were the figures, and the figures were correct. The fact is, my household expenses, under the agreeable system of drawing for what I wanted, insensibly increased. Not by Alice's consent, but I had, as already explained, undertaken to show some hospitality to our speculative friends, and all house-keepers understand the extra expense entailed even by a small dinner. Then this involved a larger outlay in Alice's wardrobe. Beside, I sent the younger children to a more expensive school, and Alice had taken music-lessons from a first-class teacher. Considering these various circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that my expenses were so much increased. Indeed, had it not been for Alice's careful management, they would have been a great deal heavier. She, be it understood, having full faith in her father's judgment, believed we were on the road to renewed prosperity. Money seemed to come so easy, things were never so charming in that respect, that she was entirely deceived. During the last year, however, I began to have my misgivings. I saw that Harley, having done his utmost with what he had in hand, was not the man to pursue failing schemes forever, but would certainly lay hold of new projects, in which I might or might not be

called to share. Not that he was in the least dissatisfied with my exertions. But after residing so long abroad, and being brought in contact with the very best class of speculators there, he might take up some project, and cut loose from American operations.

The dreaded blow fell at last. I received a long letter from Harley, in which he assured me he did not think any more could at present be realized out of the matters in hand; he spoke of certain prospective advantages, of which I should certainly receive my share; he said his own expenses were large, necessarily so from the position he was forced to maintain; and he had availed himself of a very excellent opportunity to embark in a scheme for an Italian railway, under the direct patronage of the Pope, which promised more than well. That if the hoped-for success should crown his efforts, he should not forget me — no, most assuredly not. Many were the kind wishes expressed for us all; as to the little balance of one hundred pounds in his favor, it was of no consequence whatever; so there let it stand.

When I received and read this letter, my heart sunk within me. I felt like a sailor alone on a desolate island, abandoned by his ship-mates, who have left him by accident or design. My first impulse was to feel bitterly toward Harley. Yet why? Had he deceived me in any respect? No. Had he not lived honestly up to his contract? Yes. Of what had I to complain? Alas! of nothing, save my own folly.

Reader, here was the loose screw, here the leak in the ship, here the break in the axle; ponder it well, and let the moral teach you something. Harley when we first met was thirty-five. I was *fifty-two*. Harley was of an age still to embark in a speculative career; I was not. He pursued it consistently as a business. I struck into it hoping to make a fortune suddenly and quit. Now he, as a matter of policy, having spent each year all he had earned, (at least ten thousand dollars per annum,) had acquired position and a reputation for wealth, and was just ready to embark in something more promising than gold-mines, patent-rights, or land-charters; but I, having spent all I had earned, had nothing to go on with, or fall back upon, while poverty, more hard and unendurable than ever before, stared me grimly in the face.

I sat holding in my hand the letter of Harley. A cold sweat broke out all over me. It stood on my forehead, it suffused my eye-lids. I could feel it on my body, and my limbs. I experienced a painful sensation at my heart; I breathed with difficulty, and was forced to open my mouth, literally gasping for breath. 'Oh! what am I to do? who shall comfort me?' I exclaimed aloud. Then it was I thought of my daughter — of Alice. I could talk to her. I could tell her all. And she would forgive her father; we would plan together what was to be done. She should be my *confidante*, my sympathiser. In a more humble manner than ever before we would endeavor still to have a happy home.

At that moment the door opened, and Alice herself entered. It was an occasional practice for her to ride 'down-town,' about the time I was ready to leave, and accompany me home. Now she come in with a fine flow of spirits, and ran gayly up to me.

Her lively demonstration was suddenly checked, and she exclaimed with much emotion: 'What is the matter, papa, what has happened?'

'Nothing, my child, nothing has happened, but I fear there is an end of all my hopes in Europe.'

'Indeed.'

'Yes. I have been fearing it for a long time; and now I am thrown back on what I can do here.'

I found it difficult to explain to her just the exact state of things. For she could not readily conceive of so sudden a turn in affairs, nor why I should be so distressed, since, as she supposed, I had still occupation here.

At last she seemed to take the whole, as it were, on trust, and to appreciate that once more I had anxiously to cast about for a few dollars each day on which to live. Then came my recompense, my consolation. She was so much older and stronger, she said, and understood so much more than formerly how to economise, and how to make things pleasant for me. I must not be worried a bit! Why, she could teach, she could do ever so many things, if necessary. She kissed me, and called me by some endearing name, brought me my hat and coat, forced me away from the office, and I was made to feel cheerful in spite of myself.

I went home with my child; led home, I may say, by her.

I spent the night thinking what I should do. Speculation was at that time rife, why not undertake various local schemes? My acquaintance was large among the speculative class. I rejected this plan because it was necessary for me to be in the way of earning some money forthwith. It was two months since I had received any thing from Harley, and his letter came just in time to prevent further drawing. Beside, my eyes were suddenly opened, and I sickened at the idea of such hope-deferred business. Could it be possible? Where was my reason, my common-sense? Had I been mad for the last three years?

Twice I awoke during the night with that dreadful sensation at my heart, which is only understood by those who are at times tortured by what is termed the 'horrors.' Why had this come so suddenly on me? Why for the last six months did I not make some preparations for what, had I not been an idiot, I might have known *would* come to pass? For six months affairs had promised just this termination. Yet I kept on hoping and hoping, and drawing on Harley.

At last I did fall asleep, and slumbered long into the morning. When I opened my eyes, Alice was standing by me. She smiled when she saw I was awake, and exclaimed: 'For once you have over-slept yourself. Breakfast has been ready an hour.' The fact was, I had been exhausted by the severity of my mental sufferings, and nature had come to my aid. I rose considerably refreshed, determined to cast about with prudence.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I FOUND I had neither the hope nor the energy which I enjoyed when I embarked in speculation three years before. The habit of those three years had nearly spoiled me for any regular pursuit. How hard to come down to the level of ordinary industry! Beside, how mortifying was my situation. My acquaintances were just beginning to consider me once more a man of wealth. The very day I received *that* letter I had been congratulated on my fortunate operations. So my last state was worse than the first.

Again came the old question, renewed with triple force, what was I to do? I thought of attempting business as a stock-broker, as produce-broker, of trying what I could do in real estate. There were objections to all these. A stock-broker required some capital, or at least, a good credit. I had neither. I was no longer active enough for operations in merchandise, nor had I sufficient experience in the business for real estate. So I resolved to go back to what I first undertook. I would begin once more the labors of a not~~re~~-broker, and work industriously.

Never till about this time did I have any just conception of human life, nor of God's design in the announcement: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' No, never till now; and it happened on this wise. As I was preparing to resume my task of hard daily labor, under circumstances the most depressing and disheartening, and when it seemed as if I could not sustain myself under this last disappointment, a new light suddenly broke in on me. I look back to it always with a feeling of profound gratitude. Up to that moment the object of all my efforts, my anxieties, my active exertions, was to get back to where I stood before, to recover my position, or at least, to support my family comfortably. So, when I failed in one quarter, or met with disappointments in another, I suffered to a great degree. Sometimes I was irritable, sometimes complaining, and often bitter and defiant. I repeat, in all this I looked solely at what was immediately before me. If I gained somewhat, I was pleased; if I lost, I was depressed. In fact, my existence was rounded by mere occurrences. Even my moralizing — and I did moralize a great deal — had reference solely to these. It did not strike deep. To be uncomfortable was an evil, [instead of an inconvenience;] the reverse, a blessing.

What I am about to recount may seem extraordinary, but it is true. On the day I decided with a heavy heart to commence again my disagreeable labors, it seemed as if hope had entirely deserted me. I rose in the morning miserable. It seemed as if I could not go through with what lay before me. Borne down by the weight of sad thoughts, I prepared to descend to the breakfast-room. My suffering was unendurable, and growing every moment more intense. Suddenly something whispered to me audibly: 'How have you been mistaken! There is a worse thing than misfortune and misery, a better thing than wealth. All that happens to you shall develop and enrich your character!' . . . I turned and saw my wife smiling on me.

The weight was lifted off my heart. I threw the door open and walked from the room untrammelled, free. I knew something trying awaited me, else

why such new strength? From that moment I learned to regard every thing which took place as a part of the experience which was to make of me, Charles Parkinson, something better and more deserving than I then was. All things were clear to me. Now I could see — not with that narrow and circumscribed vision which enabled me in a keen, shrewd way to understand my error in joining Harley, but with a sight which, regarding the whole circumference of my being, carefully surveyed the whole, instead of a meagre portion of it.

The reader must understand this extraordinary and sudden change was not what is termed of a religious character, except so far as that enters into and forms a part of our very natures. In other words, I did not think any thing about God, nor what the priest would call 'the concerns of my soul.' It was the divine element, breathed into man with the breath of life, which was evoked by the utter desperateness of my condition. Sinking almost to despair, carried down to the point of lowest abasement, the divinity which stirs within came to the rescue; just as that strange, physical power, vitality, is said sometimes to display its efficacy in the chamber of the sick, restoring to health, after the physician has given up the case and gone away. In this change there was neither a sullen submission nor a daring resistance to God's providence. Prometheus, when chained by Jupiter to the rock, while a vulture was perpetually tearing his vitals, defied the god, exclaiming: 'Do thy worst, tyrant. My fortitude shall be as eternal as thy revenge!' I had no such defiance in my heart; on the contrary, I regarded Providence as my friend, persuaded the severity of my fate would serve to perfect my character and rescue my moral nature from the degradation which during the past three years had threatened it.

CHAPTER THIRD.

I TOLD my daughter every thing. I could not start fairly if any thing was concealed or kept back from her. I even repeated how I had uttered a falsehood when I negotiated the Alworthy paper. I explained in a way she could clearly understand my operations with Harley, and why affairs now looked so discouraging. I presume, many will think this was quite an unnecessary humiliation; as they may call it, serving to lower me in the estimation of my child. But I was right. And however for the moment Alice's feelings might have partaken of a painful pity, I know she revered her father for these honest avowals, while her filial affection was strengthened by this display of confidence and regard.

We entered at once on plans for retrenchment. I was now very glad I had not taken a more expensive house, which at one time I was tempted to do, and indeed should have done had I not been deterred by the large outlay necessary for additional furniture. Anna's quarter would be out the following week, and Charley's in a fortnight. They must go in future to the public-school, and Alice would herself teach Anna music. We now had two servants. When the 'month' would be up they should leave, and we could go back to a single domestic, who would do 'general house-work.' Ah! there was vigorous planning to keep out the old enemy, wolf! No heart-pangs, no whining about hard destiny, no wry faces nor expressions of suffering and injury and the

like, but a manly, I will say, a heroic determination to make the best of my condition.

The reader may remember, I had already got five hundred dollars ahead when I began with Harley, beside the five hundred of Alice. I spent, however, two hundred before Harley left, and although I drew the amount from him which I have put down, still I never made this sum good to myself. But the remaining three hundred had not been touched. It was placed in the savings bank and was drawing five per cent interest. I had not, however, kept up my practice of cash payments since I began to receive money from Harley. Indeed I had insensibly relaxed all my strict habits of economy ; it was so easy to run up an account, (for it was soon understood that I was worthy of credit at the shops and stores,) so easy, when time for payment arrived, to draw on Harley, that I became quite unconcerned, not to say careless, in these matters. When I came to get in all our bills, I found I should have barely money enough to provide for them by drawing the three hundred dollars and interest. A serious business, but I must look it in the face. Fortunately the quarter's rent had just been paid. After the first year, the landlord, seeing I was a punctual tenant, had not required the security of Mr. Norwood, so that the death of my friend had not forced me to look elsewhere for it.

Well, my debts were paid, our children withdrawn from the 'seminary' and sent to the public-school, our two excellent servants given up and the general-house-work maid substituted in their place, and I once more launched on the street.

On looking about me the first day or two, I was struck more forcibly than ever with a fact I had often observed before, to wit, how rapidly business firms change in the city of New-York. On inquiring for the various houses which did business in Wall-street four years before, I found about one-third had disappeared and new ones were in their places. One large money and exchange broker had suddenly disappeared and never been heard of. It turned out that his assets would not pay two cents on the dollar. Yet the man was called a millionaire, and had credit to any amount. Another, a really very rich stock-broker, had, in the midst of his operations, been stricken with paralysis, was carried home, lived three months, and died. This man insisted a fortnight before his decease, helpless and half-imbecile as he was, on being driven in his carriage to Wall-street, where he essayed to undertake his ordinary business transactions. For three or four days he continued his ghastly career. But he had engaged in a contest in which the odds were against him and where there was no discharge. Death claimed him ; death, as usual, was victorious, and Wall-street saw him no more forever. Other individuals had retired on their fortunes, most of them to mope out the remainder of their lives in idiotic inactivity. Some had been used up, had left the street, and taken to agriculture with great good nature, and had changed very much for the better. I ought to say here, that during this very spring culminated and burst the bubble of the Concordia Valley Coal Company, of which the worthy Mr. Tremaine was the first President. That company met with a splendid success. Its shares ran up to about par. Tremaine managed its affairs, or rather his own in

connection with it, with great cleverness. He sold out his stock in trade and interest in the company the very first year to a set of unprincipled scamps, who could, however, control the stock-market, and who had their own designs to further. He received in payment very little money and a large amount of shares, which he managed to 'feed out' very adroitly, and which the parties who had purchased his interest, continued to buy in the most unsuspecting manner; in fact, it was diamond cut diamond. Tremaine kept on till he had disposed of considerably over one hundred thousand dollars, at about eighty, when he retired, purchased a villa near Florence, and for aught I know, lives there with his family at this day. The parties discovered the sell too late, but they were not discouraged. They had entire sway in the street. The stock went up and down. It was a great favorite, and just the thing to play with. Issues, then double and triple *over-issues* were resorted to. By great industry, perseverance, and rascality the shares were widely circulated, and then, as I have said, the bubble burst and the public suffered.

Among the 'curb-stone brokers' many familiar faces were missing, and their places filled by fresh subjects, who are generally broken merchants and financiers. It is rather a habit with the curb-stone operator when he gets severely winged, to go into the cigar business, which, by the way, furnishes a living for a great many dilapidated worthies. But this is but temporary. After a while they recuperate, and you find them again at work on the pavement.

Since I had abandoned the note business, two extensive establishments had been started, for the purpose of affording greater facilities to the capitalist for purchasing paper. This interfered greatly with the business of the small note-broker, throwing into his hands only the poorer descriptions. My old friend, the President of the Bank of Credit, had resigned, and his place was filled by the former cashier, who was, as I have already intimated, indebted mainly to me for his promotion in the bank. In looking about to discover where to commence, I saw much to dispirit and little to encourage me. There was not the same sympathy to be excited as for Charles Parkinson, the honorable merchant whom misfortune had struck down by a sudden and unlooked-for blow, and who was endeavoring industriously to earn an honest livelihood. Now (for the truth leaks out betimes) it was Charles Parkinson the operator, the speculator, who was resorting to another expedient for subsistence, after living quite at his ease, regardless of his creditors, for so long a time. The public had discovered my matters had not turned out well, and I was lowered at once in the public's estimation.

I was a good deal discouraged. After some reflection, I concluded to consult Downer. Of all my acquaintances, there was not one at that moment toward whom I entertained such genial, kindly, feelings as toward him. At the same time, I always felt reproached when I thought of the uncharitable opinion of him which I indulged in at one time. It was not long before I encountered Downer in the street, for he had no office, only a place where he kept a slate, on which persons who desired to do so could make appointments with him. I asked him to come with me to my office, and we proceeded thither together.

When we were seated, I gave him a brief history of my situation. I explained how my various schemes had failed, and I was forced back upon my former plans.

After I had finished, Downer remained silent for some time. At last he said: 'Mr. Parkinson, I am sorry for you. And to be sorry for any body, is what I have not been for a long time. Tell me,' he continued musingly, 'would we have believed when we were 'leading men' among the importers, that it could ever have come to this? It seems kind of human-like, though, for you and me to be sitting together, consulting how, when the evil days are on us, they can best be weathered. It does me good, Parkinson, it does me good to have you give me your confidence and ask my advice.'

There was a sensible yielding of the hard tone in which Downer usually spoke. And his voice sounded natural as he proceeded.

'I hardly know what to say,' he said. 'If you can't manage to buy a little place in the country, of course you must stay in New-York. Most people would tell you there were fifty things you could turn to. I, who have tried it, know better. Yet, for you to stay in this street, I can't bear to think of it. I suppose you find a great many changes since you quit. Some of your best customers are gone, and some of your friends; changes, too, at your bank. Twynam is out of the business. Loomis, I hear, is prejudiced against you. Do n't explain,' he added quickly, perceiving I was about to speak; 'I am sure through no fault of yours, (it was, though; the reader may remember the sale of the Alworthy paper,) but whosoever fault it is, it makes no difference. However, nothing like trying, and there's nothing like luck. You were in luck before, and you may be again. As to me, I have had bad luck ever since I failed. I know what sort of a character I bear in the street. You know. Do you think I am insensible to it? Remembering me as I used to be, do you suppose, after experiencing the success I did, and enjoying position as a first-class merchant, and having my own ambitious hopes and anticipations like other people, I say, do you suppose I look with indifference on blighted prospects, or think calmly on a blighted reputation? God, no!' he almost hissed out; but immediately repressing his emotion, he continued: 'It is all over with me. You understand, I live to take care of the folks. What I was going to say is, that it was bad luck only which destroyed my character. Something like my arrest two or three years ago by Strauss, Bevins and Company, a matter where I was in every respect innocent. Once a bad name, however, always a bad name. Therefore, I say, in every thing you attempt be more than careful. You can't come back now with the same chances you had just after you failed; still you have a good name. You have reputation, and it is just so much capital. Besides, poor as I am, I think I can be of service; I think I can do for you what I could not do for myself. I will try. And there's another thing, Parkinson. Come in and see us. We do n't entertain any company, but let us be pleasant with each other. Something tells me we are going to have hard times. Let the young people get acquainted, we shall feel a little stronger in this social way. But recollect, *here* you must avoid all intimacy with me. I am a fire-ship, and you must keep clear. I can help just the same. Ah!

well it is strange, the idea of my aiding any body; but two are better than one, no matter how impotent the second is.'

Downer here changed the subject, and proceeded to offer valuable hints and suggestions as to the situation of affairs. He gave me the names of persons who had money, which they employed in buying paper or lending on collaterals, and yet who were not generally known in the street. He told me how he thought I could reach such a one, who, if I gained his confidence, would be a valuable acquaintance, and how to approach another.

The great point, I may explain here, for a person who undertakes the business I was engaged in is, if possible, to secure the confidence of some moneyed men. If they are not *habitués* of the street, all the better. If, after many trials, they find they can depend on you and so place reliance on what you say, you have at once certain facilities for doing business which are invaluable. Poor Downer had none of these. By a series of misfortunes he had lost the confidence of every body in the street. A note was looked on with suspicion, simply because he had it in his possession. But his keen wits, his extensive knowledge of parties and his familiarity with the business, enabled him to render essential outside service to other note-brokers by which he managed to pick up enough to support his family.

Downer's observations, when he set about carefully to advise me, were clear and sagacious, untempered with any bitterness of expression or misanthropical views. He gave me a correct idea of the situation of the street, the changes which had taken place, and many little alterations in the way of doing business. Then he rose, shook my hand and withdrew.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

I SET to work without delay. I called on many old acquaintances, who received me kindly, and heard my statement of what I proposed to do. It was very evident, however, they no longer entertained that good opinion of my mercantile ability which they had before my embarking in a speculative career. Their treatment of me, to all appearance, was the same as ever, but a species of magnetism told me I had lost the sympathetic hold on them I had before. I was prepared for this, it was the natural result, and I had no right to complain. I did not complain. One of the gentlemen to whom Downer referred me as employing his funds in the street, proved to be on intimate terms with Goulding. This latter personage had kept watch of me all the time during the past four years. On one occasion he had even employed a lawyer to take out 'subsequent proceedings' against me on the judgment he had recovered in Bulldog's name,* and put me under examination with reference to any property I might have acquired since my assignment. Mr. Norwood, kind, considerate man that he was, had guarded me against this. By the account, I was in-

* I LEARNED from good authority that GOULDING applied to BULLDOG to proceed against me on this judgment, and that BULLDOG answered with an oath that he would n't do it, swearing that PARKERSON was too hard a nut to crack, because he was fool enough to let his feelings run away with his judgment and could n't be reasoned nor compromised with.

He never forgot my turning him out of my house. It increased his respect for me marvellously.

debted to Alice still for certain articles given to her by her mother, which on the sale I had, with her consent, received the money for. This more than disposed of the five hundred dollars I had placed in her hands. I was, therefore, quite prepared for Goulding's action. He did not push his investigations beyond a single examination, and he never meddled with me after that. But he continued my persistent enemy. I found I could not enter into business transactions with any one it was possible for him to influence, and it is very easy to influence where money or credit is concerned.

In calling on another gentleman recommended by Downer, I encountered Loomis, and although the man nourished no vindictive feeling against me, still he had received an unfavorable impression in the Alworthy affair, and did not hesitate to express it when inquired of. This I deserved, but the acts of Goulding were persecution. I submitted to both as a part of what I had to go through. One taught me how we are forced to bear the consequences of doing wrong, even when we repent of the wrong; the other added to my strength and endurance, for the conviction that we suffer unjustly is an extraordinary element of power.

I soon discovered I must take up with a lower department in the business, and deal with a poorer class of paper. The rent of my office had been raised after Tremaine had left the coal company, and I decided I must take another, by which I could save fifty dollars a year. My new room was smaller than the old one, and not in so good a location, but it was unobjectionable, and I took some pains, or rather Alice did, to make it look cheerful and pleasant. It was a great happiness to see her busy arranging this little office, changing the furniture from one place to another, till it exactly suited her. And I said to myself, as I stood regarding her, 'No, I am not to be discouraged with such a treasure: a child so watchful and considerate, so loving and devoted.' Yet, how my heart had sunk within me before, when I first adventured in Wall-street, when I had so much more to encourage me than now! Then I had the active sympathy of business men, recently excited by my misfortunes. I was four years younger; I was buoyed up by a certain hope that things might still take a turn for the better. Yet I did not feel the strength I now felt, advanced in life, with no hope of any improved condition, and nobody to encourage me but Downer.

Before, I did not experience to any great extent the power of the human spirit. For I did not place myself in the way to receive its aid. I ought to have done so. I had read a hundred times that 'The spirit of man will sustain his infirmity,' but I do not think I ever considered what it meant. I now saw that if I would have the immortal part come to the support of the mortal and finite, I must be genuine. It was not enough to be an honest merchant, honest in all affairs; honest in social life, but I must be an honest MAN. So long as what I was striving for, however laudable or proper, was not the great end *for which* to strive; in other words, if I was striving right, but for a wrong reason, the spirit would not sustain me under discomfiture. For example, I needed to be sustained in my failure, in my subsequent trials, when I lost my wife. In a measure, I was so. But it was rather by a strength derived from a fine phy-

sical energy, from great resolution and a determined purpose, than through any support from the soul. I do not know if I make myself understood. If I fail to do so, I shall fail in one of the objects of this narrative. For it is in this view of myself that I hope to interest the reader. However insignificant the perusal of this history may appear, the history of the workings of the human spirit cannot be regarded with indifference, and teaches a profound lesson.

Let me repeat then : when I failed in 1847, and in all my struggles and efforts and experiences afterward, I enjoyed no unwavering and consistent support. My wife could comfort me ; my children could make me happy ; various circumstances from time to time produced an agreeable but temporary state of exaltation ; but I enjoyed nothing of that calm, that tranquillity which belong to him who understands what life is made for, and whom the spirit labors unremittingly to sustain. Now I was about to start afresh under circumstances still more disheartening, but with the conscious *me* supporting the active, stirring, every-day individual. The house was no longer divided against itself. What was the result of this union of forces, we shall presently see.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

DEALING in a poorer quality of paper, I was brought in contact with an entirely different class of people. This led me to observe how completely one's occupation is apt to control the character. In a previous chapter, in giving a description of Wall-street, I spoke of the different grades of notes and bills offered in the market, and explained how, after getting below a certain quality, the rate ruled enormously high, and holders had to submit to great sacrifices. The important point then is, to find some person who knows the paper. But such a person is sure to take advantage of his knowledge in making the purchase. That, of course, the broker expects, only too glad to sell at any price.

It was distressing to see the nervous, anxious people who have to raise money from day to day. Such persons form a class, and this class is perpetuated from year to year out of the individuals struggling to maintain a respectable front.

It seems miraculous how this class can endure such a never-ending state of bondage. Some of these are fashionable, their connections are of the first distinction, their associations most desirable. They keep up handsome establishments ; they earn by their pursuits ten thousand dollars a year, and spend twelve thousand. They always anticipate what is due, and are always harassed for ready money. They are honorable fellows, all of them, and would not plead usury under circumstances the most aggravating. They make notes and get a broker to sell them. This broker, understanding their antecedents and who they are most intimate with, goes probably to some rich friend of the particular 'party' wanting a loan, who is thoroughly acquainted with the 'case,' and who knows that the note will be paid when due, although at the sacrifice of putting a new one on the market and getting it shaved elsewhere. So he cashes it at a fearful rate, puts the broker under an oath of secrecy not to reveal where he got the money, which oath it is for the broker's interest to keep, and our fashionable acquaintance is relieved. He hurries home in time for the

opera or a dinner-out, and meeting several duns in his hall, he pays them off and sets about his evening's enjoyment.

There are others who, having secured an excellent government contract, either 'general,' 'state,' or 'corporation,' need friends to help them through with it. They can afford to pay well and they do pay well for cash accommodations. In fact, the street is full of persons *about* to realize, who want money a little in advance of the period, and who are ready to pay a large bonus for it. The result is, they do all the work, and the money-lender gets all the profits. Sometimes this latter personage mistakes his investment and makes a loss. But he can well afford it. And he never quarrels with the man who has been so unfortunate as to 'let him in.' He knows he can't do without such people, so he nurses them along when it is necessary. He treats them with as much care as a planter treats a valuable negro who has been taken ill, and for precisely the same reason.

Among those who habitually want money are builders with little capital, who, having taken a contract, find they must raise more cash than they anticipated to go through with it. When their necessities are discovered, they have to bleed freely. Often the capitalist who has engaged these men to erect a row of buildings for him is the very person to shave their notes, at the rate of four per cent a month, or cash their checks, dated a few days ahead, at the moderate charge of cent per cent. Very safe operation this, since the money has already been laid out by the builder, though perhaps not quite due under the contract, or it may be it is withheld through some quibble, in order to make these very operations. Now, reader, you must understand that such delicate little matters are managed through the intervention of third parties. The builder, foolish man, fancies he is keeping up his credit because he meets his obligations at such fearful sacrifice.* He does not wish the wealthy proprietor to know how hard-up he is, for fear he may not think him reliable for another contract. So he employs a broker, who takes care to be thoroughly posted in all his matters, and who goes straight to the man, of all others, the poor builder wished to avoid.

To this inferior class of paper belongs, as I have said, an inferior class of brokers. Men who are willing to wait on a set of supercilious, avaricious, mean creatures; to follow their suggestions; to run back and forward to carry out their plans of low cunning for getting high rates and triple security. I say who are 'willing' to wait—rather who are *forced* to do so. For only a dire necessity compels such an allegiance.

I was disappointed in the kind of people these brokers proved to be. I had associated them with whatever was tricky and dishonest. I did them great in-

* I SHALL never forget with what gusto a wealthy acquaintance once pointed out to me a block of buildings he had just erected, remarking: 'There is a row of what I call honest-built houses. Not a thing slighted, from cellar to roof. Drew the contract myself; one must build two or three times to learn how. I do n't leave any loop-hole for extras. I tell you, the fellow who did that work lost a heap of money by it. I was afraid he would break down when he saw how it was going, materials rose so fast, but he stuck it out like a trump.'

Yes, this rich man actually chuckled over the idea that an honest, high-minded mechanic had lost a couple of thousand dollars and a whole season beside, in manfully carrying out his agreement. 'Honest-built houses' indeed!—C. E. F.

justice. While there are of course a good many unprincipled persons among them, the majority are simply unfortunate. Men who have been driven into this stress of weather by desperate business. They are a poor, hard-working, and *sympathising* set. For I know of no misery so despairing that it does not 'love company,' or which avoids association. And I believe the wretched slave of the nabob and usurer, griper and money-knave of Wall-street may hereafter find a place in the kingdom of heaven, when these latter miscreants are 'thrust out.' I can truly record that, with some special exceptions, which should only prove the rule, I was treated with more kindness and congeniality by the individuals just alluded to, than I had ever before experienced from any class. They are really sorry if you are in trouble; they exhibit genuine regret if you meet with a disappointment; and they will take pains to remove an obstacle from your path, whenever they can do so.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

ABOUT this time Mrs. Hitchcock took sick and died.

Soon after our first acquaintance, I procured for her the third story of a small house, quite near our own, and which was occupied by a worthy family, who, desiring to economise, concluded to rent a part. This was easily arranged for house-keeping, at a very moderate rent, and afforded the widow an agreeable home. She always had an abundance of needle-work, and by close economy, mother and daughter managed to support themselves. Matilda was a constant visitor at our house. She was as unlike Alice as possible, and perhaps for that reason the two girls became attached to each other. It was not always easy to remain on intimate terms with her. She was so sensitive, and consequently so quick to take offence, so proud, so passionate, and at times so unreasonable, that I used to wonder how Alice managed to keep up the intimacy. On the other hand, she manifested so many noble and generous traits, she was so kind-hearted, so disinterested, so truthful, so affectionate, that she attached one to her in an extraordinary degree, despite her faults. Her character showed ever-varying phases of cloud and sunshine, of storm and pleasant weather. After all, such natures perhaps attract more powerfully than any other. Of these two girls, if Matilda appeared to be the controlling spirit, being the readier and more demonstrative, it was Alice's influence, after all, which led. Not through any contest or competition, but by acquiescence of her companion as something natural, and as a matter of course. The result was, they became firm and devoted friends. Matilda was about three years the younger, yet she had an extraordinary maturity, both of mind and body. So that really the two might be said to be of the same age.

Matilda Hitchcock had one great fault, which it was impossible to correct, scarcely to modify. She would not submit to circumstances. On the contrary, she perpetually deplored and resisted what she called her miserable destiny.

'Why did God make me thus?' she would exclaim; 'why have I such a love for every thing rare and extravagant, and such a disgust for whatever is common and coarse, when I was born in poverty, and when I am destined forever

to suffer in poverty? I am fond of gayety. I love society. I should enjoy life in the world; my tastes are expensive; my ideas unsuited to my position; I cannot help it. I was made so, but why? Does it not seem unjust? You need not look shocked. I did n't make myself. I did n't make my tastes. I did n't make my condition. I can't control my fate. I hate every thing and every body, and I wish I were dead!'

Such was the occasional strain indulged in by this singular girl. Alice, shocked by expressions bordering, as she considered, on the blasphemous, would attempt to reply, to argue and explain. It was never of the least use. The dark hour, however, would presently pass, and not a trace of all this bitterness remain. It was sure to return, sometimes at brief intervals. For whenever Matilda went in sight of the gay world, where she could witness the display of the rich and fashionable, and see the parade made by fine equipages, rich dresses, and so forth, she gave way to the same freedom of speech, unrestrained by remonstrance or entreaty.

I have mentioned a strange habit of hers, when a child: to be sure she could no longer indulge in such extraordinary exhibitions, but she made it up in the violence and extravagance of her observations. It served no purpose to contradict, or attempt to silence her. The only course was to wait, and let the paroxysm pass. Then it would be all sunshine, and you would witness such tokens of a rich and affluent and noble nature, that those unhappy characteristics would be lost sight of; thought of no more, and no more remembered, till some disturbing causes again brought them to the surface.

I have already spoken of Matilda's beauty. At sixteen this came to be marvellous. She herself was perfectly sensible of it, without exhibiting a disagreeable consciousness on the subject. A latent fondness for admiration gradually developed itself, I thought; not striking; perhaps not more than the majority of girls manifest. Yet, in her position, it was a dangerous quality. She knew it very well, and it lent an additional argument to her discourse, when the 'fit' seized her. Sometimes she would be subject to the impertinence of men, or annoyed by their meddling curiosity in attempting to discover where she resided. Then she would curse the day in which she was born, and find fault with her MAKER in the manner I have already explained.

Alice's influence on Matilda was admirable. The latter had an impressible nature. The two were much together; and, as I have said, the mild but decided bearing of my daughter, always consistent, and always the same, had great influence with her companion. Charley and Anna were also very fond of her, so she was always welcome at our house.

Returning home one afternoon, I found Alice absent, and a message for me to follow her to Mrs. Hitchcock's.

I hastened to her residence, where I found her just reviving from a very severe attack; similar indeed to the one she was seized with the evening I first met her. I was struck with the extraordinary pallor of her countenance. In it an experienced eye could not fail to recognize the finger of death.

The widow was quite conscious of her situation. When I came in, she mo-

tioned Matilda and Alice out of the room. Her daughter left with reluctance, but Alice quietly drew her away.

Mrs. Hitchcock pointed to a seat, and said: 'My time is very short. I shall die with a heavy load at my heart if you cannot accede to what I am about to request.' . . . She paused to take breath. She was fast failing. . . .

'Matilda — my child,' she continued, as it were to herself, 'oh! what days and nights of anxiety have I passed for thee! how can I leave thee exposed to what will surely come upon thee! how *can* I? . . .

'Promise to take her home, and adopt her as your child,' she said suddenly, and with startling energy. '*Promise!*'

The widow's hands were clasped in supplication to me. She looked in my face with eyes supernaturally brilliant and piercing.

I dared not hesitate an instant. I took her clasped hands in mine, and said: 'I do promise. Your child shall be my child; her home, my home.'

'Call her,' gasped the poor woman.

The two girls came back together. Up to this moment Matilda had been in no great alarm. She thought the worst of the attack was over.

'Matilda,' said Mrs. Hitchcock.

'Yes, mother.'

'You will go home with Mr. Parkinson. He accepts you as one of his children.'

'What does this mean?' exclaimed Matilda, turning indignantly toward me.

I made no reply, but pointed toward the bed.

On it already a corpse was extended.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CECIL DEENE. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston : TICKNOR AND FIELDS. New-York : G. P. PUTNAM.

It is fit that when a true gentleman and scholar dies, the world should take note thereof ; and it is a happy thing, should he leave behind him one or more books — which your true gentleman and scholar seldom fails to do — for then the generous critic of his own or after-times, who learns to know what fine fire glowed in the dead heart, has a full reason for speaking genially of the departed. Such was THEODORE WINTHROP ; one as yet but a few months old to the public as a writer, but destined to be ever cited in histories as yet unwritten among the noblest of the early victims of the Great War.

GEORGE W. CURTIS, an intimate friend of WINTHROP, has in an excellent introduction to this book given us many interesting details of the author's life. Of the old WINTHROP of Massachusetts stock, bearing much literary blood in his veins, and a graduate of Yale College, it might have been expected that he would have carried out his early intention, on graduating at Yale in 1848, and have become in due time a learned divine or university professor. But ill-health has, through circumstance, made of many men travellers, politicians, and warriors, and such were WINTHROP's experiences. He travelled or resided in Europe, Panama, California, and our North-west coast, ranged widely over this continent, and was with Lieutenant STRAIN in that Darien expedition, which, as is well known, involved such terrible privation and suffering. During the FREMONT campaign he worked industriously for the election of the man, who drew around him, we may remark, more of the scholars and thinking men of the country than any Presidential candidate ever did before ; and after its conclusion attempted the practice of law, both in the West and in New-York, but was impelled to relinquish it on account of his health. Settling at Staten Island, he devoted himself to literature, but when the capture of Fort Sumter took place, he went with the Seventh Regiment, of which he and a brother were both members, and while at Fortress Monroe was appointed secretary and aid to General BUTLER. His glorious death at

Great Bethel is known to the world. 'There is an impression somewhat prevalent, says Mr. CURTIS, 'that WINTHROP planned the expedition, which is incorrect.' He simply made the memoranda which served the General in command; as for the rest, he did his duty, fought bravely, and passed away — 'young, brave, beautiful, for one moment erect and glowing in the wild whirl of battle, the next falling forward toward the foe, dead but triumphant.' There is no one who, realizing this brave nature and noble death, will not exclaim, God bless him!

'Cecil Dreeme' has been generally spoken of as a brilliant romance of New-York society; an eulogy, which by the force of association, simply suggests whipped-froth trash. It is in nothing trashy; for, while dealing with romance and life after the novel pattern, we feel in it the earnestness and genius of one who has studied, thought and felt, and has a deep hold of the roots, while he sports with the blossoms. A romance of society it indeed is; but somewhat as the dramas of ARISTOPHANES were plays of society, under whose every frivolous expression lies the shadow of deep earnestness and great power. Unconscious poetry is always the result of such a writing by such a man. Such an expression as, 'I know that I am a facile person, something of the chameleon; I need the fairer colors in contact with me to keep me from becoming an ugly brown reptile,' illustrates our meaning. Yet it is a *young* novel. It is good, but we feel in it the first step of a mind able to accomplish something better. The ordinary writer, like all summer-flies, is born full grown, and seldom progresses: WINTHROP belonged to a higher order, and would have developed gloriously. He whose life has been in itself a book of strange scenes and widely varied experience, who has relished literature and travel, known toil and trial, when he at last finds his calling, casts out his first novel as one casts a stone into a watery depth to guess what serious efforts are to be made to cross it. Such was MOTLEY's first throw; and from the little we have left from WINTHROP's pen, we can still gather that he would have given the world great works. But — he is gone.

The plot of 'Cecil Dreeme' is, according to the dramatic standard, excellent, and well conducted toward a startling *dénouement*. Its defects, for the fastidiously critical, may be summed up in this, that it is 'thrilling,' not to say at times even 'sensational,' to borrow popular and well-understood phrases, and that the influence of the old school is so far perceptible, that the dagger and the mad-house are there, while the inevitable honorably-treacherous clerk, who has figured from NEWMAN NOGGS and MICAWBER down to the American Cousin, is inadvertently allowed to appear as essential solvent. Against these trifles we have strongly marked characters, whom it would be folly to decry as weak or unreal, since we know of no novel which so forcibly suggests certain people whom we have known. In nearly all we have found a really startling coincidence with living 'doubles,' and the cast of *dramatis personæ* is singularly apt. Again we may add, that we can recal no book in which may be found so truthful and striking a picture of many phases of New-York life as it really is to us of this decade. The club, the parlor, the opera, the *atelier*, are all given with remarkable fidelity. We would gladly say as much of the hotel, but here the experienced reader will enter a protest against the eulogy of the 'Minedurt,' and

the abuse of the 'Chuzzlewit' establishments, when he remembers how little difference there really is in the cuisine of the two. But we forget that we are discussing a posthumous work, and that he who penned it is now far, far beyond earth and its trifles —

'In the higher realms of light,
Where the pure dwellers are.'

MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Volume Second. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

THUS far we have thirteen of this exquisitely-printed and finely-illustrated series of IRVING's works, and imagine that there are few, however superstitious, who would fear to gather thirteen *such* guests around his table. Let the reader who owns an IRVING-less library bear this in mind, and see that it be properly IRVING-ed forthwith. If one were forming a library, though it were only of a hundred volumes, would he not include IRVING's works among them — nay, does he not class with the dozen leading English classics? And yet how many libraries there are without him — without this writer, of whom it may be truly said, that no one ever wrote so much that was good, so varied, and so genial, and yet combined with it all so little that was ill.

THE REBELLION: Its Latent Causes and True Significance, in Letters to a Friend Abroad. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New-York: JAMES G. GREGORY.

In this neat pamphlet Mr. TUCKERMAN has given us a temperate, high-toned and well-written work, in every respect creditable to the culture, refinement, and dignity of the eminent mind from which it emanates. Those who are fairly 'in the ring,' with passions aroused, fighting fiercely, *comme nous autres*, for the good cause, may perhaps object that the real object, which every one feels is rapidly becoming the true *casus belli*, is kept a little too carefully out of sight, and that the whole smacks a little — be it observed we say only a very little, and that not unpleasantly — of the calm and conservative school, which is rather given to indulging in rosy-colored hopes of conciliation than in battling out to the Inevitable. But what Mr. TUCKERMAN *has* said he has said well — speaking earnestly and truly as a gentleman and a scholar should. In analyzing the Crisis, and the Decline of Public Spirit, we find him writing clearly and judiciously, while the chapters on Provincialism, Character, Nationality and Alienation, probe with steady hand the growth of that narrow-minded and exclusive vanity in the South which has year by year shut it out, as by a Chinese wall, from all the great and genial influences of the century. In fine, Mr. TUCKERMAN has given us one of those greatly-needed works, a well-written 'pamphlet,' which the future historian will ascertain, at a glance, is well and truthfully written, and may be, from intrinsic evidence, relied on as worthy the highest respect.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

If there be a test of distinction between the man of superior intelligence and the dolt, it is, that while the latter can never see History plainly until it is dead and fallen down to his level, the former can lift his eyes and perceive the giant striding along in all his fierce cotemporary life. Hence the cry invented for men of small mind, that posterity alone can properly chronicle a time.

The degree of intellectual blindness, or 'moral obfuscation' which seems to obscure the vision of thousands of men who not only pretend to think, but 'really think that they think' relative to the events of the day, is remarkable. Here we are in a war springing from a certain cause, which is every day becoming more tremendous in its impulses, more inevitable in its results. This cause has been sufficient to make us *peculiar* among civilized nations and to rank us as a strange anomaly among those newer threads stretched on the 'roaring loom of time,' from which God's brightest and most brilliant robes are woven. It has separated the North socially from the South, and yet there are those who ignore its power. It has elected a President and chosen a Cabinet, every soul of whom are more afraid of the minority of men who bluster and threaten, than they are of the great silent REPUBLICAN majority of the East and the North and the West, which never speaks in these times but in the thunder-tones of great deeds. It has gone on year by year, first attracting a mind here and a disciple there from a lowly and reviled beginning, until it has formed only two real parties in a nation of thirty millions, the one embracing all the Thought, all that is intellectual, progressive and cosmopolite; the other petrified with conservatism, provincialism, and narrow, selfish interests; and yet even now the blind ones cry: 'It is naught, it is naught; it will pass away as the mist of the morning from the stream.'

Here we come to the real point of difference. One mind sees that a principle involving a thousand interests has been growing for thirty years, manifesting at every step of its growth some fearful indication of power. This principle is that of EMANCIPATION. Trace it up from its humble and grosser form of mere *abolition*, in which the Negro and his sufferings (and nothing but the Negro) were most philanthropically and humanely BUT MOST INJUDICIOUSLY set in opposition and agitation against a vast collection of agricultural and commercial interests, down to the present time, when the natural results of slave-holdin have shown themselves in an uncontrollable insolence and arrogance which we

The recoil proves too much for him. To arraign before a jury of the country, and visit with ignominious condemnation a man whose life has been one long, weary, self-sacrificing struggle for all that is noble and lofty — for the rights of the oppressed; for the elevation of the low; for the right direction of the gigantic forces of a great people, and for the preservation and transmission of a priceless heritage to the coming ages; this demands 'clean hands and a pure heart,' a 'quarrel just,' and proof overwhelming. How the plaintiff has succeeded, let this little pamphlet and the verdict of all good men thereon declare. We should fail in our duty if we concluded this brief notice without alluding to the masterly argument of JOHN K. PORTER, one of the counsel for the defendant. For logic and eloquence, for comprehensiveness and keen analysis, it has been rarely equalled by any living advocate. Mr. PORTER is still a young man, but we may already place him at the head of the bar of New-York.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A POPULAR DICTIONARY OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume Thirteen. PARR-RADWITZ.

IF we were asked by that unfortunate being, the young man deficient in general information, what had best be done to repair his mental deficiency in as short a time as possible, we would advise the purchase and perusal of this work — said perusal to be accompanied by a mild amount of practice out in society with the new acquisition. That it can be done, is proved by the experience of Dr. HOLMES, who once encountered a man who, in the earlier days of the Cyclopædia, was singularly well informed up to the letters *Ara*. Since then the work has advanced to *Red*, so that the Initiated may now sport his learning with but little fear of detection. We are pleased to observe that there is no diminution in merit of this publication, which, under its accomplished editors, Messrs. DANA and RIPLEY — the fittest men for such a work in America — continues to attract us not merely as an aggregate of facts, but as a collection of well-written and deeply interesting articles. Among its writers are the most noted names of Europe and America. An interesting article could be written on 'How the Cyclopædia is made,' with an account of its library, editors, assistants, contributors, and their manner of working; not forgetting choice and elegant extracts from the annotations made by divers revisers on the manuscripts by them reviewed.

For those who chatter after the wise of such CLEONS and Sausage-sellers, we have only the amused contempt which should be generally awarded to scurrilous buffoons. They are in their level.

But there are men of broader intelligence, who, comprehending that Emancipation for the sake of the Union is infinitely greater in its scope than the narrow old groove of Abolition, still remonstrate on what we can call no other than grounds of 'etiquette' against suffering such an element to mingle even in the present tremendous crisis. They had rather be elegantly killed, or for that matter, be 'genteelly damned' with full entailment of the same to their remotest heirs, than conquer in a manner which some frippery club-critic of the duello might possibly pronounce incorrect. Such men are, however, entitled to respect, for their weakness is that which ensues after the vigorous struggle of an earnest life—not the paltry, innate weakness which will never grow to strength. They are men of genius it may be, who, in the hey-day of their strength, fought gloriously for what were then the ideas of their time. But genius and strength lead to success, and he with whom success does not in time oxydize into the firm rust of conservatism, is a miracle. There *have* been some such minds, ULRICH VON HUTTENS and GIORDANO BRUNOS, and far higher martyrs, who looked above success, and cast life into desperate ventures and death, preferring that the medal after it had served its uses, should pass to other times, in fresh and useful forms, and not be kept as a merely curious antique. But the successful conservative who was once wine to inspire progress, is too apt, after a certain stage, to become merely the soured vinegar which negatives its effect. Such men have remonstrated with reasons which are at least deserving consideration. And we beg that they may be studied carefully and seriously; questions of etiquette as they are, confronted with the fearful danger of this crisis and the losses which a defeat of the Free Labor principle involves.

They may be summed up as follows—in fact, as we find them in a letter of remonstrance from an eminent scholar, statesman and diplomatist, addressed to the Editor of this Magazine:

'Emancipation is fatal to any hope of either speedy or effectual peace.

'It is cowardly, as admitting that the eighteen millions of the North cannot encounter fairly in arms the eight millions of white men of the South.

'It would indefinitely augment the already intolerable military and financial burdens of the Government.

'That the white men of the South must be subjugated before we can get at the black ones.

'That the avowal of any such purpose would produce a desperate and deadly unanimity at the South.

'That instead of restoring the Union, it would, if carried out, but serve to destroy it forever, and substitute instead a military despotism.

'That the project is unconstitutional.

'That it is anti-Union, anti-Administration, but above all, visionary, chimerical, impracticable to the last degree, and contrary to every principle of justice, humanity, philanthropy and religion.'

Now, if there be any thing which we cheerfully concede, it is, that if *one* of these objections can be fully and fairly established against Emancipation, as

we have urged it in this publication, we may as well admit the whole, while on the other hand, we claim, with strictest justice, from the very nature of our general argument — that the *universal* existence of black slavery South of Mason and Dixon's Line is totally incompatible with the future peace and progress of our Union — that false in one, false in all, is, on the other hand, perfectly applicable to every count in the indictment. Either the North can continue to exist peacefully by the side of a line of Slave States, executing for them its Fugitive Slave Law, or it cannot. One or the other. Either the North intends to endure indefinitely, from conquered and still slave-holding confederates, what it has already endured for years, or it does not. Either the extraordinary progress of Emancipation in this country portends that the day of an overwhelming majority is at hand, or it does not. Before these iron alternatives, every objection which can be urged becomes a matter of merely secondary importance, resolving itself into a question of power to effect a possible result. What these amount to, will appear in examining the counts in detail.

First, how can Emancipation be fatal to any speedy or effectual hope of peace, since the war in the South is almost entirely *sustained* by the slaves?

As to its being cowardly, we reply, that as in handling a criminal, one is not held to strictly obey the laws of the ring, so neither in quelling a most atrocious rebellion is a government supposed to elevate the culprits to the rank of gentlemen adversaries in a duel.

It could not indefinitely augment the military and financial burdens of government, since its object is to end a war which the rebels propose to prolong until they can exact unconditional secession. By paying for their slaves, all slave-holders in the Border States who will swear allegiance, a debt will doubtless be created, which will, however, be a trifle when compared to the disasters and expenses of an indefinitely continued war.

That we must subdue the whites of the South ere we can free the blacks. A very superficial knowledge of the geography of 'the Tobacco States' will show that a proclamation of emancipation, under conditions of payment, would speedily divide all the blacks in them into two bodies, 'one marching South with their masters, another travelling North without them.'

As for the desperate and deadly unanimity of the South, Maryland alone has fully shown that it already exists in sad perfection. It was this old dread of a desperate unanimity which terrified Buchanan, which lost us forts, ships, and which, in fact, utterly prevented all prevention of this war. Drive slavery into the Cotton State limits, and there will be on the contrary a desperate discord in the South.

That it would destroy the Union and substitute a military despotism, is virtually a repetition of an argument already answered in our reply to the previous accusations.

'It is unconstitutional.' Are we at war, or are we simply arguing a case before the Supreme Court? Neither do we desire that it be carried out, unless two thirds of those who are faithful to the Constitution concur in its amendment.

As for the concluding paragraph, we are most reluctantly compelled to class it with those denunciations of oratory which do not call for special refutation. If Emancipation be a bad thing in itself, contrary to humanity and religion, we can only say that the KNICKERBOCKER, in urging it, errs in excellent company,

since its views on this subject have been indorsed and its articles copied by the most respectable organs of a number of leading religious sects in this country. If such men and such journals as have approved of our course be wrong, we feel almost inclined to exclaim to our opponents: *Malo, mehercle! Platone errare quam istis vera sentire.* But we are full of faith that we deal with no error. We are with a great cause, which is bearing on, like a tremendous torrent, with resistless sway, all before it. We tremble before no one, and make terms with none. So surely as the sun shines in heaven will our Government be compelled ere long, by the will of the whole people, to declare Emancipation for the sake of the Union.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — Long had we missed, greatly had we grieved for, our genial, cloud-compelling contributor of *Whiffs from a Meerschum.* Was the pipe broken? did it, like the celebrated *Pipe Caissée*, of France, call for an elegy on its fragments? No; it was still being browned with fragrant Orinoco, or odorant Varinas; but the wind blew its aroma away from us; and the last Whiffs were miscarried from place to place, until a friendly sprite bore them in the right direction.

At last, then, our Whiffs reappear in goodly clouds, prefaced by a note which, without permission, NICK dedicates to the Reader:

‘Camp Defiance, Cairo.

‘DEAR SIR: I have been afraid that the world would be deprived of my Whiffs until the war were over, perhaps longer; but a few days ago I received from home my portfolio, in which was an unfinished whiff that I had left only half-puffed when I hurried off to this delectable locality, known to the readers of ‘MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT’ as ‘Eden.’ This whiff I have found time to elaborate somewhat, and I offer it for a place in the columns of *Maga*.

‘My meerschum is still in existence, tobacco is accessible, and I hope to be able occasionally to waft a cloud toward you.

‘By the way, let me tell you an anecdote that was told at our camp-fire, the other night. There is not much salt about it, but it is rather ludicrous.

‘A number of professional loafers were sitting around the stove, in the bar-room of a country tavern, and one of them was recounting his adventures and ‘hair-breadth ‘scapes.’ He said that once while skating on the river, he was so unfortunate as to get into an air-hole. He went under, and the momentum of his body carried him on, till he came to another air-hole, when he fortunately rose to the surface, and was rescued. ‘Singular, was n’t it?’ said he; ‘I came up just where there was an air-hole!’ And he looked around in a manner that intimated, that was the place where the astonishment was to come in. At this juncture, an old fellow, semi-saturated with ‘dog’s nose,’ turned to the skater, and with an air of patronizing encouragement, said: ‘*Johnny, that’s the best thing you could ha’ done.*’ The narrator seceded.

‘I have accumulated and stored away in my head several anecdotes and incidents of camp-life, but it is too late to unpack them to-night.

‘Yours truly,

Exhibits from my Herschbaum.

IV.

'BLANK COLLEGE. With what a thrill of exultation I wrote that on a card, under my name, and over that of the town where the college was located; and tacked it to my trunk fully three weeks before I expected to leave home. And then I would stand off and look at it, and think how fine it looked, and what a grand thing it was to go to college. Then a vision of the preliminary examinations would come up, and an old dog-eared Virgil and Lexicon, in both of which I had already written the magic words, 'Blank College,' would be brought out, and carefully conned for an hour or two. At last the day comes. Paternal counsel has been given, mother's tears have been shed, the trunk has been put on the coach, the driver, utterly regardless of my feelings, entirely hiding the card with the name on it, the whip cracks, and I am off for college. Before passing the corner that will conceal the house from my view, I turn, and my last glimpse of home shows mother waving her handkerchief, and smiling through her tears; a cheerful smile of encouragement it is meant to be, but it is a sad failure. Both the smile and the tears are soon forgotten, or at least the remembrance of them is folded up and laid away, to give place to the proud thought that I am on my way to college, the starting-point in the race that must inevitably lead me to immortal honor and undying fame. Of course I am to be President, or at least Senator. I would scorn to aim lower than that.

'I do n't know but it is a good thing for a boy, when he is leaving home to enter upon his career, that such visions of hope and ambition, chimerical though they may be, float before his eyes, and that he does not fully understand what he is doing. I would say to my young friend who is starting off to college: Look ahead; persuade yourself that you are on the sure road to honor and distinction. Do n't remember that you are leaving home, a home that has sheltered you for years, and to which you are bound by a hundred tender ties that must be rudely severed. Do n't notice that your father's cheerful appearance and encouraging tone are assumed, that every word chokes him, that he is seized with several very violent fits of coughing, that he wipes his spectacles much oftener than usual, that his hand trembles as he grasps yours. Do n't mind your mother's tears and suppressed sobs, as she clasps you to her breast. Take the book-mark that your little sister has made as a parting gift, and thank her with undisturbed equanimity. Do n't think of the God-speed of your friends as any thing more than mere common politeness. Do n't stop to at the house-dog as he looks up into your face so wistfully. Do n't do any thing like this, I say; for if you do, and are as weak as I am, you will not go at all; and then down comes the whole gorgeous fabric that you have built in your dreams.

'At length the day and the journey draw to a close, and we drive up before the venerable pile that is to be my home for the next four years, subject to the discretion of the Faculty. Some of the students are lounging about the steps; others are sitting in the windows of their rooms, enjoying their after-supper pipes. A room is assigned me, and I retire to dream of conquering page after page of Livy and Euclid. The next day I am installed member of the Freshman Class, Blank College. Overwhelming thought! I can hardly realize the fact, though I have a certificate of it, with the Treasurer's name signed to it. I become accustomed to it by degrees, and get along very well, till some evening I come to my room with a head-ache, go to bed, wake in the night with a fever, and the next morning am unable to go to recitation. Then it is that the thoughts of home and the dear ones there come out from their almost forgotten hiding-places. Mother's tears and father's counsel are remembered now, and with the remembrance of them comes back the long train of home associations; and I

sadly miss a mother's kindly solicitude, and a sister's gentle care. None are near me but boys; but they are very kind to me. Their loud laughter and boisterous talking are hushed, as they pass the door; they minister to my wants with willing hands, and endure my whims with womanly patience. It is now that I learn, that beneath many a rough coat there beats a heart 'as big as a bullock's, and full of warm tenderness and sympathy with humanity; that many a coarse beard masks a face overflowing with kindness. College boys are often thoughtless, sometimes rowdyish in their manners, but beneath their frivolity and rudeness there runs a deep under-current of genuine feelings — a golden-rule religion of humanity.

'About the first disaster that befalls a college-boy is his falling in love. Of course that was what was the matter with me; and if I were writing my 'Confessions,' I would tell you how it was; but as these are only 'Whiffs from a Meerschäum,' and as the meerschäum is wherever the college-boy is, (especially those my friend VAN KNOLLER-BROEK sells, for their superiority cannot be disputed,) I will tell you how he, that is, the college-boy, happens to lapse into this interesting state. He is invited to a party; and, after eking out his costume through the kindness of his more favored friends, goes. He is introduced to a lady, very romantic and slightly dyspeptic; one that is noted for receiving visits from angels at dead of night, and reporting the conversation that occurs (always in whispers) in the 'Gems' and 'Caskets' that are read at the Seminary exhibitions. After having talked BYRON and MOORE with her, and made a few blundering attempts at HORACE, and 'seen her home,' he discovers that something ails him, and he comes to the conclusion, that without her his happiness would be decidedly incomplete. Poor fellow! he can't help it; he is not to blame at all. VENUS is a myth, Dido has been dead hundreds of years, and there is nothing tangible about HORACE's ladies. He sees her again, and becomes convinced that without her this world would be the barrenest kind of a Sahara. Funds much needed for replenishing his wardrobe are devoted to the purchase of a guitar, in anticipation of serenading her when the nights are a little warmer. He walks by the temple that enshrines his divinity, and if it is very dark, ventures to lean over the fence, and repeat passages from LALLA ROOKE. He covers the fly-leaves of his books with her name, and amatory acrostics on it; writes sonnets abounding in interjections, and bristling with exclamation-points; and publishes them over the remarkably original *nom de plume*, 'Amator.' In short, he makes himself eminently silly, and is some day surprised by a note from the lady, blotted with tears, as she says, in which she laments the want of congeniality between their souls, suggests something about an early grave, and closes by advising him to bury his hopeless passion, and not see her again. He is astonished, of course, and cannot account for it, for he does not happen to remember that such a catastrophe occurs in most of the novels that she is familiar with. He mutters incoherently something about blighted hopes, aimless life, fickle woman, etc., and goes to bed. The next morning he is calmer; and at this juncture, if he has, or think he has, any of the poetic element in his soul, he sits down and writes a few hundred lines on 'The Times.' He slashes at all existing manners, customs, and institutions, especially at such as have any thing to do with woman. According to him every thing is going wrong; avarice, lying, cheating, thieving, murder — in fact, every crime in and out of the decalogue runs riot upon the earth. The present style of dress does n't suit him; the preachers and the politicians of the present day do n't suit him. He is disgusted, and pines for 'the good old times, when honor, honesty, and manliness were the rule;' as if all the honor, honesty, and manliness had died with the last generation! My young friend, whether you have been disappointed in love or not, do n't go to abusing the times you live in; they are better than those our fathers saw; and if they are not good enough for you, take hold and do

something to better them, and don't sit there slandering that to which you are indebted for all that you are.

'I have great respect for the past, and for the names of those who made its noble history. Glorious deeds have been done, that will live forever, examples well worthy the imitation of posterity. But we are not retrograding; all over the world there are acting on the stage of the Present, dramas that will form brighter pages in history than any yet written.

'I know the world rubs along very well, in spite of the abuse heaped upon it, and doesn't need my defence at all; but I had to let off a little, I could n't help it.'

He who has broken college ice, will bear witness that in this whiff there is a picture of wondrous truthfulness. - - - 'How hard it is to write good,' especially good poetry. A consideration which has little weight with many and which had none at all with the 'ungifted by fortune' MASSEY, who figures in the following from a friend: 'In the town of South-Salem, Westchester County, New-York, there lived, some seventy years since, an eccentric man by the name of MASSEY. He was a sort of squatter sovereign upon a small piece of ground for which he had no valid title. When he was required on a certain occasion to render to the assessors of the town an account of his taxable effects, he made the following statement in reference to his worldly possessions:

'My vast estate lies in this town;
Some people say it's not my own.
Oxen and horses I have none;
I *had* a horse, he's dead and gone.
I have no sheep, no cow, no hog,
No living cretur but a dog:
If all the dogs in town are 'sessed,
I'll pay for mine among the rest.
I would not wish to be too sassy,
Your humble servant,

ANDREW MASSEY.'

Very good. But *that* is n't all. We have all heard of 'the Law ha' Massey.' Now, if the Law *had* MASSEY, it must have been to a very limited amount, since the dog-tax seldom 'rises' one dollar! Reader, reflect! - - - THERE are some very shrewd men in this world, and three of them recently 'colluded' in a certain camp on Staten Island, when question arose as to their respective abilities in horse-trading, note-shaving, whiskey-discounting, and other elegant accomplishments, which was finally settled by the following expression from the youngest, who wore a brier-wood pipe and chalked shoes: 'I, JOHN, am subtle; thou, JAMES, art Suttler; he, BILL, is subtlest.' We await an amendment. Verily, war *is* terrible when it can bring forth such as this. - - - A GAY lieutenant lately detailed in KNICK's sanctum divers strange instances of sudden death which had occurred within his knowledge. Among these was that of a Federal soldier who, while on picket-duty, had been shot dead by what proved on examination to be a *hard-shell almond*! 'That,' he commented, 'is, I guess, about the only instance on record of a man's being shot with such a vegetable. If it had been in Spain now ——' 'And what then.' 'I should have concluded that the Grand Almoner was fighting among the enemy.' 'But,' replied our Wall-street contributor, 'you are mistaken if you think it was the first time wherein food was used for bullets. Listen. Did you never hear of the terrible old MOOLRAJ SINGH who bothered the English for so many years in India? Well, he *was* besieging a few regiments of bold Britons once in some town, and had nearly *starved* them into a capitulation. Just at this time his bullets be-

gan to give out, when he suddenly bethought him of a pile of tin canisters which he had somewhere captured, and which, as is usual, he rammed whole into his cannon, supposing that the tins were well freighted with canister-shot. What was the amazement of the besieged the next morning to find that old MOOLRAJ was firing into their camp potted lobsters, jugged hare, anchovy and bloater paste, venison, pickled herrings, nicely-cooked grouse, chow-chow, and all the other delicacies of the season. The canisters contained nothing but hermetically-sealed provisions, and the storm of victuals lasted for three days.' KNICK regrets to state that the lieutenant has not called since this dialogue took place. - - - THERE 's a 'swete mistery' in the following song translated from the French of BOUCHER DE PERTHES, which wins greatly in the original, and which we trust is not entirely lost in the translation made for the KNICKERBOCKER:

The Silent Knight.

DU temps de CHARLEMAGNE,
Un jour, un chevalier,
Parut dans la campagne,
Monté sur son coursier.

All in the time of CHARLEMAGNE,
A cavalier one day
Went riding o'er the summer plain
Upon his palfrey grey;
He rode unto a cottage fair,
Beneath a spreading tree,
But of what the rider wanted there
Oh! never a word spake he.

He rapped. A girl with clustering curls
Softly unclosed the door;
But who was she, this pearl of pearls?
The story tells no more.
He spoke, of course right courteously,
With many a winning word,
And 't was a pity certainly
That none of it was heard.

Whate'er in such a circumstance
The Knight might do or say,
Was doubtless of great consequence;
But he was *très discret*:
He did not turn the matter o'er,
Or give the world a squint;
But in its face he slammed the door,
And the world it took the hint.

Very — *very* unsatisfactory, doubtless, to the old maids who 'in the time of CHARLEMAGNE,' or any other time, dwelt in that neighborhood. M. DE PERTHES has evidently heard of PIERROT:

'WHILE hunting for the candlestick,
I know not what they found;
But the neighbors there will solemnly swear
They heard a kiss-like sound.'

'Should n't wonder.' 'Young folks will be young folks,' as Aunt GREY said when JOHNNY baked his younger brother in the tin-kitchen.

'Among the scores of valuable individuals who go on errands and do odd chores about our town,' writes our Portsmouth correspondent, 'is a small piece of colored property named BURNS, who is equally good at flourishing the white-wash brush, propelling a wheel-barrow, or in keeping up the reputation for humor of the darky element in our population. One day a well-dressed colored and clerical stranger met him in the street, and grasping his hand, rattled off: 'Dey says that you 'm de 'riginal ANTHONY BURNS, who was sent back into slavery. I did n't know dat you 'd got back so fur Norf. But I tell you what, BURNS, you a'nt safe here frum de hand of de 'pressor. You must go on fuder to Canada, and ——' 'Why, look a hear,' interrupted the little porter, rolling up the whites of his eyes in astonishment, 'I 'se not the gem'man you hab reference to. I guess you 'b made a *wrong* mistake!' 'Wrong mistake—ch? Guess I hab,' was the ready answer. 'Well, I'll take keer to make a *right* mistake nex' time. Good-by, brudder BURNS. You a'nt been whar de grammar grows—dat 's shore!' 'Wrong mistake,' is a fine complication, and H —— of Portsmouth has our thanks. It is war-time, but we should be sorry to bury that HATCHETT. - - - Few poets are there in these days who write not on the war, and he who shall a century hence 'collect' them will have enough to do. To him who runs over the KNICKERBOCKER for this high purpose, we commend the following as a by no means second-class *carmen bellicosum*:

The Armits.

BY L. J. RATES.

The drums salute the sun
On the stormy coast of Maine;
And the rolling echoes run
Till they reach the sea again:
Over prairies, mountains, lakes,
All the air their clamor shakes,
And the continent awakes,
As the morning marches on!

As the rivers feed the sea
When the floods are at their height,
So the legions of the free
Swell the armies of the Right.
The earth quakes wide and far
With the heavy tread of war,
And the ocean feels the jar
As they march into the fight!

Yet, not on earth alone
Do hostile banners fly;
Those streaming signals own
The armies of the sky:
The ages of the world
Their banners have unfurled,
And ghostly armies hurled
Wage a deadly war on high.

The sentry's startled ear,
As he walks his lonely round,
When his death is drawing near,
And the night is most profound,
With a strange, cold thrill of dread,
May hear them overhead,
Call the muster of the dead,
And his own name clearly sound.

Tramp! tramp! he hears them march
On the bending fields of space;
They shake the azure arch,
And red stars drop out of place;
Like burning shells they fall,
Shot from heaven's embattled wall,
Through the midnight's smoky pall,
Followed by a crimson trace.

Once more the Spartangleeds;
The Scythian grasps the sword;
The grim Crusader leads
The armies of the Lord;
And again Earl WALLACE stands,
With sword in both his hands,
Guarding Freedom's chosen lands
From a tyranny abhorred.

The Roman patriots pour
Their legions to the fight;
The Switzer feels once more
The thrill of Freedom's might;
For the ages meet at last,
And the spirits gather fast—
All the heroes of the past
Who have battled for the right.

The fathers of our land,
The founders of our state,
Once more in battle stand,
And abide the shock of fate:
The tyrants of all time,
The traitors of each clime,
They meet in strife sublime,
With a long, immortal bate.

Not on the earth alone
Are Freedom's battles won:
The struggling ages own
Their hopes and ours are one:
Heaven and hell alike reply
To the grand old battle-cry —
Loved and hated Liberty!
Till the years of strife are done.

Grand Rapids, (Mich.) Oct. 24, 1861.

Then, soldier, if your heart
For Freedom beats alone,
The ages take your part,
The centuries lead you on!
The armies of the dead
Are your comrades overhead,
By the mighty spirit led
Of your own loved WASHINGTON!

Happy the soldier who sees in this war the solemn beauty and glory which we feel in these words. To him the battle is no base conflict of fierce passions, but a task of highest duty, in which all that a man hath — yea, his life — is set against the utmost which man can gain — a happy death in a holy cause, if he die and a life ennobled by honor and proud memories if he live. Remember this, young soldier — God and TRUTH are with you; so conduct yourself as not to shame your cause! - - - THERE is, according to divers old philosophers of the school of CANDAN and TRITHEMIUS, always 'a certain something' in a man's name which corresponds to his destiny. Our friend the *Colonel* was recently propounding this theory in his happiest vein to sundry listeners, and drove along brilliantly, for 't was after dinner, and not only the gentlemen, but the ladies of the house had gathered in the billiard-room. 'How do you make out any thing in common between — say MICHAEL PHELAN and billiards?' asked SMITH, as he recovered from the effect of a brilliant 'eleven.' It was a scratch, but we applauded it 'all same' as if he had played for it. 'Easy enough. Was n't MICHAEL an arch-angel, and is n't PHELAN preëminent among the men of the cue? But who ever heard of a first-class poet named GUBBINS or MUGGINS? 'BAYARD TAYLOR' suggests a being half-chivalric and half-popular; ABRAHAM LINCOLN is as Abraham and as Lincoln as a man could be; McCLELLAN is like the snapping of a steel-trap; FREMONT is free-soil and free every thing.' 'Hurrah! for *him*,' cried pretty Miss B —, who is a Fremontess of the most earnest kind. 'Hurrah! for FREMONT!' 'Then let us go over to the enemy —' ['You traitor!' cried Mrs. F —.] 'Does n't 'JEFF DAVIS' suggest by its very sound something snaky, viper, false and foul? BEAUREGARD — why, it's proverbial; 'fair looks and a false heart' — a creature all outside, '*mel in ore, fraus in factis*?' LEE brings us to a lee-shore at once — 't is Scotch for a lie. Yes, the Romans were right — *nomen et omen* — the name is a sign.' 'I know a better illustration than you have yet given, friend Colonel,' quoth HIRAM TWINE, who had hitherto colored his meerschaum in silence. 'We listen.' 'Some years ago all the foreign residents of Canton were horrified by an attempt made to poison all their bread, which, by the way, was principally supplied by one man. This Borgian baker was arrested. What do you think *his* name was?' 'Give it up.' 'It was,' replied HIRAM, 'AL-RA. 'Tis on record in history.' 'I hope they hung him,' replied the Colonel with a good grace. 'He must have been an old offender, for I have heard of bread being poisoned by Alum ever since my childhood.' - - - THE following straightforward 'picture-letter' expresses well the scenes and feelings witnessed by many a gallant friend in these war-times. As we write, the journals teem with accounts of the Great Naval Expedition. Perhaps a few days may bring us thundering tidings of what they who have gone down to the sea in ships have experienced :

' Sabbath morning, beautiful in sun-light and calm.

*' U. S. Steamer Cambridge, Blockading Squadron,
' Off Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 18, 1861.*

' MY DEAR KNICK: From

' WHERE the fathomless waves in magnificence toss,
Fearless and free as the wild albatross,

I send you greeting. Ah! friend — old memory! how many are the changes of life! It is now a twelve-month since we and genial CAMPBELL met in the noisy city. Since then what anxieties, sorrows, troubles, adversities and suspense have hovered over and lighted upon me. And how has it been with thee? But a kind FATHER has brought me up from all these, and mine have been spared and also this unworthy one. True, in business I have stranded, but I *float*, and robed in the button and the band of our old 'Ship of State,' I am now Paymaster U.S.N. It is an old dream returned, newly clad and made real — '*Sic est vita.*' Since May I have been in the service, and have often determined to hail you, but the thief of time has slipped his wary link around my good intentions and trolled them fathoms away. I have just 'bore down' upon the pirate and fired a Parrot gun across his decks; he has backed his top-sails and — here, read the register recovered.

'The blockading service is dull and tedious, literally 'backing and filling.' Beaufort has been our station since September. We have taken three prizes, and sent them North. Have been into Hampton Roads twice, and are now awaiting the crisis, the reduction of Fort Macon, a well-mounted, heavy-gunned place, opposite the town, some one and a half miles. So long has been the delay, it is suggestive of hot, heavy, hard, humming work, and can only be silenced by land and naval forces simultaneously. A few nights since — our lights covered and the boatswain's pipe subdued, we ran down the coast some twenty-seven miles to Bogue Inlet, to 'cut out' some vessels there. Arriving at eleven P.M., three boats from us and two from our consort, the 'Albatross,' left on the expedition. At three A.M., straggling one after the other, our party returned; each in turn reporting fears for the others. The last saw a capsized, and picked up one poor fellow who had breasted the breakers a quarter of a mile upon an oar! He belonged to a boat from the 'Albatross,' commanded by Lieutenant J. S. NEVILLE, and a natural conclusion was, all were lost. As the gates of the morning opened, we sent relief-boats ashore, in the faint hope of saving some poor soul. Miraculous preservation! all were found, save two men. JACK NEVILLE was rigged in a fisherman's boots, hat and coat, and, with bottle in hand, was truly a ludicrous sight. He had been saved — completely 'gone' — by two of his men. The fishermen expressed themselves Union men, and indeed it must be so, as they had all the opportunity to capture the party. Instead, however, they had cared for them, not only with clothes — such as they were — but with 'kill-grief,' that great panacea for all sailors. 'Man proposes but God disposes,' and it is well, for had the expedition proved successful, our friends would have suffered. The breakers! the fearful breakers broke it to pieces. We have had one death on board and a sad one. A master's mate died of typhoid fever in one of the worst gales we have experienced, September twenty-seven. While the wild, unmerciful waves were dashing over us and the mad gale rode on in maniacal leaps, and the shrill piping of the boatswain kept all hands at work, the poor fellow's spirit passed aloft. We buried him the next day, Captain PARKER reading the service; and many an eye was dim. When the words, 'And now we commit his body to the deep,' were uttered, double-shotted and sewed in canvas, the corse slid from the elevated plank, and swifter than arrow from the bow shot down amid the turbid waters, full forty fathoms deep.

*' For him there tolled no funeral bell;
' O'er him there bent no weeping form,
Wild Nature pealed his parting knell
And the anthem of the storm.'*

'We, of course, know but little that is transpiring on land, and as little know when we shall see our friends of the North. In this our plight, a word, a line from familiar hands would be sweet incense, 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Please remember it. After more or less of a delay, I shall get it. I know you are gnawed with constant labor and many duties, but on some night, before your blazing hearth, with 'old books, old wine and old friends,' throw seaward one thought; follow it down to pen and paper, and send me, your sailor friend, one cheer, one word of greeting, and then let that word expand till it shall fill a sheet, and Heaven bless you.

'These October nights are full of memories, poesy and beauty, and amid their watches, I can fancy those I cling to by affection and friendship cosily resting at home! where may God once again allow me to meet and mingle with them.

'Yours with sincerity of friendship,

C ———.'

Friend C ———, we shall be mindful of you. - - - WHILE 'BILLY WILSON'S men' were encamped at Staten Island we one day visited the camp, and heard the following narrated by an officer: 'I saw a fellow try the other day to break guard. The sentinel on duty remonstrated with him, but finding that the intruder was obstinate and persisted in breaking through, he carefully laid down his gun.' 'What! was he afraid?' 'Not a bit of it. He went to work with his fists and polished off the fellow in grand style. He had n't got used, he said, to military 'weepins.' - - - OUR readers will remember that in the KNICKERBOCKER for October, R. O. MORGAN, Esq., the well-known Secretary who, like the Prince of Orange, is entitled to write 'P. O.' after his title, gave, as he deemed, the *original* meaning of the word *Poughkeepsie*, asserting it to be an English family name. Our old correspondent, Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT, gives us, however, the *ab-original*, which, as SHILLABER discovered, is a great deal more than the original, in the following interesting note:

'Washington, D. C., October 7, 1861.

'MY DEAR SIR: A correspondent in the October number of your Magazine, calls in question my derivation of the word Poughkeepsie. That this name is purely Indian and is derived from *Apokeepsing*, the ablative form of the Algonquin noun, may be seen by reference to the old deeds of lands in the county of Dutchess, and the best traditional opinions of men of information in that locality. The translation of this word was made by me, with the aid of one now no more, whose native language it was, and whose learning and erudition in this department of etymology are indisputable. That a man should have been called *POUGHKEEPSIE*, is no more proof that the town should have been called after him, than it is that a man called Boston should have given name to the city of Boston in New-England.

'Very truly yours,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.'

What says our Secretary? - - - 'It would be a curious thing, were it possible,' said a friend of KNICK'S not long since, 'to listen to negro comments on this war.' One of our New-Jersey correspondents and particular friends has done this, giving the Ethiopian sense on certain government officials in the following words: 'Two colored wood-choppers met 'along the road' the other evening; one known as JIM moving in humble sphere, and the other an 'exhorter' of immense force, hight 'Brudder' WEST. Quoth JIM, wriggling a good deal as he spoke: 'Well, Brudder West, you read de papers a good deal. Tell us, ef yer please, what dem folks is, dat dey hev in de army, dat are called 'tractors,' or some sech name.' 'Yer mean *contractors*, JIM,' returned the dis-

tinguished Brudder loftily; 'ye sartinly mean contractors. Well, dem, I take it, is folks wid werry narrer, contracted minds. I judge so, 'case a friend er mine oncet hed a chile dat he allers called 'de little contractor,' and de boy was really de narrerest, contractedest creter you ever see, even when he was on'y two year ole. Any how, de Gubment allers hes to hev a good many of dem kind er folks, and I spose jes at dis perticlar time dey hev a good deal more use for em dan common.' - - - THE two following lyrics by HENRY P. LELAND have been for some time in type, but are still not untimely:

How Long?

We sit with folded hands on shore,
Our worldly goods at sea,
The pirateers are plundering fast
And we — must let them be!
How long to sing the song:
'Come, suffer and be strong!'
We'll wait — HOW LONG?

They're breathing very hard down East;
They're mad at Marblehead;
Two words from skipper CORBIN — and —
Two words may soon be said!
'Go ahead!' words not long;
And whether right or wrong
THEY'LL wait — HOW LONG?

A thousand folded hands unclosed,
A thousand arms are free!
Sails forth a fleet that soon will mete
Death, pirateers, to ye.
Not long the shrift or thong,
And see the yard-arm's strong —
THEY'LL wait — HOW LONG?

Here's Honor to Those Who Dare Fight!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
Who are not afraid to fight;
And he who'll not look good luck to our cause,
May that traitor lose his sight!
It's good to be sturdy and brave,
It's good to be honest and true;
It's good to fight hard for the Union cause,
And die game for the Red, White, and Blue!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
Who are not afraid to fight;
Here's honor to SCOTT, the chief of them all —
Of the warriors for the right.
May Liberty prove triumphant!
May strong arms protect her from evil!
May treason and traitors be lost in the fog,
And find their way back to the devil!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
Who are not afraid to fight;
Here's honor to one Pennsylvanian son —
McCLELLAN, our army's delight!
Honor to one who is honest!
And love to a brave acting man;
But confusion to hack-politicians,
May their lives be of very short span!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
 Who are not afraid to fight;
 Who like our FREEMONT for Freedom shall strike,
 And shake the Peace-party with fright.
 Here's oak that is sound to the heart,
 Here's tongue that may never wag lie!
 May he who proves false to our heroes to-day,
 To-morrow a traitor's death die!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
 Who are not afraid to fight;
 To the men of the North now marching forth,
 To put the rebels to fight!
 It's good to be sturdy and brave —
 The Northman is honest and true —
 He will fight to the death for Liberty's cause,
 And die game for the Red, White, and Blue!

In the following beautiful poem, the reader will find a gem by one of our most esteemed and distinguished contributors, who desires, for certain good reasons best known to himself, to preserve, as regards its authorship, a strict incognito:

Engh.

A CLOUDY bar across the harvest moon
 Subdued the night's excess, and as he sat
 Wrapped in the fulness of his empty grief,
 The air grew ghostly, and the smell of flowers
 Rose to his desolate fancy like the breath
 Of dead, delicious joys. With nerveless hand
 He closed the casement, and bestrode the room,
 Timing his ebbing heart with hollow tread;
 But straight returning, opened the sash again,
 And elbowing his grief upon the sill,
 Gazed, blankly mournful, at the blinded moon.
 His soul was comfortless with bitterest need,
 For he had lain that day within the grave
 MARGARET, his wife, with whose fair life had fled
 All that he hoped to live for in his own.

They had been married a sweet round of months,
 Till ecstasy had passed into resolve;
 Resolve to make her more and more his own.
 His was a love whose essence was himself,
 Coërcive and receptive, giving out
 All that it had to give, but asking more
 With Jewish usury for what it gave.
 All temporal uses it would lavish free
 Unto her wayward fancy, and the flower
 Should bloom and thrive in delicate temperature,
 With plenteous sun and water; but the vine
 Must twine upon the frame set up for it,
 And know no other leaning. To his will
 In sweet subjection must the other bend,
 Until the currents of her life and love
 Should so set in and mingle with his own,
 That thought, desire, sense, aspiration, God,
 Into her husband's nature shaped themselves.
 And this had been so — for her tender faith
 Knew no admixture with a lesser sense —
 Till ESTHER came, ESTHER, her school-girl friend,
 And slipped — at least he would believe it so —
 Between his hearthstone and his happiness;
 MARGARET herself had first renewed the tie,
 From her heart's need, to pour its overflow
 Into a quicker passion than its own,
 And so from notes that interchanged their love,
 Full of the petty secrets of her sex,
 She came to ask — he could deny her naught —
 That her dear friend might come and dwell with them.

But from that day a cloud came o'er his house,
 And fancied usurpation of his rights
 Crept in with ESTHER on the velvet throne
 Of his prerogative. With jealous eye,
 Which love less absolute had never known,
 He watched the heart-devotion of her friend,
 Fold up his idol, and their honeyed talks,
 And little whispered nothings, stifled him
 With grave, unwise suspicion. Day by day
 He saw the woman steal the covert smiles
 His heart, by prior claim of all in all,
 Made its own glory by monopoly :
 And nursing these wild thoughts, they thickened fast,
 Like bitter weeds, about his fortified heart,
 And poisoned all the air of intercourse.
 Meanwhile, the friends unconscious grew in faith
 Of friendship's privilege, clasped each to each,
 As were their hands in converse, while the hours,
 When he was absent, grew to them delight,
 Which else had been a void within her heart.
 Had he been by to list the flowery praise
 From lips whose utterances were all his own,
 He, undeceived, would but have felt the pang
 That noble minds to false suspicion give.
 But men are never near to see the spring
 Of half the good that brings them misery,
 And thus in blindness did he grope the way
 That else had shone for him serenely bright.
 There are such men, and of them he was one,
 Whose chiefest vice or virtue is to live
 Conquerors of that which nearest lies to them.
 Had he been thrown amid the battle's broil,
 His plume had led the assault, and won the day ;
 Or, in hot Senates lifted up his voice,
 His would have hushed them to acceding votes ;
 Or, deep immured in dungeons, o'er himself
 Would he have wrought the noblest conquest yet,
 Than all most noble, because needed most :
 But now his realm was woman, and his wife
 Greatest of kingdoms, and o'er her he spent
 The despotism of an eager, grasping soul,
 That would not brook return, less than the whole
 And uttermost capacity of love.
 Once MARGARET had said, and only once —
 For he dispelled her doubtings with a jest :
 ' My dearest love, I sometimes have a thought,
 Foolish, yet full of anguish, that your heart,
 Your true and noble hospitable heart,
 Has turned 'gainst ESTHER. Oh ! if 't is so,
 Or ever will be so, how could you be to me
 All that this life hath made so much its own ? '
 But this did but confirm him in his fears,
 And edge to keen resentment ; for while love
 For his heart's treasure goaded on and on
 To overtake remissness, yet did hate
 Keep pace against the other's hapless cause.
 'T was agony to see them share the hours
 He else would surfeit on ; 't was death,
 Slow lingering death, to know his wife,
 Artlessly happy in the passionless arms
 Of her he hated only for her love.
 Thus thickly grew the tares amid the wheat
 Of all his harvest home ; tares weakly wild,
 Which resolution would have plucked at will,
 To find them rootless stalks and harmless things.
 ' If 't were a man,' he said, ' I had but laughed,
 Or smote the adventurous villain like the gnat
 That hovers o'er my honey ; but that she,
 A woman, should so step within my light,
 To intercept the freedom of my love,
 Oh ! it is pitiful, and past belief !
 If 't were a man, *herself* had struck the blow,
 And spared *my* arm the trouble ; now forsooth,

Since 't is but friendship, and no keener thing,
 She hugs the mischief, and with barefaced joy,
 Lets woman's protestations share my own.
 Thus chewing o'er his misery, did hate,
 For her the innocent friend, creep through his peace,
 As worms in blushing fruit, forever hid,
 Yet cleaving all his heart with bitterness ;
 And this had led him, God alone knows where,
 Had not a greater horror mastered him,
 When she, his all in all, his life in life,
 Lay struggling in the grimmer arms of death,
 And all of hope, o'erconquering lesser ills,
 Fled from him in a parting smile of love.

Then for three days he bowed him o'er the corpse,
 Still as a fallen pillar, crushing sense ;
 And on the third he laid her in the earth,
 And all the night went walking up and down
 His empty chamber, moaning to his woe,
 Or gazing blankly at the blinded moon.

And now that MARGARET lay within her grave,
 All vanished but his love for what had been ;
 And all too late did wisdom enter in,
 And cower his wayward soul and sicken hate.
 No wisdom now could give him back one breath
 Of her he had mistrusted, yet so loved,
 And now he wondered not that ESTHER loved,
 But that all hearts whose eyes had once beheld
 Her who was his, had not been smitten too
 In adoration. Oh ! a thousand loves
 Might now sweep down and break themselves on his,
 And desolate him with her seeming bliss,
 So she might once more call him by his name.
 And as he lay, bowed down in groaning grief,
 He thought of ESTHER, bowed too like himself,
 And by the self-same grief and self-same love
 That withered all his heart and feeling out
 Into the darkened world for some near soul
 To comprehend his sorrow, found not one
 So near akin to it as she who felt
 For her a love so earnestly like his.
 And so he came to think how slow had been
 His recognition of that friendship flame
 Which burnt the fluttering wings of his desire,
 Because of their own rashness, and the thought
 Crushed him more low, and all his hate went out.
 And when the clear-eyed morn rose o'er his soul,
 He had forgiven ESTHER, and resolved
 As friends to part, bound in a common woe.
 But ESTHER was beforehand in the thought,
 For she had wept the night out, and her tears
 Had channeled grief with pity, and she said :
 ' Too long to him I have distasteful been,
 And though most causeless, yet I would have gone,
 Had she my darling yielded me consent ;
 But, oh ! I could have died for her dear love,
 And so I lived for it and dwelt with them ;
 And ever did forgive his cruel thought,
 Because he loved her so, whom I did love.
 But now, there is no need to longer stay,
 And I will go and part with him in peace,
 And wash with these swift tears all strife away.'
 So she went out and knelt before his knees,
 And wept, and pressed her hands between his own,
 And said, ' Forgive me ;' but he answered her :
 ' 'T is I that need forgiveness and not you.'
 And he arose and led her gently forth
 Into the day's beginning ; past the flowers
 That MARGARET loved, and through the piney grove,
 Its bark thick oozing aromatic tears,
 Until they came to where their dear one slept,
 And there set down their grief, and wept and prayed.

And there they parted ; but in after-years,
Through that magnetic meaning of the grave,
Which draws to it sweet sorrow, oft they met,
And on memorial days taught thornless flowers
To crown her marble name. And once it chanced,
That as they knelt on either side the stone,
Twining a parted vine up o'er the slab,
Their hands met, and their eyes, and each saw each
With thoughts that ne'er before were known to them.
Thus from a two-fold love when MARGARET lived
Was born distrust, which in her death did change
Through two-fold sorrow into other love,
And they were married into years of peace.

Then said the world : ' Behold how soon forgot !
Thus is it ever with the love of man.'
But they regarded not, knowing themselves,
And the engrafted nature of the fruit,
Which ripened in their hearts without reproach ;
And all their sweetest talk was MARGARET.

Beautiful exceedingly. - - - ' HANS VAN PELT,' writes a correspondent, ' was a young farmer, living at Shank-Hill, (N. J.,) well known among those primitive people for his awkwardness and *naïveté*. His parents, after many grave admonitions, agreed at last that he should go to New-Brunswick with a huge load of 'truck,' provided for that market. HANS' skies immediately became rosy, and his fancies flamed brightly and freely. But alas ! an alarm was spread among the honest Burghers that the Britons were approaching. Now HANS, who had a healthy dread of the British in particular and of the horrors of war in general, became excessively frightened, and drove his clumsy team home with furious speed. Phantoms every where became visible ; stumps became warriors ; bare limbs of trees muskets ; the utterances of the wind-tossed branches, the subdued and approaching hum of a brutal soldiery. It is related that HANS' flaxen hair became silver-gray, and that two huge wrinkles stretched down from the base of his nose far into his cheeks, and that Fraulein VAN K — looked with killing disdain upon the condemned-to-be bachelor.' But this is the history :

Hans Van Pelt.

' HANS VAN PELT was an honest ' Low Dutchman,'
Not low in his stature, but low by the VAN
Prefixed to his name, which proves his descent
From those Burghers of old, who, with peaceful intent,
From the Indians bought all the valleys along
The Baritan and the Musconetcong,
A broad belt of land that runs from the west,
Where Delaware joins with laughing Pequest,
From old Minnesink, or lands that have sunk
Across the whole State, past rough Kushitunk,
Rhakahora that knew the dance and the song
Of the Indian maids of the Naraticong,
To the east, where Passaic or Hackensack flows,
And Communipaw settles in quiet repose ;
Honest Burghers who came from the far Netherlands,
A peninsula formed by the sea-beaten sands,
Where the roads are all dykes with boats in a jam,
And the towns on the way all end in a ' dam.'
Along with those Burghers came gallant VAN PELT,
The father of HANS, with his sword and his belt ;
Who, smoking his pipe by the warm winter fire,
And eating *sepawn*, grew hot in his ire,
More valiant in words than in deeds or in blows
Would place his fat thumb to the tip of his nose,
Fling taunts at the Swedes, and terribly swear

They should yield to the Dutch the fair Delaware.
 But my tale is of HANS, the son, not the sire,
 Whom I leave to his pipe and terrible ire :
 An honest young farmer, more cautious than bold,
 Who, bartering produce at Brunswick for gold,
 As his team stood leisurely cropping their oats,
 Heard the city was taken by British red-coats ;
 And then, ere the merchant could bring him the cash,
 Seized the reins with his hand, gave the horses the lash,
 And sped from the town as if bent on a chase,
 As swiftly as GILPIN at Edmonton race.

' Each cloud of red dust, as it whirled through the air
 On the road as he past, was deemed, in his fear,
 A British dragoon fast charging behind.
 So applying the whip, he sped like the wind,
 Onward and on, till he came with a rush,
 Like a troop at full charge on the town Middlebush,
 Where stood at that time a cosy old inn,
 And the idle town-folks assembled within,
 All smoking and chatting, discussing the news,
 The capture of York, the brave Jersey-Blues,
 The presence of tories in the counties below,
 The fierceness of Hessians who spare not the foe,
 When they heard the great clatter and rattle of wheels,
 Either hid under benches or took to their heels.
 Through the column of smoke that half-banished the day,
 Grim faces were seen that looked in dismay.
 There was dropping of hats and coats, by the way,
 And cries that the British were fast sweeping down
 To pillage the church and to ransack the town.

' As HANS and his team swept full into sight,
 With the column of dust that whirled in the light,
 So o'ercome were the people by terror and fear,
 They deemed HANS was chased by a fierce grenadier.
 E'en the dogs of the place partook of the fright,
 Drew their tails tightly down and fled out of sight.
 The tumult that uprose proved only a spur,
 Urging HANS to fly faster than ever before ;
 So frightened he shook from his head to his feet,
 While his heart in his breast gave an audible beat.
 And so great the effect of his sudden despair,
 That he changed in a trice the hue of his hair.

' Still onward fled HANS, with his now flagging team,
 Through valley and dale, o'er hillock and stream ;
 And when evening came on, at the setting of sun,
 He dashed in his flight through the town of Millstone ;
 And the villagers hearing the din and the clatter,
 The merchant, the grocer, the farmer, and hatter,
 TEN EYKES and TEN BROOKS, and ten dozen or more
 Of VAN DAMS, and VAN LIEWES, VAN DUSENS, VAN DORE-
 ENS, VAN VEIGHTES, VAN CAMPS, VAN ARSDALES, VAN DYKES,
 VAN CLEEPS, and VAN SYCKLES, VAN HORNS and VAN SLIKES,
 Ran forward to stop the terrible noise,
 For they deemed the school-master was flogging their boys.
 A young surgeon, who heard the mighty confusion,
 In his surgery turned to chapter 'Contusion,'
 Then seizing his knives, his probes, and his bags
 Stuffed full of old shirts torn up into rags,
 With extracts and pills, which taken, exhaust us,
 And powders *ad nauseam et libitum haustus*,
 Ran forth from his house for the scene of disaster.
 Yet though he ran fast, HANS' horses ran faster,
 For HANS tarried not for a moment that day,
 But sped like the sea-mew as she skims o'er the bay ;
 And soon after dark he reached the Neshanic,
 As pale as a broker o'er the news of a panic.
 There stopping his team, he leaped from the wagon,
 And ran with all might to where a huge crag on
 The mount forms a foot, then securely amid

The woods he remained, from the world safely hid,
While a child brought him food in a basket each day.
What became of him then, I really can't say,
For like the old woman under the hill,
(For all that I know,) he is living there still.

J. H. S.'

Thus endeth the legend of our first panic. Would that it had been the last! - - - 'Punch,' it is well known, once effected a legal sonnet:

'WHEREAS on certain boughs and sprays,
Now certain birds are heard to sing —'

But 't was nothing like that which our friend 'D. MURRER' has recorded, and sent up in the following sketch:

'MR. EDITOR KNICKERBOCKER: My friend H. D. LICRO is a character, and I am on my way to tell you an anecdote of this same skeptical, sour-stomached, blunt, irreverent, cloudy-browed, restless, dry, waggish, and diabolical disciple of CHITTY.

'He never knows fairly what he is about, except when at a special plea; never knows what he eats, nor how much; but always bolts every thing before him. Then he will smoke most inordinately, especially after dinner, and become as torpid as a gorged anaconda, insomuch that he will fall asleep over his pleading — the only thing in the world for which he ever was known to manifest any love, respect, or devotion.

'During last fall, somehow or other, a romping young Miss took a fancy to him of all men, and begged LICRO to write a sonnet in her album. Now, he was as unused to the melting mood as to the aldermanic-ovation style of oratory. Nevertheless, he, 'not having the fear of God,' or female diplomacy, 'before his eyes,' and not knowing as usual what he was about, 'undertook and faithfully promised' to write, engross, and record the same, and brought the album to our room. (He and I roomed together.) The next Sunday came, with a huge turkey for dinner, of which turkey LICRO ate immoderately, and then went with me to our room. He was smoking his pipe in silence, when suddenly he thought, with a start, of the album, fished it up from among his papers, opened it, and began gazing abstractedly upon one of the virgin pages. Presently taking his pipe from his mouth, he 'thought aloud' (he often thinks in this way) as follows:

'Humph! wants me to write her a sonnet. Have n't written a verse for five years. Too late to decline now. What in — shall I do? Must be done! Let's see!' Here he took up his pen; I turned my back upon him, and a silence ensued. After a few minutes the silence was broken by a most confident and self-satisfied 'THERE!' [Here another silence.] Presently I heard snoring, and looked around. He was stretched upon the lounge asleep, and the album lay open upon his table, revealing the following 'jem':

Sonnet.

'WHEREAS, there is a sonnet to be writ,
consequently, for that reason,
Now, therefore, hence, — here goes, to wit:
See some dull lines by LICRO writ,
Whose meerschaum won't stay lit,
and consequently his pantaloons fit
And who has eaten too much dinner, —
as though he were about to
Too tight at the waist, and make him feel — split, write rhyme nary
And who is otherwise uncomfortable, and can't — a bit,
And does n't care a whit —
No how.'

'He seemed to have carried out his determination to extend each line until he found his 'rhyme,' as witness his interlineations; until he came to the last line, when, I suppose, his dinner overcame him.

D. MURRER.

'Springfield,
Ill. Sept. 2, 1861.'

D. MURDER, we do incline unto you, and entreat further knowledge of D. LICHO. - - - R. H. NEWELL, editor of the Table Talk in the New-York *Sunday Mercury*, is the author of the ballad of the South-Carolina Gentleman, published in an article in the KNICKERBOCKER, entitled 'Rough Rhymes of Revolution.' *Suum cuique.* - - - Our readers may have heard of the bad 'spell' of 'wethur,' which was once discovered by a grammarian, but they will find by perusing the document introduced by friend THOMAS that there be politicians who are under quite as evil a spell as any, wethur' of them all. *Videlicet:*

'DEAR SIR: Inclosed I send you a copy of a ticket, formed at a primary meeting of one of our 'unterrified' wards, for the ensuing Charter Election. Much attention has been paid to the education of the rising generation in our city, and public schools are established in every ward, but the effect in this locality is not at present visible.

'The nine 'cheers' for 'BEGTOW' were intended for Mr. BIGELOW, one of the candidates for Mayor.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

'LUTHER G. THOMAS.'

The document referred to is the following:

'ELEVENTH WARD. — The following ticket was sent us last evening for publication, which we insert *verbatim et spell-at-em*, for the benefit of those concerned:

'Alderman — JAMES ROWE.

'School Com. — RICHARD QUINN.

'Court of a Peals — BERNUTT MURRAY.

'Judes of a Lector — JANE V LUMES, THOMAS KEAHER, ANTUG GEAGER.

'Ward Clerk — JAMES A. WILLESOM.

'Assesor — JAMES O. NEAL.

'Exciseman — FREDICK MILLER.

'Justes of Peace — CHRISTUPER NUGENT.

'Cunestebels — THOMAS WILLIAM KEATCHUR, GORGE RUDEN.

'Dealeaget to sembly Dist — JAMES R. YAUING, PATRICK BRADY.

'Adgurent 9 Cheeres for ROWE and BEGTOW and the Hoole Ticket.'

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PROSPECTUS.

THERE are periods in the world's history marked by extraordinary and violent crises, sudden as the breaking forth of a volcano, or the bursting of a storm on the ocean. These crises sweep away in a moment the landmarks of generations. They call out fresh talent, and give to the old a new direction. It is then that new ideas are born, new theories developed. Such periods demand fresh exponents, and new men for expounders.

This Continent has lately been convulsed by an upheaving so sudden and terrible that the relations of all men and all classes to each other are violently disturbed, and people look about for the elements with which to sway the storm and direct the whirlwind. Just at present we do not know what all this is to bring forth; but we do know that great results *must* flow from such extraordinary commotions.

At a juncture so solemn and so important, there is especial need that the intellectual force of the country should be active and efficient. It is a time for great minds to speak their thoughts boldly, and to take position as the advance guard. To this end there is a special want unsupplied. It is that of an Independent Magazine, which shall be open to the first intellects of the land, and which shall treat the issues presented, and to be presented to the country, in a tone no way tempered by partisanship, or influenced by fear, favor, or the hope of reward; which shall seize and grapple with the momentous subjects that the present disturbed state of affairs heave to the surface, and which *can not* be laid aside or neglected.

To meet this want, the undersigned announce that early in December next, and monthly thereafter, will be published, under the Editorial charge of

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THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY,

TO BE DEVOTED TO

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EMINENT STATESMEN OF THE TIME

WILL CONTRIBUTE REGULARLY TO ITS PAGES.

In **LITERATURE**, it will contain articles in both prose and verse, of the most varied character, and of the highest merit, by the best writers and ablest thinkers of this country.

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THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois.—There is no portion of the world where all of the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, *Corn* and *Wheat*, as the Prairie of Illinois.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairie is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. This area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads, and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over \$100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State Expenses, the TAXES are small, and must, consequently every day decrease.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population.—865,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,863, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Products mentioned during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons.

Handbills descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Com. Chicago, Ill.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Rail Road, see pages 148, 149, and 150
APPLETON'S R. R. GUIDE.

The wheat crop of 1880 approached 33,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yielded not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1834, the Company have sold 1,200,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through those lands at an expense of \$20,000,000. In 1850, the population of the forty-nine counties through which it passes was only 525,000, since which 475,000 have been added, making the whole population 1,000,000—a gain of 142 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 5,000,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

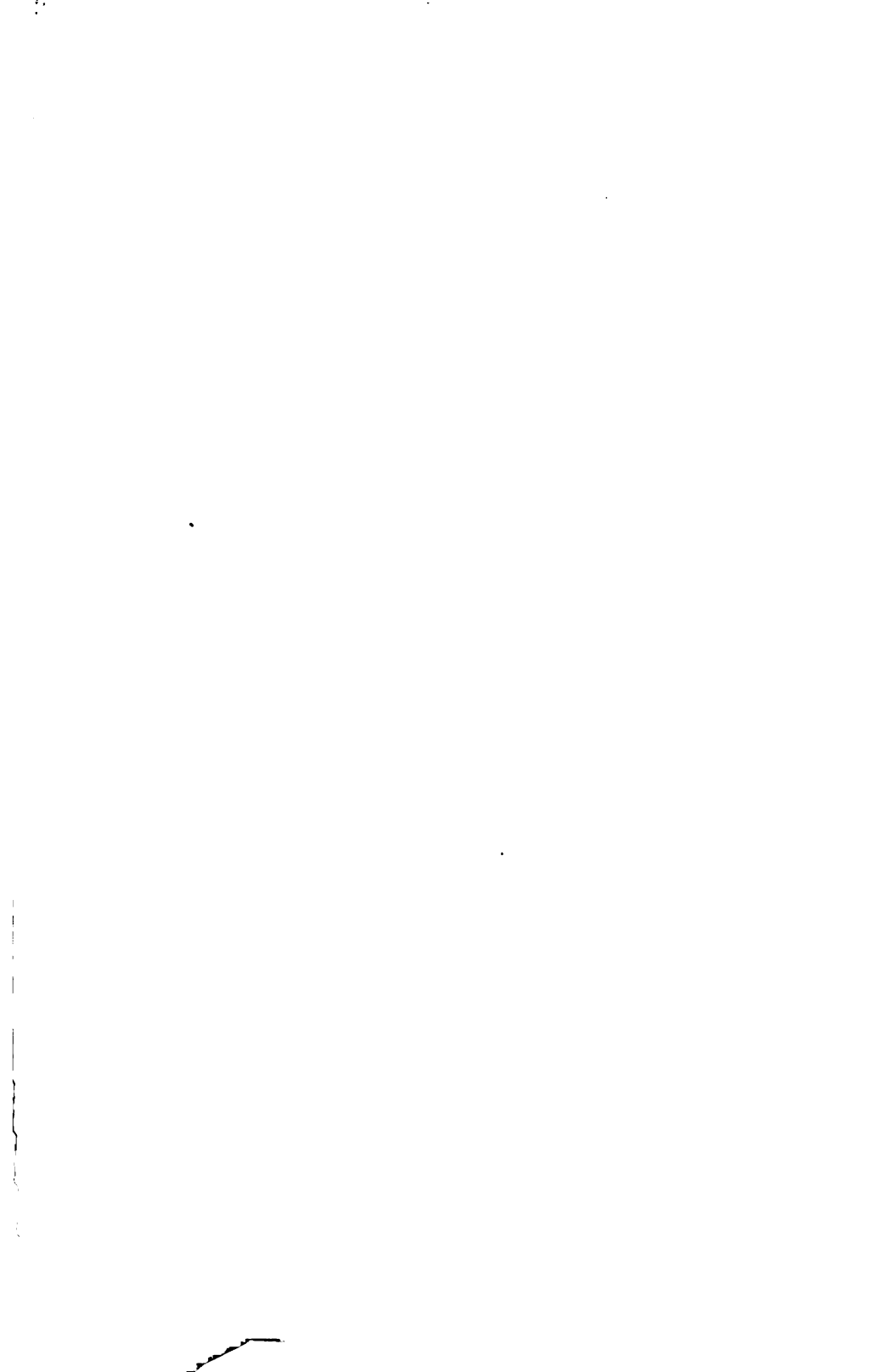
The prices of these lands vary from \$4 to \$12 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First-class farming lands sell for about \$10 or \$12 per acre; and the relative expense of subdrainage prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 16 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

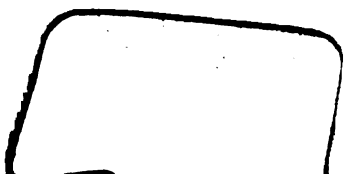
ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE.

at six per cent per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent, payable in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year for five years from the day of sale, so that at the end of five years, one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY Per Cent. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.





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